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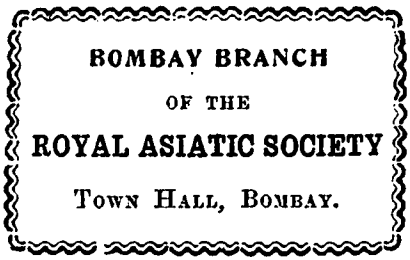

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DRAFTS ON MY MEMORY:

BEING

MEN I HAVE KNOWN, THINGS I HAVE SEEN,

PLACES I HAVE VISITED,

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BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS—GOODWOOD—CHICHESTER—LADY CHAPEL—PRESENCE OF MIND—MY FIRST VISIT TO THE THEATRE—GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE—COMMODORE ANSON—EARLY LONGINGS FOR THE NAVY—WESTMINSTER SCHOOL—BARCLAY OF URE—PEDESTRIANISM—BARTHOLOMEW AND TOTHILL FIELDS' FAIR—THE EPPING HUNT—SIR FRANCIS BURDETT—MISS BURDETT COUTTS—CHRISTMAS IN DUBLIN—T. P. COOKE—LATE EARLS OF HARRINGTON AND ABERDEEN—ASSASSINATION OF MR. PERCEVAL—FETE AT VAUXHALL—JOURNEY FROM DUBLIN TO LONDON IN 1813—FOGS OF THE OLDEN DAYS—BYRON—JACKSON THE PUGILIST—SIR GODFREY WEBSTER.

CHAPTER I.

"We have to glance over sixty years in as many minutes," are the opening words of Thackeray's Lecture on the third of the Four Georges; and they are not unsuited to characterise the present work. My recollections cover almost as long a time, and though I cannot hope to condense them into the same space, they shall be told with becoming brevity. It is natural that I should linger on the great men with whom I have come in contact, on the things which I have seen, and the places which I have visited. The names of Wellington, Byron, Kemble, Brummell, Theodore Hook, Sir Robert Peel, Count d'Orsay, the Countess of Blessington, Sydney Smith, Cardinal Fesch, Grimaldi, O'Connell, Shiel, Talleyrand, are suggestive of many stories, and will recur often throughout these pages. George IV. as Prince Regent and as King, William IV., the

Dukes of York, Beaufort, Richmond, and St. Alban's, the Prince Louis Napoleon and the Emperor Napoleon III., are among the inmates of my royal and noble gallery, which is closed by the bust of the late Prince Consort.

The readers of my "Fifty Years' Biographical Reminiscences," published in 1863, need not be under any apprehension of a *réchauffé* or repetition in the present work. My object then was to relate things personal to myself, the story of my life from year to year. But a man who has lived a life worth telling, must necessarily meet with much that cannot, strictly speaking, be told in his life. A man's friends are not his alone, and their adventures, though they come under his knowledge, may be so removed from his sphere that he cannot get an excuse for telling them as parts of his own history. How tantalising it is to a conscientious narrator to bind himself down rigidly to what is fit and relevant, may be seen by the way in which others less scrupulous fasten on the least peg for an anecdote. Perhaps I have not much right to complain as regards the present work, for I have chosen a large field, and it would be more easy to curtail than to exceed my limits. One thing I shall do as far as it is in my power; I shall avoid known stories and trite sayings.

Perhaps this is not as easy as may be supposed. The worn-out voluptuary who offered an immense reward to the man who would invent a new pleasure, might find many imitators at the present day, so far as regards a new story. Some men have such curious memories that there is nothing novel to them. They can point to the original of every modern anecdote, verify every allusion, and name an old author for the newest epigram. I may warn these judges beforehand that they will find some familiar faces in this gallery. Sometimes the familiar faces creep out of little-known books, and it is hard to rob the public of a new enjoyment because it is known already to the critics. At other times a story has been wrongly told, and it may be well to give the correct version. Or again, there are cases where I have introduced real events into some of my novels, and have added some fictitious colours to suit them to their frame. In all these instances there may be an absence of perfect novelty, but no sufficient reason for exclusion.

I trust it will be found that in describing men I have known, things I have seen, and places I have visited, I have done my best, "errors excepted," to trade fairly and honourably, and that these drafts on my memory will not be dishonoured,

but will be endorsed by public favour—to the advantage of the credit account of both drawer and drawee.

With these prefatory remarks I proceed to my story. My earliest recollections date from Goodwood, the seat of the Dukes of Richmond. Their domain consists of the three contiguous estates of Goodwood, Halnaker, and Westhampnett, stretching along the south side of the smooth and graceful Downs. The mansion of Goodwood stands at the western end of Sussex in a park of twelve hundred acres. Besides its noble collection of pictures, the house is conspicuous for its architectural merits, and the grounds are rich in most valuable timber. Some fine magnolias were planted there in 1759, and in 1761 one thousand cedars of Lebanon, one of which measures twenty-five feet round. But the name of Goodwood is best known to Englishmen for its annual races, and I shall give a brief sketch of their history. They were established in 1802, and a Chichester newspaper of that year extolled the "princely and almost unprecedented munificence of the noble founder, in providing the new erected race-stand with a collation which might be entitled a general refrigarium, for the access was as easy as the reception was elegant and hospitable." In the first year of the races the total of money

given, stakes and matches, amounted to more than £1,000, but in the years that followed the totals were sometimes no more than £160, £280, £260; and it was not till after 1825 that they rose to one, and two, and three thousand. In the first twelve years the total was £5,161; in the second twelve years £7,185; while the third twelve years brought in a total of £56,000, and the year 1838 alone £9,480, exceeding each of the first two periods. It would hardly be an exaggeration to rank the present total of one year at £10,000.

Chichester, the capital of the county, lies three miles from Goodwood, and while as capital it possessed a certain importance for me, it has a considerable literary interest as the birth-place and burial-place of the poet Collins. Collins's father was mayor of Chichester, and the poet passed the last six years of his life in a state of "mental darkness" in his native city. He is buried there in the church of St. Andrew, but a monument to his memory, by Flaxman, has been placed in the Cathedral. The Lady Chapel of the same noble building contains the vault of the Richmond family, and over the door of the mausoleum the words *Domus Ultima* are inscribed. These words suggested to Dr. Clarke, one of the residentiaries,

the following lines, which show more cleverness than good taste :—

> "Did he who thus inscribed this wall
> Not read or not believe St. Paul,
> Who says there is—where'er it stands—
> *Another house*, not built with hands?
> Or may you gather from these words
> That house is not—a House of Lords?"

Among my early recollections of Chichester I may class one event which took place in my thirteenth year, and which, from the effect it produced on my memory, deserves to be recorded. A poor woman living in a lonely cottage had gone out, leaving her three children at home. One of them, a mischievous urchin of about four, set fire to the house while playing with a red-hot poker; he called his elder sister, and they took to flight; when all of a sudden the girl, who was not quite six, recollected that the youngest child, a baby in arms, had been left asleep in its cradle. With wonderful courage and presence of mind, she returned to the burning house, and snatched out the helpless infant. A few moments later she herself must have fallen a victim.

I have somewhat antedated this occurrence, and my next association with Chichester is considerably earlier. This one may be of a nature to make the reader smile, but I can assure him that

at such an early age as mine, it was anything but unimportant. It was here I paid my first visit to the theatre. I was then residing in a small farm-house near Stoke with a tutor who was "coaching" me for Westminster School, and one day when passing a barn in the immediate neighbourhood, our eyes were attracted by a play-bill, announcing the first and only appearance that season of George Frederick Cooke, in *Shylock* and *Sir Archy McSarcasm*. "As you have been very attentive lately," said my dominie, "I have accepted an invitation from Captain Andrews to dine early with him and accompany him to the play." From that moment I could think of nothing but the treat that was in store for me. The day arrived, we went early to Chichester, and in due course to the theatre, which we found crowded in every part, so popular at that time was this really eminent tragedian. The scenery of the small dramatic temple was extremely good, having been painted for the private theatricals at Richmond House, and presented by the Duke of Richmond to the corporation, who owned the premises. When the curtain was drawn up, I never took my eyes off the stage for a moment, and loudly applauded all the performers, particularly the star of the evening. In the cele-

brated trial scene an event occurred which made a lasting impression on me. The property man not having a stage knife worthy for the Jew, had borrowed one from a butcher; and Cooke, excited with those stimulants which proved so fatal to his health, made an incautious use of the sharp instrument, wounding himself severely in the hand. The blood gushed forth, and a sudden scream, followed by a hasty exit, and the lowering of the act drop, told the audience that the accident was serious. While all were on the tip-toe of expectation, the manager came forward, to inform the audience that a surgeon was with Mr. Cooke, and gave every hope that in a short time he would be able to fulfil his engagement. The scene recommenced in less than a quarter of an hour. The wounded man was received with cheers when he again appeared, and went through the remaining scenes of the play and the farce with unabated spirit. At the end of the performance my tutor and I went on the stage, and I had the gratification of being introduced to the hero of the evening, who appeared delighted with my juvenile eulogiums. "I hope," said he, "when you visit London you will come and see me in a theatre better suited for a Shakespearian play." I promised to do so, but circumstances occurred to prevent

it, and as he died within a few years I never again saw this actor, "whose genius," according to a critic of the day, "confined itself to a narrow range, and who, albeit he did not play many parts to perfection, played those in which he really excelled better than anybody else."

Next in importance to my first visit to the theatre, which I have dwelt on the more fully as it is a point from which so many boys date the beginning of their lives, I may place my early longings for the navy, which were fostered, if not originated, by a retired captain living in Chichester. This old tar told us wonderful yarns about the sea in general, and Commodore Anson in particular. Anything about that name was certain to attract the attention of myself and my brother for this reason. In the stable yard of the inn at Waterbeach, adjoining Goodwood Park, the figure-head of the *Centurion*, in which Commodore Anson made his voyage round the world, formed a conspicuous object, and many a day did we ruminate over the following lines which were carved on the stone pedestal upon which it rested:—

"Stay, traveller, awhile and view
One who has travelled more than you;
Quite round the globe through each degree,
ANSON and I have ploughed the sea,

Torrid and frigid zones have past,
And safe ashore arrived at last,
In ease with dignity appear,
He in the House of Lords, I here."

But the "I here" does not apply to Waterbeach any longer, for on the accession of William IV. the sailor king, the figure-head was removed to Windsor, to be gazed upon by more illustrious visitors than the trainers, jockeys, and stable boys, who now annually, during Goodwood races, flock to the Duke of Richmond's Arms at Waterbeach.

The sight of this figure-head was even more real and tangible than the stories of our friend, the old tar, or rather it made them more real and tangible. He told us how the gallant navigator burned the town of Paita in Peru, where he found a great deal of plunder; how he lay in wait on the coast of Luzon, for the Acapulcó galleon, which annually brought an immense treasure from Mexico in return for goods from Manilla, and how he captured this rich prize after a smart engagement with a force more than three times his own; how almost a million and a half of dollars and 35,682 ounces of pure silver, valued together at £400,000 sterling, were found on board; and how the hero himself was received amidst the shouts and acclamations—

of the English people, and was shortly afterwards created a peer of the realm. The description inflamed our young minds to such a degree that all of us, except my two eldest brothers, were wild to enter the service, and my brother Henry actually joined it. As far as he was concerned "Heaven soon granted what my sire denied," for my father, a soldier himself, would not hear of any profession but his own. A Lord of the Admiralty happened to visit Goodwood, my brother entered the navy as a midshipman, and within a few years fell overboard from the *Blake* as she was sailing into Port Mahon, and was unfortunately drowned.

That the naval service is not quite a bed of roses might have been shown us by our naval preceptor, had he not omitted to tell us of Anson's disasters. These did not arise from any fault of the Commodore, himself, but from the ignorance and imbecility which prevailed at the Admiralty. Several of the ships of his squadron destined on the breaking out of the Spanish war in 1739 for the west coast of South America, to attack the colonies of Spain, and cut off supplies by intercepting the treasure ships, were ill-conditioned. He was moreover obliged to receive on board two hundred and sixty infirm old men, out-pensioners of Chelsea

College, most of whom were above seventy years of age, and none under sixty, and the sailing of the squadron was delayed till the worst season. Soon after passing Madeira, virulent fever broke out among the crews. Tremendous gales, encountered in rounding Cape Horn, dispersed the ships, so that two were driven back along the coast of Brazil, and never rejoined the squadron. One was wrecked on the coast south of Chiloe; and the Commodore's ship, the *Centurion*, 60 guns, with the *Tryal* sloop, 8 guns, reached Juan Fernandez on the 8th of June; while the *Gloucester*, 50 guns, did not arrive until the 23rd of July, having been under sail for five months in a stormy ocean, "a circumstance unparalleled in the history of navigation." • The original complement for the three ships, 800 men, was reduced to 335, and these were shipped with stores on board the *Centurion*, when the *Tryal* and *Gloucester*, being disabled, were destroyed.

At our age such a narrative would not have debarred us from braving the dangers of the sea, but the premature loss of a beloved brother, as well as other circumstances, made us turn our thoughts the more willingly to my father's profession. Our army was then distinguishing itself under Wellington in the Peninsula, and had recently

gained the battle of Salamanca. There was moreover a further inducement to lead me to the military before the naval branch of the united services; the fact that so many of my ancestors had held high military rank and distinguished themselves in divers actions. The first of our branch of the Dukes of Richmond served as King William's aide-de-camp in Flanders. The second Duke was aide-de-camp to George II., and fought under the King at Dettingen. The third (who, by the way, was educated at Westminster) distinguished himself at the battle of Minden; and my father, the fourth Duke, was Colonel of the 35th Foot before he succeeded to the title by the death of his uncle.

Like the third Duke, I was sent to Westminster, but as I have alluded to my school-boy life in my "Fifty Years' Biographical Reminiscences," I will pass over it here, and will merely mention the facts that occurred during my stay in Dean's Yard.

My Saturdays and Sundays were usually passed at Richmond House, which my father had lent to the late Duke of Gordon, then the Marquis of Huntley; and there, among other "worthies" of the time, I met constantly at dinner the celebrated Barclay of Ure. Independent of his prowess as

a pedestrian, Barclay was an excellent sparrer, and one wet Saturday afternoon, when my brother Frederick and myself were practising with the gloves (an amusement at that time highly in vogue), the captain chanced to look in on us. "Bravo, youngsters," said the delighted visitor. "I never saw two better attitudes; no stiffness, knees elastic, body a little bent, head and shoulders forward, hands well up; capitally stopped and returned; a good judge of distance. Never fight at the body; well hit. There, my boys, that will do," exclaimed the Laird, as the last hit drew a considerable quantity of "claret" from the part politely called "smeller" by the chroniclers of the ring.

"I hope I have not hurt you," said my brother, holding out his hand. "Not at all," I replied—although for the moment my feelings belied my tongue—for a right-hander on the nose is no joke when put in by an athletic youth at once taller than myself, and much longer in the arm.

"You are both brave fellows," said Barclay, slipping a guinea into each of our hands; "and I hope some holiday, when your uncle dines out, that you will take a chop with me at the Piazza, and we can drop into Tom Cribb's for an hour, afterwards."

We thanked the gallant captain; but preferring the ring at Astley's to the pugilistic ring, we suggested that a change of the *venue* would be agreeable. Accordingly, after an excellent dinner at the Piazza, we adjourned to Astley's to see the popular piece of the day, "Blood will have Blood; or, the Battle of the Bridges."

At this place a slight sketch of Robert Barclay Allardice, Esq., of Ure, may not be uninteresting. He was born in Scotland, and at eight years of age was sent to England for his education, passing four years at Richmond, and three at Brixton Causeway school. He afterwards went to Cambridge. He then entered the service of his country, as an ensign in the 23rd Fusiliers, and in 1805 accompanied his regiment to the Continent, his corps forming part of the army which was sent for the protection of Hanover. After a time he was promoted to a company, but saw no actual service until the fatal expedition to Walcheren, where he acted as aide-de-camp to my uncle, the Marquis of Huntley. He embarked for that pestiferous climate a few days after he had finished his pedestrian performance at Newmarket; and, although greatly reduced by his exertions, escaped the dreadful fever. Barclay, whose weight was twelve stone thirteen pounds, and whose height

was five feet ten inches, was a most formidable amateur with the gloves; he, however, occasionally selected too powerful an antagonist, as was the case when he set to with Shaw, the Life Guardsman, immortalised in verse by Moore:—

> "Oh! shade of the *cheesemonger*, you who, alas!
> Doubled up by the dozen those Mounseers in brass,
> On that great day of *milling*, when blood lay in lakes,
> When kings held the bottles, and Europe the stakes."

When this redoubtable hero first made his appearance at the Fives Court, in Little St. Martin's Lane, nothing would satisfy the undaunted spirit of the captain but having a bout with the new recruit. Shaw was (to vary his own description, the original of which is scarcely suited to ears polite) "a main good-un" at planting body blows. The weight of the gallant trooper was fifteen stone, and his height six feet and half-an-inch, which gave him a decided advantage over Barclay. The brave Scot, however, never shrank from punishment, and for some time held his own till Shaw planted so tremendous a blow in his ri[illegible] that many were broken.

As a practical farmer, Barclay was second [illegible] none, and his excellent management brought hi[illegible] estate to the highest perfection. At an earl[illegible] period of his life he was master of a pack of fox[illegible]

hounds in Kincardineshire, and distinguished himself as much in the chase—the "faint image of war"—as he did in its reality. Of his pedestrian performance I will say briefly, that on the 1st of June, 1809, he started at Newmarket Heath to go on foot one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour. This he effected, but as this match has often been recorded, I will merely add that it was a most wonderful undertaking, and was only equalled by one other—that of Thomas Standen, of Salehurst, near Silver Hill Barracks, who in the year 1811, when near the age of sixty, finished the arduous task of walking eleven hundred miles in as many successive hours, going one mile only in each hour. But I need not refer to modern dates alone for instances of such feats. Pedestrianism is of very ancient growth, and the place where the Greek "flyers" held their gathering was called the Stadium, named after a measure 600 feet in length. Upon each side, and at the extremity, were rows of seats for the spectators, and a rope was run across the entrance, behind which the runners prepared for the start. The winning post was at the end of the Stadium, and the competitors, being drawn up in a line, started off at the given signal like a flight of arrows from a

cross-bow. Among the fastest of ancient Greece and Rome may be mentioned Phidippides, the Deerfoot of that day, Anystis and Philonedes, the latter of whom, when attached to Alexander the Great, accomplished sixty leagues in one day. Phidippides ran a hundred and fifty Roman miles in two days, being sent from Athens to Sparta. In the reign of Nero a boy ran 75,000 paces between morning and night. Canute's son Harold was so fleet that few horses of the day could beat him; and he could course down a hare, from whence he took his name Harefoot. Our own king, Henry V., and two of his lords, could run down and take any doe in a large forest; and Pepys describes how, on the 13th of August, 1664, Lord Castlehaven and Arran, a son of my Lord Ormondé's, alone did, in the presence of King Charles II., for a wager, run down and kill a stoute buck in St. James's Park.

But, perhaps, all these feats are excelled by some of the "running footmen" of the Berkeley family. In Smythe's MS., which recounts matters connected with the Berkeleys, and is preserved at Berkeley Castle, we find the following narrative of the achievements of one of this now extinct class, who certainly deserved the name given in "Gent's Dictionary, or an Interpretation of Hard

English Words," published in 1632, "Swift footmen, *celeripedes*." The story runs:—"Langham, an Irish footman of Henry, Lord Berkeley (in the reign of Elizabeth), upon the sickness of the Lady Catherine, this lord's wife, conveyed a letter from Callowden, near Coventry, to old Dr. Fryer, a physician, dwelling in Little Britaine in London, and returned with a glass bottle in his hand, compounded by the doctor for the recovery of her health. A journey of 148 miles, performed by him in less than forty-two hours, notwithstanding his stay of one night at the physician's house, which no one else could have so well and safely performed."

Among the amusements of Westminster was a visit to Bartholomew and Tothill Fields fairs; and I will digress for a moment to quote some facts of interest concerning them. The latter originated from a pecuniary difficulty of one of our monarchs. In 1248, Henry III. having been denied money at a Parliament held at Westminster, in which he was plainly told that "they would not impoverish themselves to enrich strangers, their enemies," was "faine, for want of money, to sell his plate and jewels, greatly to his loss;" and when he was afterwards informed that the Londoners had purchased them, he exclaimed passionately, "If

Octavian's (Augustus Cæsar) treasure were to be sold, the city of London would store it up." As a means, therefore, of lessening the affluence of these "rustical Londoners, who call themselves barons on account of their wealth," he soon after devised the expedient of granting a fifteen days' annual fair to the Abbot of Westminster, to be held at Tuthill, or Tothill (afterwards Tothill Fields), strictly commanding that, during that time, all trade should cease within the city. "All remonstrances were ineffectual; and so far was he from attending to the complaints made on this occasion, that he gave fresh marks of his displeasure by keeping his Christmas in the succeeding year in London, and compelling the citizens to present him with valuable new year gifts."

On the 1st September, 1668, we find Pepys writing:—"To Bartholomew Fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money, and many things to admiration; and among others, came to me, when she was bid to go to him of the company that most loved a pretty wench in the corner. And this did cost me twelve pence to the horse, which I had flung him before, and did give me occasion to kiss a mighty *belle fille* that was exceeding plain, but *fort belle*."

Again, on the 12th of April, 1669, "By water to the Bear-garden. Here we saw a prize fought between a soldier and a country fellow, one Warrell, who promised the least in his looks, and performed the most of valour in his boldness and evenness of mind, and smiles in all he did, that ever I saw; and we were all both deceived and infinitely taken with him. He did soundly beat the soldier, and cut him over the head. Thence back to Whitehall, mightily pleased, all of us, with this sight; and particularly this fellow, as a most extraordinary man for his temper and evenness in fighting."

The Epping Hunt on Easter Monday has long since ceased to exist, but I cannot refrain from giving an account of the first and only one I attended, and which for fun, life, and absurdity, could not be excelled. The event came off when I was at Westminster School. Easter had, as usual, set in with its easterly winds, and the Monday was one of those treacherous March days, when a hot sun and a biting cold blast prevail. At an early hour a friend and myself left Park Lane from a livery stable, in which we had hired two hunters for the day. From nine till eleven o'clock the road to Woodford was lined with carriages of every form and description, from the barouche

and four down to the taxed cart; and an incredible number of horsemen appeared, among whom were many cockney Nimrods, in smart red coats, white corduroy breeches, top boots, and long spurs, each cantering his hired Bucephalus to attract the attention of the assembled multitude. A number of temporary booths for the sale of liquors, ham, beef, bread and cheese, buns, periwinkles, cakes, tarts, ginger beer, imperial pop, cider, oysters, were erected on the forest ground, each distinguished by a sporting sign, "The Hare and Hounds," "Fox," "Reindeer," "White Hart," "French Horn," "Stag," &c. About twelve, the deer, which had travelled in his own carriage from the "Bush," at Wanstead, was uncarted, his branching antlers being decorated with gaudy coloured ribbons. After a few minutes' law, the hounds were laid on. Away went sportsmen, horsemen, footmen, deer, and hounds, towards Buckhurst wood, from thence to Robinson's Range, and round the enclosures to Deadman's Wood, returned to Fair Mead Bottom, and on to Loughton Wood, from thence to Robinson's Range, Golden Hill, and Queen Elizabeth's Lodge. Here the noble animal, being hardly pressed, plunged into Burleigh's pond, from which he was taken alive, and reserved for another year's sport.

Many of the equestrians followed the chase till their horses shut up, and there were the usual number of falls and accidents. Being a light weight, and well mounted, I saw the fun to the greatest advantage. "There's nothing on the other side," cried my friend, as he went at an awful pace at a hedge, upon the other side of which was a yawning ditch. "Come along," I cried, "it's nothing;" and with this assurance I was followed by some half-dozen men, born within the sound of Bow bells, who, not putting quite so much powder at it as we did, failed, as the Leicestershire men say, to "negotiate" it, and floundered in the green and fœtid water. "Catch my horse!" "Oh, I'm smothered!" "Help me out!" were the cries of these would-be Nimrods, as they and their steeds were dragged out amidst the jeers and gibes of the gaping clods.

It was while I was at Westminster that Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower. One day, early in May, 1810, I was passing through Piccadilly with a "chum" from Mother Pack's, and we found a tumultuous mob collected round the baronet's house. Every one who passed was compelled to take off his hat, and cry "Burdett for ever!" We (though rather precocious politicians) shouted lustily and heartily, "Burdett for

ever!" And we raised such a clamour that some lookers on, seeing our youth, and the danger we were in, placed us in a safe position within the iron railings that divided the reservoir (that then existed) from the street. The scene we witnessed was most exciting. A body of troops was drawn up in front of the house, and a posse of constables descending the area, burst open the windows and doors. One, bolder than the rest, had mounted a ladder, and having thrown open the sash, was about to enter the drawing-room, when he was intercepted. The calm dignity with which the "friend of the people" shut the window, calling out not to hurt the intruder—the courage of a wife and mother, who betrayed no symptom of alarm, trusting to the temper of her husband—and, lastly, *that* husband and only son exposed to the danger of a discharge of musketry on the now turbulent mob, were deeply affecting incidents. In a few moments a carriage drove up to the door, and was instantly surrounded by cavalry. Sir Francis, having fruitlessly protested against the violation of his house and his personal liberty, now yielded to force, and entered the carriage, followed by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Jones Burdett, and a constable. The cavalcade, consisting of the Life Guards, 15th Hussars, and two

battalions of the Guards, proceeded to Albemarle Street. There the Guards fell out, and marched direct to the Tower. The cavalry escort continued in progress, skirting the town on the north, until it reached its destination, where the patriotic prisoner was delivered into the custody of the deputy lieutenant. Fortunately for us, we were obliged to return to Dean's Yard, and ordered not to leave it, for in the course of the day a riot had taken place, the military had been fired on, and, on their returning the fire, two of the populace shot. In one instance, the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "justifiable homicide," and in the other, "wilful murder."

The liberation of the worthy baronet on the prorogation of parliament, June 21, was a day of rejoicing; although Sir Francis himself did not appear, having left the Tower by water. The whole town was in commotion; every precaution was taken for keeping the peace. The cavalry were assembled in and about the metropolis; and a park of artillery was stationed near the Horse Guards. The fineness of the day, every window filled with well-dressed persons wearing garter blue ribbons; processions with bands of music; banners, inscribed "Trial by Jury," "The Constitution," "Freedom of Election," added to the

brilliancy of the scene. I, decked out in a garter blue watch ribbon and favour, shouted, as I did ever afterwards, "Burdett for ever!" In the evening, my "chum" and myself went to Covent Garden Theatre, where the excitement of the morning was kept up.

The play was "Henry VIII.," followed by "The Waterman." John Kemble, *Cardinal Wolsey;* Cooke, *Bluff Harry;* Charles Kemble, *Cromwell;* Mrs. Siddons, *Queen Katharine;* Mrs. Davenport, *The Old Lady;* and the pretty Miss Bristow, *Anne Boleyn.* In the after-piece, we had the following concentration of talent:—Incledon, Liston, Blanchard, Mrs. Davenport, and Miss Bolton (afterwards Lady Thurlow).

In the council scene in "Henry VIII.," where *Cranmer* appears, every sentiment that bore upon the case was applied to the recent imprisonment of Sir Francis Burdett. When the Lord Chancellor uttered the lines—

> "It stands agreed,
> I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
> You be conveyed to the *Tower* a prisoner,"

there was a great deal of hissing, which was renewed when the Archbishop exclaimed—

> "Is there no other way of mercy,
> But I must needs to the Tower?"

When the King said—"I had thought I had had

men of some understanding and wisdom, of my council," a burst of applause broke forth from pit, boxes, and gallery; so great was then the popularity of "England's pride and Westminster's glory."

In after years I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Francis in society and in the House of Commons. At his request I canvassed for John Cam Hobhouse, the present Lord Broughton, when he stood for Westminster in 1820, much to the horror of my Tory relations and friends, who in those days looked upon the Whigs as levellers, anarchists, and destructives. Burdett, who was descended from Hugh de Burdett, a follower of William the Conqueror, and claimed the baronies of Berkeley, Tyes, Latimer, and Badlesmere, in right of his descent from the heirs female of these houses, was the younger son of a younger son, and it was only after a series of unexpected deaths that he succeeded to the title and estates of this ancient and affluent family. At the age of three and twenty he married a daughter of Thomas Coutts, the banker, by whom he had issue Robert, that son to whom he was teaching Magna Charta when the Sergeant-at-Arms showed him the Speaker's warrant for his arrest; and Angela Burdett Coutts, whose benevolence is proverbial, and is not merely

the effect of a warm and feeling heart, sympathising with the suffering all human flesh is heir to, but is based on a lively and established Christian faith. In society Sir Francis was most agreeable, and albeit he at one time professed democratic views, he was a thorough aristocrat in personal feeling. There was something very winning in his soft silvery voice, whether in private or public, and his handsome and commanding appearance, his neatness in dress, and gentlemanlike deportment made him the *beau ideal* of a high-bred English gentleman of the old school.

My Christmas holidays the next year were spent at the Phœnix Park, as my father was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. At that time T. P. Cooke was a member of the Royal Hibernian Theatre, Dublin, and acted under the name of Mr. Cooke. Dublin could then boast of two theatres, the Theatre Royal, and the Royal Hibernian, and each had a phalanx of talent unprecedented in Ireland. They could show the names of Miss O'Neil, afterwards Lady Becher, who was then in her teens, Miss Walstein, Messrs. Conway, Farren, and many others only second to them in fame. The "Lady of the Lake" had been published on the 10th of May, 1810, and the critics had pronounced it "the most interesting, romantic, picturesque,

and graceful of the author's poems." They declared that the rocks, the ravines, and the torrents were not the imperfect sketches of a hurried traveller, but the finished studies of a resident artist, deliberately drawn from different points of view, and the figures which were combined with the landscape were painted with the same fidelity. Like those of Salvator Rosa, they were perfectly appropriate to the spot on which they stood. The boldness of feature, the lightness and compactness of form, the wildness of air, and the careless ease of attitude of the mountaineers were as congenial to their native highlands as the birch and the pine which darkened their glens, the sedge which fringed their lakes, or the heath which waved over their moors. No wonder after the above panegyric that managers were anxious to produce a dramatic version of the poem. Both the managers of the Dublin theatres set to work with this view, and with that of bringing out a piece worthy of the talent which was to be employed in it. At the Theatre Royal the cast of the "Lady of the Lake" was powerful. Misses O'Neil and Walstein appeared as the representatives of the two leading characters, the latter as *Ellen Douglas*, the former as *Blanche of Devon*. Conway looked *James Fitz-james* to the life. At the Royal Hibernian, where

the play was called the "Knight of Snowdon," some actors afterwards known to fame appeared in the principal characters. H. Johnston was *Rhoderick Dhu;* Wallack, *Norman;* Cooke, *Red Murdoch;* nothing could exceed the beauty of the scenery, and the play created a *furore* among the warm-hearted Irish. As the manager went on the principle of not "keeping more cats than could kill mice," the services of some of his performers were pressed into other pieces, and thus Cooke appeared as *Clown* in a pantomime called "Gil Blas, or Harlequin Peregrinations." After H. Johnston left the company, Cooke was promoted from *Red Murdoch,* the treacherous guide, to be chief of Alpine's clan, and no one who has seen his noble bearing in this character would have recognised him in the grotesque part of the Clown. My father and mother once attended the theatre incog. accompanied by many of us youngsters; and as Cooke's benefit was to take place the night before my brother Frederick and I were to leave Dublin, we persuaded my father to take us. The performance consisted of "The Death of Captain Cook," and for that night only a Harlequinade called "Clown's Metamorphosis." *Clown,* Mr. Cooke; *Old Man,* Mr. Cooke; *Lover,* Mr. Cooke; *Columbine,* Mr. Cooke.

Although the *beneficiaire* lacked the fun of Grimaldi, by the aid of youth and great agility he bustled through the part most satisfactorily, and gave great delight to his audience. At the end of the performance, my mother, my brother Frederick and myself, urged my father to go behind the scenes and look at their wonders. The manager, wax candles in hand, after the most approved manner of receiving illustrious guests, conducted us to the stage and green-room; when the pantomimic tricks were duly displayed by the attentive property man, who explained to us the mysteries of the world behind the curtain. He showed us how the transformations were managed; how the sprites descended and ascended through the "traps;" how the nimble Harlequin, the active Clown, and the "slippered Pantaloon" were caught in blankets after their leaps through clock dials, shop windows, picture frames, and looking glasses; how the smallest of boys was introduced into a sham goose's skin; how a few daubs of paint, some gold and silver leaf, green and red tinsel, produced the splendid fairy scene; how some spangles, sewn on a coarse parti-coloured suit, made Harlequin glitter like gold; and how a white calico garb, with a few quaint crimson and blue devices, some chalk and red paint, could change

the "human face divine" into a mask. After inspecting everything worthy of note behind the scenes, we all proceeded to the stage door, where the carriage was in waiting; when in passing the green-room door we met the Clown, who had remained behind to arrange some stage business with the Harlequin. "I forget his name," said my father, who, although he made it a rule to patronise the drama, did not take especial interest in the performance. "Cooke," responded the manager. "I congratulate you, Mr. Cooke," said my father: "I've seen Grimaldi very often, and am delighted with your performance." Cooke bowed his acknowledgments. "Pray," continued the Viceroy, "is Mr. Cooke, who looked so well, and acted *Rhoderick Vick Alpine* the other night with such spirit, any relation of yours?" "A very near one," responded the actor. "He stands before you, for, 'Saxon, I am *Rhoderick Dhu.*'" My father smiled, and shook hands with the artist, declaring he had never seen so wonderful a metamorphosis.

A story was told me of T. P. Cooke, which reflects greatly to the credit of his friend and patron, the fourth Earl of Harrington—then Lord Petersham—and to that of the distinguished statesman, the fourth Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Harrington was ever attentive to those theatrical

persons who had been on friendly terms with the Countess when on the stage, and among them Cooke ranked high. He had been invited to dine at Harrington House, on an evening when his attendance at the theatre was not required, and upon taking leave of his host and hostess, the former said, "We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you this day fortnight." Nothing more occurred until the day named for the dinner, when punctually at half-past seven Cooke was at the door of his noble friend's house; he was ushered in, and found that two or three persons with whom he was unacquainted, had already arrived. Lord and Lady Harrington had both been startled at the announcement of "Mr. Cooke," for the truth flashed across them both that the day they had named for a small snug coterie was the one on which they had previously invited a large political party to meet the Earl of Aberdeen. But they were too highly bred to show the slightest difference in their manner, and few in the room, if any, recognised Mr. Cooke (who wore his naval medal) as the talented representative of *Long Tom Coffin*, and other nautical characters. The dinner passed off well, and when the gentlemen were left to themselves, Cooke found himself next to the Premier.

Lord Aberdeen, who was a high-bred, dignified nobleman, commenced a conversation with his neighbour, who, as we have already said, was decorated. The talk turned upon the navy. T. P. (or Tippy, as he was called by his brethren of the sock and buskin) became very energetic on the subject, and gave his lordship so vivid a description of the engagement he had taken part in, of the ships in which he had served, and of their captains, that Lord Aberdeen became deeply interested in the subject, and curious to know with whom he was speaking. After sundry fruitless diplomatic attempts to find this out, a casual remark proved more successful. "There is a wonderful change in the tar of the present day from that of Fielding's and Dibdin's times," said Lord Aberdeen. "I believe you," answered Cooke, and was about to rival the rotundity of Paul Bedford's sentence, "I bele-e-eve you, my my bo-oy," when the sedate look of his companion checked him. Lord Aberdeen proceeded—"The use or rather abuse of tobacco and grog has greatly diminished." "And the dreadful oaths," chimed in the actor, "no longer disgrace the ship from the quarter-deck down to the cock-pit." "The punishment of the lash is less frequent," remarked my lord. "And midshipmen are not subjected to the degradation

of a flogging in the captain's cabin," interrupted Cooke, "or mast-headed for hours for the most trivial offences." "The system is greatly improved," said the Premier, evidently deliberating on the subject, when he was startled from his momentary reverie by T. P. Cooke, who had been excited by the discussion, exclaiming in a louder voice than before, "But if your lordship would like to see what a real tar was, and what a real tar ought to be, come across the water some night and"—as Lord Aberdeen looked up with surprise, and wondered what was coming—"see me as *William* in 'Black-eyed Susan.'"

The spring of the year 1812 was marked by an event of great and lasting interest. As a peer's son, I supposed myself entitled to the privilege of going behind the bar of the House of Lords and under the strangers' gallery in the House of Commons, and while at Westminster I often attended both Houses. But it was not so much my rank that procured me the admission which was refused to so many others, as my intimate friendship with my uncles, the then Marquis of Huntley and Earl Bathurst, and my acquaintance with the late Sir Robert Peel, whom I knew in Dublin when he was Secretary for Ireland. On the 11th of May, 1812, I went down to the House with a friend,

who is now no more, and being known to the door-keepers, I felt more important than when I took my seat in the House for King's Lynn twenty years afterwards. As we approached the lobby we saw that there had been some unusual commotion, and we were soon informed that Mr. Perceval, whom I had met at Lord Maryborough's house, had been shot by Bellingham. We, with all other strangers, were requested to withdraw, and we rushed back to Westminster full of the news. The "law's delay" was not so great then as now, at least where delay might reasonably have been granted. Bellingham's crime was committed on the 11th of May; he was tried and found guilty on the 15th, and executed on the 18th.

Almost immediately after this tragic event, our Westminster school days were pleasantly broken by a visit to the Grand Fête at Vauxhall, in honour of the battle of Vittoria. This victory, which took place on the 12th of May, 1812, and completed the great project of expelling the French from Spain, was hailed with the utmost enthusiasm in England. Captain Fremantle, aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Wellington, who brought the prizes taken at Vittoria—the *bâton* of a French Field Marshal, and the colours of

the 4th battalion of the 100th regiment—was received with honours nearly equal to those lately paid to Garibaldi. "You have sent me," wrote the Prince Regent to Wellington, "among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French Marshal, and I send you in return that of England. The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those valorous efforts which have so conspicuously called for it."

Through the kindness of my uncle, Lord Huntley, I and one of my brothers received tickets for the fête which was arranged at Vauxhall Gardens, then a most fashionable place of amusement. It was my first visit, and the festival I witnessed was one of the grandest ever held in that "royal property."

So greatly had the public expectation been excited, that fifteen pounds was offered for a single ticket. It required a most virtuous resolution to prevent our converting two small pieces of pasteboard into a thirty-pound note; but respect for the donor, and the "still small voice of conscience," dispelled the idea. At four o'clock the doors were thrown open, and a most splendid scene presented itself. The whole of the covered buildings, with the addition of a temporary saloon,

were converted into dining-rooms. The rotunda held the table of the President, the late Duke of York. This table was raised on a platform some feet from the ground, so as to be visible through the entire range of the halls, and the whole was arranged in a crescent; two lines of tables being placed down the length of the saloon, and smaller ones occupying the vacant spaces. The temporary saloon was singularly beautiful; it occupied a large space interspersed with trees, the branches of which supported a canopy of British, Spanish, and Portuguese flags. At five o'clock the military bands in the gardens struck up the "Duke of York's March," and the stewards, who were distinguished from the rest of the company by wearing white ribbons ornamented with laurel leaves, went to receive his Royal Highness. A few minutes after, he entered, accompanied by his brothers the Dukes of Kent, Sussex, and Gloucester. The dinner, which, with the exception of the turtle soup, was cold, was then announced, and the company, consisting of more than twelve hundred, took their seats. The *coup d'œil* was truly beautiful. The orchestra, which had been converted into a tent, was hung with flags, laurels, and festoons of flowers; the interior was ornamented with massive gold and silver plate, with a bust of

Wellington on a pedestal at the summit, and at the foot the *bâton* of Marshal Jourdan, which had been taken in the battle. Two trumpeters stood in front of the pile, and between them a grenadier of the Guards held the colours of the 100th French regiment of the line. The entire company were in military or naval uniform, or full dress, with the exception of two urchins, one of whom the reader will probably recognise as the present writer, and who tried to look as important as possible in blue jackets, white waistcoats, and trousers. The conclusion of the dinner was announced by a flourish of trumpets, when *Non Nobis Domine* was admirably sung by the professional singers. The usual toasts were given and received with due honours; but, when the royal president proposed the health of "Field Marshal the Marquis of Wellington," the assemblage rose simultaneously, and gave nine such hearty cheers as proved how much they valued the great services and splendid victories of their warrior countryman. The Marquis of Huntley presided in the temporary saloon, and it was my good fortune to be placed near him; nothing could exceed his good humour and merriment; he literally kept the table in a roar. At nine o'clock the ladies began to arrive, but as there were no police in those days, and as, "like master like

man," the coachmen had been drinking the health of the hero of a hundred battles, there was a considerable delay, and it was nearly eleven o'clock before all the company had been set down. At that hour the Princess of Wales made her appearance, and was hailed with the loudest greetings. Owing to the number of vehicles, and the recklessness of the drivers, the breakage of poles and panels made the night gratefully memorable to the coachmakers.

The general effect of the gardens was now like a scene in a fairy tale. The *façades* of all the buildings and the colonnades were ornamented with variegated lamps, expressing the names of those officers of high rank who had distinguished themselves in the Peninsula, and the places where the British arms had been victorious. At the back of the orchestra was a portrait of Wellington receiving from a soldier the *bâton* of the French Marshal. The fineness of the weather, the profuse blaze of lights, the uniforms of the guests, and the beauty of our fair countrywomen, all combined to render this national *fête* one of the most brilliant entertainments ever given in England.

In 1813 my father was succeeded by Lord Whitworth in the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, and

on the 26th of August the new viceroy entered Dublin Castle. I had just left Westminster, and was present at the investiture; but brilliant as was the sight, it was mournful to me. My father had held the post for many years, and we had too many pleasant memories of Ireland, where our holidays were generally spent, to part from it without regret.

The next morning my father held an undress levee at the Castle, which was most numerously attended, and at half-past twelve o'clock we embarked on board his Majesty's yacht, *William and Mary*, on our return to England. Lord Whitworth and my father in the state carriage, preceded by others, went slowly through the city to the south wall, where the yacht lay. The streets were lined by regiments of infantry doing duty in Dublin, and a squadron of dragoons formed an escort. The lord mayor, sheriffs, principal citizens, and a large number of the nobility and persons of distinction, followed by an immense concourse of people, joined the procession to the water side. Nothing could exceed the demonstrations of respect that were paid to my father, for he had made himself popular with all classes; and as he took leave of the newly-appointed viceroy, a cheer burst forth from the multitude that showed the

depth of their feelings. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men cried "God speed you!" and the million testified their regard by shouts—genuine Irish shouts. I pass over the voyage, which was slow and wretched, for the wind was east and dead against us, "as if," to quote the remark of a courtier to my father, "even the elements conspired against your Grace leaving ould Ireland." In about four-and-twenty hours—at that time reckoned a wonderfully quick passage—we reached Holyhead, and were soon on our journey to London. And oh how tedious was that journey! The distance from Holyhead to London was 278 miles by road, with an open ferry at Bangor to cross; and although our *cortége*, which consisted of the large family coach and a travelling chariot, with four horses each, was no slower than other conveyances of the same class, we were four days and a half on the road. During the fine months we generally started about nine o'clock, but allowing time for stoppage when changing horses and meals, we seldom did more than sixty miles a day. At the period I write of the Red Lion at Henley was famed for the attention of the landlady, the tidiness of the house, and the excellence of the mutton chops; and so much was it in favour, that my family, in going to or

returning from Ireland, always contrived to dine and sleep there the first or last nights. It was at the Red Lion, Henley, that Shenstone wrote his celebrated lines. It was there that, according to the chronicler, George IV. ate an extraordinary quantity of mutton chops; and it is there, even now, that crowds of the highest rank flock to witness the annual regatta.

Sometimes, indeed, there were more serious causes of detention on the old roads. Not to speak of accidents or highwaymen, what do you say to a fog paralysing the whole intercourse of the kingdom? In December, 1813, when I was on my way from Goodwood to Donnington near Newbury, where I was "coaching" for the army, the fog near London was so thick that the Chichester coach had to engage link-boys to escort it from Hyde Park Corner to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. These same "lights of other days" had to attend myself and the old hackney-coach from thence to Richmond House, Whitehall, and to Covent Garden Theatre in the evening, where I insisted on going to see the new pantomime. Next morning the fog was still thicker, and I took advantage of it to play truant while it lasted. It lasted no less than eight days, and extended fifty miles round London; many coaches

were stopped, and my excuse proved perfectly valid. The fog was accompanied by a severe frost, which was general throughout the three kingdoms, and continued without interruption for six weeks. During that time I had to come to London for a visit to Mr. Waite's (the dentist) "Chamber of Horrors," in Old Burlington Street, and I passed the 4th of February in the fair on the Thames, breakfasting, dining, and seeing all the shows that stood on the thick-ribbed surface of the river.

One of the most interesting memories of my early days is the hasty glimpse I had of Lord Byron. *Vidi tantum*, I may say with one of the authors whom I knew more familiarly then than I do now. We met first at a place familiar to the readers of Byron's life.

During the interval between my leaving Westminster and going to a private tutor's at Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead, I received tickets for Jackson's sparring-rooms, in Old Bond Street, and went there with an old Dean's Yard chum, named Edgar. It was about this period that the question of forming a society, to be called "The Pugilistic Club," was first agitated; and upon the occasion I refer to, a large party of the *élite* of fashionable amateurs, and a strong muster of

"professionals," were assembled to discuss the rules and regulations that were to govern the P. C. A sporting publican, well known to all Westminster boys, who, to use his own phraseology, saw that "we were troubled with the shies," as we sneaked, rather than walked, into the room, quickly approached us, and presented us to the proprietor of the rooms as two "oudacious varments, up to any lark from a duck-hunt in Tothill Fields to a mill at Moulsey Hurst." Jackson was all kindness, and pointed out to us some of the "lions" of the ring—Tom Cribb, the Belchers, Oliver, the two blacks, Richmond and Molineux, and last, not least, Gully, who, strange to say, exactly twenty years afterwards, often sat by me in the House of Commons, when we were both members of Parliament.

During the afternoon, as the rooms were thinning, a young man, about five-and-twenty years of age, made his appearance. There was something so striking in his look, so intellectual in his countenance, and so thorough-bred in his manner, that I was all anxiety to know who he was. In height he was about five feet eight inches and a half; his light grey eyes were full of expression, and, as I shortly witnessed, could well portray joy, sadness, anger, and rage. His mouth and

chin were exquisitely fine; his head and ears small, with a high narrow forehead; his fine dark brown curls contrasted well with his pallid complexion; his teeth, which he took care to show, were pearly white.

"Come, Jack," said the young pupil, "we must have a set-to to-day; I have not yet recovered my yesterday's dinner."

"You look rather jaded," responded the corporeal pastor.

"And to-morrow we are to meet at Cribb's," continued the other. "I have promised Huntley to support him in the chair. 'Company, villainous company, hath been the sport of me;' but where are the gloves?"

"Here, my lord," replied the instructor. As they were handed to him, and as he moved across the room, a looker-on was injudicious enough to remark that he laboured under a slight lameness, which he evidently attempted to conceal. Byron answered by a look of scornful rage, which was instantaneously exchanged for the most winning smile, when he heard my companion ask me *sotto voce* whether I had ever seen so handsome a face or so aristocratic a hand. Who could have recognised the noble bard—the poet of the passions—who a few weeks before had published the "Giaour"

—in this impetuous aspirant for fistic honours—this modern Corinthian? It was at this period that "the internal tempest, the deep passion, sometimes buried, and sometimes blazing from some incidental touch—the intensity of agonising reflection which distinguished Byron from other writers—now began to display themselves." Who that saw the gay and buoyant spirits of the young enthusiast—now singing snatches of flash songs, now giving a vivid description of some recent execution, now asking after the heroes of the ring, now describing the tiger's supper at Exeter Change, now telling some piquant story of the aristocracy, now full of some green-room scandal, now extemporising a couplet to that emperor of pugilism, "Jackson the Brave"—could bring himself to believe that he was the author of those beautiful lines, shortly afterwards given to the public—

> "When from the heart where Sorrow sits,
> Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
> And o'er the changing aspect flits,
> And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
> Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink;
> My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
> Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
> And droop within their silent cell."

"Now, Jackson," continued Byron, "we must have a regular bout to-day. I must reduce my

weight; two hours' sparring, to be followed by a regular 'banyan' day—tea and dry biscuits—

> 'Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
> Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.'

Eh, Jack?"

The master of the art gave a tacit assent, and while preparing the "mufflers" the pupil proceeded:—"My head aches with the vintages of various cellars, and my brains are as thick and muddled as what is termed fine military port. The 'potations pottle deep' of claret have quite upset me. I brought away two bottles of splendid wine last night; besides which I have fed like an alderman for the last week, and until I can return to the old system—a fried whiting and a glass of bucellas—I shall neither be able to scribble, spar, nor place a bullet within ten inches of the bull's eye; my hand shakes like an aspen leaf" (and here the poet took off one of the gloves, and showed the smallest and whitest male hand I ever saw, and which he seemed not a little proud of). "Besides, I'm getting as fat as a second Daniel Lambert. 'Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt.' Now, shake hands, and let us try the effect of a right and left hander." Throwing himself into an attitude, the young nobleman showed some scien-

tific sparring, was evidently a sharp hitter, and possessed what the thimble-riggers were wont to call "a quick h'eye, and a good h'observation."

After the first "set to," Byron having heard that we were "old" Westminsters, talked most raffably to us, described his prowess at Harrow, asked after my tutor, Jemmy Dodd, lauded Long-lands, one of the masters, as the neatest skater he had ever met, and was loud in his praise of Tothill Fields and its fair. He ended by saying that if ever we passed his lodgings, No. 4, Bennet Street, he would be happy to see us. Unfortunately when I called, the author of "Childe Harold" was from home, and, except once behind the scenes of Drury Lane Theatre, I never saw him again.

Although no incident worth recording took place during my second interview with him, I cannot refrain from dwelling on it. Early in the spring that succeeded my meeting him at Jackson's, I was invited by the late Sir Godfrey Webster to dine at Stevens's hotel, and accompany him to Drury Lane to see Kean in "Othello." The theatre was crowded almost to suffocation, and the only box the worthy baronet of Battle Abbey had been able to procure was a proscenium one, usually placed at the disposal of the stage manager, but let or lent to patrons of the drama during

the unprecedented run of the truly eminent tragedian. While waiting with anxiety—a school-boy's anxiety—for the drawing-up of the old green curtain, I suddenly caught a glimpse of Byron entering the orchestra, accompanied by a friend. He looked up, noticed my companion, and I flattered myself I was included in the recognition. "You know Byron, then?" said Sir Godfrey. "I should have fancied he was too much of a Liberal for your Tory circle."

I must here remark that in those days politics were carried to such an excess that Whig and Tory seldom met in social life; and I should never have known the radical baronet had it not been from an accidental meeting with him at Brighton, where he took a liking to me for what in those days were considered liberal opinions. I replied that I had met the noble lord at Jackson's, and that I was most anxious to renew my acquaintance.

"That you shall do," he responded, "after the play, for he is sure to pay Kean and his old friends a visit in the green-room—that is, unless Moore lures him away to some party."

"Moore?" I repeated.

"Yes; that is the identical Anacreon you have heard so much of," continued my companion. "I'll

introduce you to him, and thus kill a brace of poets with one shot."

The curtain rose shortly afterwards, all eyes were turned to the stage, and a breathless silence ensued, which was followed by a burst of applause that shook the walls of old Drury, as *Roderigo* and *Iago* appeared. It was some moments before *Roderigo* could obtain a hearing, so vociferous were pit, boxes, and gallery, in their reception of Edmund Kean, and the cheers were deafening when he uttered the lines:—

> "For when my outward action doth demonstrate
> The native act and figure of my heart
> In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
> But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve.
> For daws to peck at."

I own that during the performance, my attention was divided between the actor and his warmest admirer, Byron; I watched the countenance of the latter, and saw the effect produced upon him by Kean's passionate energy. Moore, too, seemed to share his friend's enjoyment, and the ovation paid by the entire house to the actor's genius was such as I never heard before or since. When the curtain dropped, Webster said in an under-tone (for we had been joined by two friends of his, whom he did not wish to take behind the scenes), "Come along, or we shall miss the Childe." We

left the box, Sir Godfrey sent in his card to one of the committee who happened to be in the green-room, and we were requested to walk into that privileged *sanctum*.

It was the first time I had ever been behind the scenes of a London theatre, and I gazed with astonishment at the activity that prevailed there. The performers who had acted in "Othello" crossing the stage to their respective dressing-rooms; carpenters removing the streets, rooms, and platforms of a seaport in Cyprus, and preparing those of a modern English farce; the property-man looking for *Desdemona's* fatal handkerchief, the pillow that smothered "that excellent nature," and the lighted lamp, that "flaming minister;" the prompter walking to and fro as if to take breath, after having been immured in his contracted box for nearly three hours. But the group that riveted my attention consisted of four or five persons in evening dress, surrounding the star of the evening. We approached the party just as they were moving towards the green-room, and entering it, I had the good fortune to be introduced to the representative of *Iago* and Thomas Moore, and, to add to my delight, to shake hands with Byron, who at once recognised me from our having met at Jackson's. "You must come and sup with us to-night at

Stevens's," said Sir Godfrey, addressing Byron and Moore, "and perhaps Mr. Kean will give us the pleasure of his company." The two poets and the actor both pleaded previous engagements, which I should have regretted much more had it not been that their engagements were late, and I had the advantage of passing nearly half an hour with them in the green-room.

Half a century has elapsed since then, and the name of Byron is now a classic in England. From the time I first met him till now I have ever felt the greatest admiration for the ill-fated poet. True, he had his faults, but who is without them? Among those who have done justice to his memory may be mentioned the Duchess D'Abrantes, and there is much truth in the following remarks which I have taken the liberty of translating from her excellent French into my indifferent English, leaving the word *méchant* to be Anglicised by my readers, as wicked is too strong, and mischievous too mild:—"He was after all much more *human* and less demoniac than the world believed him to be. No, I do not believe that Lord Byron was half as bad as they made him out; moreover, I think that he was made *méchant*, but that he was not so by nature." Soured by a deformity in his limbs, and

neglected by those who ought to have guided his youthful course, he became reckless and indifferent to the world's good opinion; the incense and flattery that were heaped upon him, when, to use his own expression, he "awoke and found himself famous," might have turned a stronger head than his; while the venomous attacks that were levelled against him were calculated to harden him. Poor Byron, "With all thy faults I love thee still." And there is no lack of amiable traits in his character to justify our partiality. The following anecdote, which will be new to many of my readers, bears witness to his ready kindness. A lady named Miss Francis called upon him in the Albany, some fifty years ago, with a historical poem called the Rival Roses, which she wished to show first to the great poet. On looking at the title-page, he exclaimed hastily, "Where the deuce did you find your motto?"

"In your 'Hours of Idleness,'" was the reply.

"You might have found something better, I should think."

"Perhaps I am of a different opinion."

His lordship bowed, and the lady smiled. Two days after the interview the poet sent the poetess

a highly complimentary note, and a cheque for £50.

Sir Godfrey Webster, under whose auspices I met Byron for the second time, had acted as aide-de-camp to Lord Beresford, and in early life had seen some active service. "He told me an anecdote of a young "middy," which I should have taken a deeper interest in at the time, had I known that I was destined to become an intimate friend of the hero of the story. This was Captain Claxton, of the royal navy, who, when I had a yacht, often managed her, and whom I met annually at Cowes, as both of us belonged to the Fitzhardinge squadron. Sir Thomas Hardy, who commanded the *Triumph* man-of-war, a seventy-four, the first ship he had after the battle of Trafalgar, where he played so conspicuous a part, was proceeding to Lisbon, and had on board Lady Hardy, Charles Wynn, on a pleasure trip to the theatre of war, Sir Godfrey Webster, and others. Claxton was a midshipman in the *Triumph*, and one day when walking on the deck he heard the cry of "man overboard." This is at all times a startling sound, and would have scared the nerves of many a youngster; but the middy was made of good mettle. In a second he had jumped off the poop, and saved the man, who had fallen

from the fore part of the ship. "Jack," who was an able-bodied seaman, was all gratitude. Everybody on board lauded the youth's daring, who quietly said, "At one time I thought it was all over with me, for the sea ran high, and the man struggled awfully."

CHAPTER II.

GAZETTED TO THE BLUES—THANKSGIVING DAY, 1814—ENTRY OF THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA—COLONEL QUINTIN—ELEGANT EXTRACTS—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S EMBASSY TO PARIS—ACCOMPANY HIM—ADVENTURES ON HORSEBACK—THE DUKE'S KINDNESS—SHOOTING WITH ROYAL DUKES—"PULL"—EXCURSION TO ST. CLOUD—NAPOLEON'S LIBRARY—EXPECTED ATTEMPT ON LOUIS XVIII.—THE DUKE OF ORLEANS—LOUIS PHILIPPE—CLAREMONT—NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA—BRUSSELS IN MAY, 1815—SIR PEREGRINE MAITLAND—LORD HAY—SIR PEREGRINE'S BRIGADE MAJOR—DEATH OF TWO EARLY FRIENDS—ADVENTURE AT PARIS—LES ANGLAISES POUR RIRE—SALON DES ÉTRANGERS—STATISTICS OF GAMBLING.

CHAPTER II.

As I have hinted in the preceding chapter, my studies at Westminster were brought to a premature end in a way which was most interesting to me. I was not a little surprised one day when the head-master, Dr. Cary, called me up, and said, "Are you aware that you are gazetted to a cornetcy in the Royal Horse Guards (Blues)?" I replied that the Duke of Wellington had given me some hopes of a commission in that distinguished corps, but that I had never dreamt of its being brought about so soon. There, however, it was. The novel and pleasing sensation of seeing my name so publicly paraded—of being suddenly transformed from a schoolboy into an officer in his Majesty's service, was enough to turn my head. However, I was not to develop all at once into the full-blown dignity of regimentals, though I was removed from Westminster, and placed at a private tutor's

to prepare for my new career. My first tutor's was at Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead, and from thence I was shortly removed to Donnington, near Newbury.

My youth had been passed in stirring times, and my new appointment of course filled my mind with dreams of martial glory. But these dreams were rudely shaken. The disastrous invasion of Russia, the general rising of Germany, the glorious efforts of the English in the Spanish Peninsula, had done their work on the First Empire, and instead of marching and countermarching, being shot for sixpence in the battle-field, and shovelled up into a bloody trench, I was soon witnessing the grand ceremony of returning thanks for the return of peace. The 7th of July, 1814, was the day appointed for the thanksgiving. I had been fortunate enough to procure a ticket for St. Paul's, and the evening before the ceremony I received a most pressing invitation, from a tradesman with whom my family had dealt for years, to occupy part of a window in Ludgate Hill. Anxious "to kill two birds with one stone," and see the procession outside as well as the pageant inside, I gladly accepted the invitation, and at an early hour I made my way to the City. This was no easy task to accomplish through the crowded streets, so I hired

a Thames wherry opposite Richmond House, where I then lived, and was rowed to Blackfriars Bridge. Happily, I gained my place long before the cavalcade passed. I take the following account from the newspapers of the day.

"Shortly before eleven, the discharge of twenty-one guns announced the departure of the Prince Regent from Carlton House, from whence the procession advanced in the following order:—

Two Horse Guards.
The Duke of Gloucester in his state carriage, drawn by six horses.
A party of Horse Guards.
The Duke of Cambridge in his state carriage and six horses.
A party of Horse Guards.
The Duke of Sussex in his state carriage and six horses.
A party of Horse Guards.
The Duke of Kent in his state carriage and six horses.
A party of Horse Guards.
Two of the Oxford Blues.
The Heralds in their official costume.
Three state carriages drawn by six horses, containing the household of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.
A detachment of the Blues.
Fourteen royal footmen in state liveries.
Twelve marshalmen.
A troop of the Horse Guards.
His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, in his state carriage, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses.
His Royal Highness was accompanied by two of his officers of state.
A troop of the Horse Guards followed.

"The Duke of York was in the procession, and in the carriage of the Regent were the Dukes of Wellington and Montrose. The Lord Mayor,

Sheriffs, and other City officers fell into the procession at Temple Bar. Words can convey but a feeble idea of the richness of the view on Ludgate Hill. Troops in the pride of military array lining the streets; carriages of the most beautiful workmanship, surrounded by brilliant ornaments; horses prancing and champing the bit, as if elated by the honours and sprightliness of the scene in which they partook; the *façade* of the houses almost alive from the myriads with outstretched necks and floating handkerchiefs; the glittering of swords, clashing of arms, sound of trumpets, pealing of bells;—all conspired to fill up the two senses of sight and hearing to their utmost stretch of bearing."

I must now descend from the above high-flown description to sober prose, and say that brilliant as was the pageant, my eyes—ay, and I believe the eyes of many others—were attracted solely to the manly form of the hero of a hundred victories, who sat there apparently unconscious of the homage paid to him.

No sooner had the procession passed the house I was in than I tried to make my way to the cathedral, but so densely crowded was the street that it appeared next to impossible to advance a foot. While thinking what I was to do, my attention was attracted to an officer of the Blues, in which

regiment, though a stripling, I held a commission. I went up to him, mentioned my name and rank in the corps—at which he stared not a little—and asked him if he could assist me in my difficulty.

"I will do my best," he responded, "and in return I hope you will join us as soon as possible, as we subs. have all your duty thrown upon us."

"Nothing," said I, "would give me greater pleasure; and I will speak to my father upon the subject."

"Spoken like a true Blue," he replied; "and now keep close to my horse, he's as quiet as a lamb, and I'll see what I can do for you."

Under his escort I soon gained the entrance of St. Paul's Cathedral, showed my ticket—having previously thanked my brother officer—and was ushered to my seat. I was in time to hear the full service. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the singing, the full organ pouring its swelling peals to heaven, or the impressive sermon preached by Dr. Law, Bishop of Chester.

It has been my fortune to witness another pageant no less interesting than the thanksgiving day at St. Paul's; to see again the streets so crowded with people that progress was an impossibility; to see all eyes attracted to one form in the midst of the procession, and all spectators bursting

into rapturous cheers as one carriage passed. But this time the homage was paid to beauty, not to valour; the feelings excited were not those of thanks for the close of a fearful struggle, but of hope for a long and happy reign; and the conqueror of the day was not a manly hero, but a young princess whom the people of England welcomed to their shores.

Joyful as the return of peace is to the heart of a country, there are always some who have reason to dread the inquiry into their past conduct which quiet and leisure are likely to bring. An event which followed shortly after the thanksgiving day caused the greatest sensation in military circles, as the persons involved were the flower of English chivalry, and most of them allied to the noblest families in the country. I allude to the trial of Colonel Quentin, of the 10th Royal Hussars, which took place in the month of November, 1814.

The four charges brought against him were—"1. For neglecting and abandoning his duty as commanding officer, and leaving some of the divisions without support, while foraging in the Valley of Macoy. 2. For not making such effectual attempts at the Battle of Orthes as he ought to have done, by his presence and personal exertions, to co-operate with and support the divisions of his

regiment, the 10th Hussars. 3. For similar misconduct after the Battle of Toulouse. 4. For general neglect, and allowing a relaxed state of discipline in his regiment." In addition to the evidence of the great body of the officers of the 10th Hussars, Colonel, afterwards Sir John Elley, Lords Combermere and Edward Somerset, were heard in support of the charges.

In his defence, Colonel Quentin urged that he had joined his regiment, though in a state of ill-health; that he had received the thanks of the commander of the cavalry for his conduct on the very day to which the second charge referred; that it was not his duty to engage with the skirmishers, or to charge with the first file; that there was much youthful eagerness for command in some of the officers; and that he was desirous of diminishing the frequency of corporal punishment in the regiment, as well in furtherance of his own ideas, as in compliance with the desire of the illustrious personage at the head of the regiment, who had ordered that a rigid attention on the part of the officers should be tried as a substitute for corporal punishment.

Several officers gave their opinion in favour of Colonel Quentin's general conduct; among them were General Cartwright, General Grant, and the

Earl of Uxbridge. The latter said that he considered his behaviour equally exemplary in the presence of the enemy, and in the general conduct of his regiment, mentioning two instances in which Colonel Quentin had charged and defeated the enemy with very inferior numbers.

On the 19th of November the 10th Hussars were paraded at Romford to hear the reading of the sentence of the court-martial, approved by the Prince Regent. The court found that the first charge was partly proved; acquitted Colonel Quentin honourably on the second and third; and found the fact stated in the fourth—relaxed discipline when employed on foreign service—proved. Considering, however, that the Duke of Wellington had censured Colonel Quentin for this by letter, and that it appeared from the evidence that the officers of the corps did not co-operate in maintaining discipline, the court did not think it necessary to reprimand the colonel on that part of the charge, though it did think it necessary to reprimand him on the part of the first charge which was proved. An official communication from the Duke of York, as Commander-in-Chief, conveying the Prince Regent's pleasure, was then read by the adjutant-general. It gave orders that the officers who had signed the letters of complaint against their colonel, and Colonel Palmer, for his general

concurrence in their opinions, and his declared sentiments on the prosecution, should no longer act together as a corps, but should be distributed, by exchange, throughout the different regiments of cavalry in the service.

I have alluded to this court-martial in order to mention the spirited conduct of one of the "Elegant Extracts," a nickname applied to these sufferers.

The Hon. Augustus Berkeley had served with the 10th during the Peninsular War, and had rendered himself conspicuous for dash and bravery. He belonged to a class in the army known by the name of the "Come ons," in contradistinction to that of the "Go ons." Acting under the impression that Colonel Quentin had on many occasions failed in his duty as commanding officer of his gallant corps, he signed the letter, and when the sentence was read he felt deeply hurt at the part which conveyed so severe a censure on men who had done their best and risked their lives to sustain the honour of this regiment. I must here remark that the Prince of Wales had presented each of his officers with a sword, and when the adjutant-general had finished reading the Duke of York's official letter, Augustus Berkeley broke his sword across his knee, and threw the fragments at Sir Harry Calvert's feet. With good taste and feeling, the adjutant-

general took no notice of this rash, though manly, act, and the proceedings terminated. Some of the men who were devoted to Colonel Quentin, from the laxity of his discipline, showed an inimical spirit towards those who had brought the charges against him, and a hint was given them that they must leave Romford, as they were no longer on the strength of the 10th Hussars. Augustus Berkeley, however, declined leaving the barracks until the following morning; and although mortified at hearing cheers given for the colonel, and seeing the men's rooms partially illuminated in honour of him, he was not subjected to any insult. Personally, he was a favourite with the men, for they knew full well that his heart was in the right place, and that pluck, the characteristic of the Berkeley family, was strong in him. Among the "skits" of the day was the following announcement in a morning newspaper:—

"FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.—Prince of Wales's Hotel.—Four-and-twenty officers, late of the 10th Royal Hussars."

In the month of August, 1814, I accompanied the Duke of Wellington to Paris, on his being appointed ambassador to the newly restored monarch, Louis XVIII. Our route to Paris lay through Belgium and Holland; we embarked at Deal, landed

at Bergen-op-Zoom, the scene of one of our national disasters, visited Antwerp, and passed some time at Brussels.

Great as was Wellington's popularity in England after his return home in 1814, it was equally so in Holland; and I never remember more marked enthusiasm than that which was shown the great warrior at Namur. I had the good fortune to attend the Duke in his inspection of the Flemish fortresses, and of the troops then stationed there. The hereditary Prince of Orange, who had acted as one of Wellington's aides-de-camp during the Peninsular War, accompanied his former chief, and nothing could exceed the pleasure I derived from this trip. At an early hour Wellington made his appearance at the breakfast-table, the meal being served with military punctuality; and as his carriage, which was to convey us from town to town, drove up to the door, he descended and entered it. The Prince, too, had been trained in a good school, and I never knew an instance in which he was late. Upon approaching any of the fortresses on the French frontier, a party of dragoons were in attendance with led horses. I cannot say that the long rides were always agreeable, for the animals which fell to my lot, though picked from the ranks, were very rough in their paces, iron-mouthed, and now and then addicted to rearing,

plunging, and kicking. The saddles, too, were none of the softest, and the coarse sheepskins, straps, and rings were not at all suited to the light attire I wore during the hot month of August. I have alluded to the Duke's reception at Namur, which was so enthusiastic that the populace would insist upon taking the horses from the carriage and drawing it through the principal streets of the town. Perhaps, however, the most gratifying scene was when the Duke came in contact with some English regiment which had served under him. No sooner were the well-known features of his Grace recognised than a cheer was raised which was perfectly deafening. I had every reason to remember that cheer, for the horse I was riding, not being accustomed to such hero-worship, started off towards the barracks, and no strength of mine could check his speed. I own I felt rather humiliated at finding myself, like a second John Gilpin, scampering through the Grande Place, down some narrow streets, into the cavalry barrack yard. Fortunately the usual inmates, with the exception of those on duty, had gone to see the arrival of Wellington, so that there were only a few witnesses of my mortification. The unmanageable troop horse had not stopped till he reached his own stable-door, and when I tried, by aid of whip and spur, to turn him away from it and rejoin the Duke,

all my efforts were vain. One of the officers came forward, and looked rather aghast at seeing a stripling mounted upon one of his troop-horses, and still more so when I explained that I was an *attaché* to the Duke of Wellington. I informed him that it was my duty to rejoin my chief, but that the animal I rode was as stubborn as a mule. "Permit me to offer you my charger," said the Belgian officer; "and with your permission I will conduct you back to his Excellency." Gladly availing myself of this offer, I was soon back with the cavalcade that attended the Duke. He turned round and saw me, but did not utter a word, for his maxim was the oft-quoted one from Pickwick, "Business first, pleasure afterwards."

And here I must digress to mention an occurrence which will bear me out in the above remark. Two years after the event recorded, I was attending the Duke as extra aide-de-camp at a review of that portion of the Russian army which remained in France after the peace of 1815. As the youngest officer I was in front, and, when trotting along the roughly-paved road, my horse fell and hurt me not a little. Wellington passed and looked round at me, but neither slackened his pace nor interrupted his conversation with the Russian general. No sooner was his conversation over, than he sent back

one of his personal staff, the late George Cathcart, to ascertain if I was hurt, and if so to attend to me. Although considerably shaken by the fall, I found no bones broken, and was soon back in my place again. The review, which included a sham fight, went on, and I was sent with orders to different regiments, but not a word was said about my fall until dinner-time, at the general's table, when in a large assemblage of military men, highly decorated with stars and medals, showing the goodly service they had done to their emperor and country, Wellington caught my eye, and said with a good-humoured smile, "A glass of wine, William. Hope you were not hurt." In like manner, on my Johnny Gilpin adventure, not a word was said until after dinner, when the Duke asked what had become of me during the morning. I gave a true version of the story, amidst shouts of laughter, the Duke telling me that upon my arrival at Paris I should have to take riding lessons from the celebrated Franconi. The Prince, alluding to the regiment I then had the honour of holding a commission in, remarked that the old Blues, the long-tailed heavies, were not famed for their horsemanship, when I reminded his Royal Highness that two of the officers—Bouverie and Tathwell—were second to none, and that I should not mind backing myself against the Prince,

or any other "Flying Dutchman," three miles across the country. The heir to the throne of Holland was not slow at repartee, and the "keen encounter of our wits" pleased the Duke not a little.

During Wellington's visit of inspection, he paid marked attention to the army, which consisted of thirty Hanoverian battalions, besides British, Dutch, and Belgian troops. I have often looked back with delight to the days I passed in the Duke's company. Strict as he might be called on points of duty, there never was a more jovial companion when duty was over. It was his aim to make all around him happy, especially his personal staff, and he was most eminently successful. I ought here to add that when we reached Paris I was sent to Franconi's riding-school, and was taught there to forget entirely the style of riding I had been used to. Of course I yielded, and soon found myself as stiff as if I had swallowed a poker, with the same sort of seat that a wooden peg has on a line of a clothes pole. One day, however, I surprised my *maître d'équitation* by charging some posts and rails in the Champs Elysées, when showing off one of the Duke's English hunters.

I shall always remember this visit to Paris most gratefully, as my position on the Duke's embassy brought me in such close contact with the French

royal family. One day we went to shoot in the royal forest of Fontainebleau with the Dukes of Berri and Angoulême. The Duke of Wellington's loading-rod and ammunition were carried by an English groom, and towards the conclusion of the sport I overheard the following conversation between this groom and another of his countrymen, who was also in the service of the Duke, and who had accompanied us during the day:—

"That 'ere D'Angulame is an out and out shot," said the worthy John Bull, "quite wonderful for a parly-woo Frenchman. He killed twelve brace of pheasants before four o'clock, and would have doubled that quantity had he attended to his keeper's orders, and *pulled* whenever he told him."

"*Pulled*," said the other, who had picked up a smattering of French, "you're mistaken. When he cried *poule*, he did not mean *pull*—*Poule* stands for hen, and was meant as a caution."

"Who's to understand their outlandish terms?" persevered the former. "I'm sure Lord William don't, for just as it was getting dusk I saw him knock a brace of their hens over. He, like me, don't know what their foreign gibberish means."

Another time I had the pleasure of forming one of a party to St. Cloud. It consisted of the Duke of Wellington, two of his nieces, the late Lady

Hatherton and Lady Abdy, and myself. The Duke travelled there in the most unostentatious manner, with no servants save his trusty valet on the roof of his carriage. The only apartments which require notice were those which Napoleon I. usually occupied. The first contained a bust of Julius Cæsar, whose life has just been written by the present Emperor; while in the other, the library, were the following English works:—"Debates in the English Parliament," "Letters of Junius," "Naval History of England," and "An Account of Naval Battles." All had been placed there by "*L'homme du siècle*," and bore evident marks of constant use. A map of England lay unfolded on the table. Wellington's mind was thoroughly abstracted as he viewed this apartment, so much so that Lady Hatherton, then Mrs. Littleton, remarked to me that we had better pretend to be looking at the view from the windows so as not to disturb her uncle's thoughts. What those thoughts were I know not, but it probably never entered the head of the "Iron Duke" that in less than twelve months he would have to confront his ancient foe in the battle field. After a time the Duke made some commonplace remark to us, but was extremely silent during the drive home, and never alluded to his morning's excursion as he was wont to do at dinner.

In December of the same year a report was spread and circulated throughout Paris, that an attack was to be made on the King, either on his way to the Odéon Theatre, or during the performance. Every precaution was taken by the civil and military authorities, and the garrison of Paris was kept under arms, Soult, who had the entire confidence of the troops, being at that time minister of war.

When the King was warned against going to the theatre, he replied with calmness and dignity, "*Que la volonté de Dieu soit faite; j'ai dit que j'irai au spectâcle, et je m'y rendrai.*" During dinner I remarked to a brother *attaché* that the *Beau*, an old Peninsula name for the Duke, was more thoughtful than usual, and such was evidently the case. His Grace proceeded early to the theatre, where I was one of the party. He occupied the box opposite the royal one, and was the only officer of rank out of uniform, wearing, as was his usual custom, a plain coat, with the order of the Garter. I watched my chief's countenance, and it still evinced anxiety, more especially at the moment Louis XVIII. entered his state box; indeed, during the whole evening, Wellington kept his eye upon the restored monarch. I never remember passing a more exciting evening, for a hint had been thrown out that in the event of

an attack being made upon the King's life, a stray shot or two might probably find their way to the box of the hero who had placed him on the throne. The idea was far from satisfactory to those occupying seats in the Duke's box. Every noise, every sound of applause, was regarded with the deepest anxiety, for notwithstanding the assurances of many to the contrary, some were of opinion that among the number of disaffected Bonapartists, some one would be found to make an attempt upon the Bourbon monarch. The performance, however, terminated without any disturbance, and the King returned to the Tuileries amidst the cheers of his loyal subjects, who were delighted at this additional trait of courage in their sovereign.

On the 8th of December, 1814, the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by his suite, of whom I was one, went to the Palais Royal to deliver a letter of congratulation from the Prince Regent to the Duke of Orleans, on the birth of his fourth son, the present Duc d'Aumale. His Grace afterwards dined with his Royal Highness; the banquet, which was most sumptuous, terminated with a *soirée* given by the duchess. What changes had taken place between that period and the next time I had the honour of conversing with the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King Louis Philippe! Four and thirty

years had elapsed; Napoleon Bonaparte had escaped from Elba; Louis XVIII. had been a second time restored; Napoleon had been exiled to St. Helena, and had died; the Duc de Berri had been murdered; Charles X. had succeeded Louis XVIII.; the revolution of 1830 had taken place; Charles X. had abdicated, and was succeeded by Louis Philippe I.; Prince Louis Napoleon had made an unsuccessful descent at Vimeroux, near Boulogne, had been tried and imprisoned; an attempt had been made to assassinate the Duc d'Aumale on his return from Africa; the Duke of Orleans had been killed by a fall from his carriage; Louis Napoleon had escaped from Ham; the King Louis Philippe's life had been attempted for the seventh time; Jerome Bonaparte had returned to Paris after a banishment of thirty-two years; the ex-Empress Marie Louise and Madame Adelaide had died; Paris had been again the scene of a revolutionary tumult; Louis Philippe had abdicated in favour of his infant grandson, the Comte de Paris, but the abdication had not been accepted; a republic had been proclaimed from the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, and the ex-king and queen had arrived in England.

On the 27th of May, 1848, I went to visit them at Claremont, in company with one of their noble countrymen, deeply attached to the fallen monarch.

On reaching Esher, a servant in a somewhat faded light blue livery, told me that the princes were in London, but the king was at home. Upon entering the house, the well-mustachioed *huissier* took my name and showed me into the library.

After remaining a short time, he announced that the king would see me. I was then ushered into the drawing-room, and, as I entered, the monarch approached, and welcomed me most kindly, begging me to take a chair. Louis Philippe was dressed in a plain suit of mourning; a huge mass of large gold seals, with the royal arms engraved upon them, were the only ornaments he wore.

He asked after my brother, the late Duke of Richmond; expressed his regret at the death of my sister, Lady Mary Fitzroy; talked of Epsom, and said he did not approve of gambling on the turf; he understood many persons had destroyed themselves in consequence of their severe losses, and referred especially to the case of poor Berkeley Craven, who committed suicide in 1836, in consequence of losing a large sum upon the Derby, which, added the king, "I hear he would have recovered upon the Oaks." He asked me when Goodwood races were to take place; told me that the Duc de Nemours had gone to town, to attend a review, which I explained to be the guard mounting

upon the Queen's birthday. "Oh, yes!" he replied, "the flank companies."

I then informed his Majesty that I had had the honour of being presented to him and the queen in 1814, when an *attaché* to the Duke of Wellington; to which he replied, "I recollect the purport of his Grace's visit—it was to congratulate me on behalf of the Prince Regent at the birth of the Duc d'Aumale." I then expressed a hope that her Majesty was well. He said the queen would be glad to see me, and he would apprise her of my visit. During Louis Philippe's absence, I noticed the *Times*, *Galignani*, and two French newspapers upon the table. The king shortly returned with the queen, who welcomed me with the greatest warmth of manner. She asked me after my sister, Lady Jane Peel, who, she said, had kindly gone over to Newhaven to meet her on her arrival in England. The king said he believed Lady Jane lived principally at Brighton. They then begged me to be seated, and discoursed most affably upon topics connected with my relations.

The king spoke of the Duke of Wellington, and inquired if I was still in the army or unattached. The queen asked after the Duchess of Richmond, and alluded to the loss of her son in the *President*. When I told her how much the duchess had

suffered by the death of one son and three daughters, the queen became quite affected. The king inquired if any tidings had been heard of the missing Arctic vessels, and expressed his fears that the expedition would fail. He then talked of Lady Conyngham, who, with her sister, the Duchess of Richmond, were the acknowledged belles of the season; and remarked that he knew the present marquis as Lord Mount-Charles, "son," he added, "of the Lord Chamberlain to George IV."

His Majesty next observed that affairs were more settled in England and Ireland. I informed him that a verdict of "guilty" had been found against Mr. Mitchell in Dublin. "We shall have it in the second edition of the *Times*," he responded. He then said he knew my father as General Lennox, and alluded to his duel with the Duke of York; the queen asking for all particulars respecting his death, which, she believed, happened through the bite of a mad dog. She then asked which of my brothers had married Lady Aldborough's granddaughter, the pretty Miss Rodney, and inquired if she was alive. I replied that she was—would that I could say so now!—and that she had a family grown up. "How quickly time passes!" said the king. His Majesty then alluded to the crops, the potato disease in Ireland, and expressed his

delight at hearing that the accounts were favourable.

I then took my leave, his Majesty accompanying me to the door, saying, "We have no bells in this room." He then pressed my hand, saying, "Good-bye, my dear friend." I begged to be remembered to the Duc de Nemours. "Ay," said the king, "you knew him at Boulogne, with his poor brother, the Duc d'Orleans." The queen dropped her glove in rising, and I returned it, amidst *mille remercimens.*

In referring to the above interview with Louis Philippe, my object has been to avoid all contrast between the peaceful retirement of Claremont, and the splendour and excitement of the Palais Royal and Tuileries; and, still more, to abstain from any remarks upon the rise and fall of departed greatness. My sole motive is to point out the wonderful memory of the deposed monarch, who, amidst the cares of his altered position, and entirely unprepared for my visit, conversed not alone upon every topic that engrossed the public attention, but recalled to my mind events connected with my relatives and friends, which many more deeply interested in them would scarcely have remembered.

But to return to my narrative. After remaining some months in Paris, I accompanied Wellington to the Congress of Vienna, and thence to Brussels

early in 1815, after the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba was known. Now as the Duke had promised his old Peninsula personal staff to take them back, should war break out again, I found myself no longer an officer of his. I was, however, consoled by his promise to give me the first vacancy that might occur; and shortly afterwards I was appointed extra aide-de-camp to General Maitland, who commanded a brigade of Guards quartered at Enghien, some little distance from Brussels.

Among the numerous scenes that I have witnessed during a long life few have come up to the animated gaiety of that which daily presented itself during the lovely month of May, 1815, in the Place Royale at Brussels. There might be seen officers and soldiers of the allied army—English, Hanoverians, Belgian, and Dutch; there the representative of Flora, to whom I shall further allude, was placing in the button-hole of a young staff officer a small bouquet of the most choicely assorted flowers; there a Belgian grisette was listening to the high-flown compliments of a smart Hanoverian hussar, who curled his moustache, and vowed eternal constancy; there a vendor of orgeat and lemonade was dispensing the grateful beverage to some black Brunswickers, just off an escort duty; there a sergeant of the Guards, with his wife decked in her homely

English attire, attracted the criticism of the passers-by, or a stalwart corporal of the 42nd Highlanders, "kilted to the knee," made them shrug their shoulders at the barbarity of his costume; there a Bavarian broom-girl was screeching forth, at the top of her cracked voice, one of her native ditties, to the evident delight of a party of the waggon-train—while a Dutch youth, with his squeaking hurdy-gurdy and white mice, was called a "broth of a boy" by a Fermanagh man, of the 27th or Inniskilling regiment of the line. Occasionally a mounted orderly rode through the crowd, the bearer of a despatch to the Commander-in-Chief, or a staff officer passed in haste upon some military mission. Groups of Peninsula veterans might be seen instilling military ardour into the breasts of recruits by recounting former deeds of glory. There might be heard a sergeant of the old 95th describing the memorable assault of Badajos, when, amidst an unremitting and destructive fire, his brave corps descended into the ditch to force the breaches against an overpowering enemy, armed with burning missiles. There a corporal of Cole's division was pointing out the prowess of his regiment, or a hussar of the 10th told how his brigade under Grant had by an impetuous charge overthrown the rear-guard of the French cavalry at Morales; while

one of the 12th Light Dragoons expatiated upon the brilliant conduct of his corps. There an old pensioner, who had served under Picton at Vittoria, Vic Bigorre, and Toulouse, enlarged upon the undaunted courage of his leader; a farrier of the "Blues" recorded the deeds of the "heavies," no longer called the "Royal stay-at-homes;" while a smart young fellow of the 18th Hussars related how, under Vivian, the wild Irish boys had charged General Vial's brigade so successfully, that they drove it through the village of Croix D'Orade before the fugitives had time to destroy a most important work, the bridge over the Ers. The whole scene was set to the music of "the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," the warlike bagpipe, or the "bugle's wild call," of the numerous troops then quartered in the town.

There were few better men or better officers than the General upon whose personal staff I had the good fortune to be, the late Sir Peregrine Maitland. He was not more eminent for bravery and coolness under fire, than he was for humanity and attention to the spiritual and temporal wants of those under his command; and a more thorough soldier, one more devoted to his men or to the service, never existed. During his early life in the Guards, young Maitland, who was handsome in person, as well as fascinating

in manners, entered into all the dissipations of the town; but he soon became deeply impressed with a sense of religion, and to the last hour regarded it as a subject of paramount importance. When no longer upon active service, he devoted his time and energies to philanthropic pursuits, and like a second Howard merited the brief motto "*Vixit propter alios:*—he lived for the good of others." At almost every public meeting in London, whether in the cause of religion or charity, Maitland would raise his voice in behalf of the dissemination and triumph of Christianity, the progress of social improvements, the benefit of Bible Society Missions, and the abolition of the inhuman traffic of the slave trade. In private life he was simplicity itself, regular and abstemious, although ever ready to extend hospitality to his brethren in arms, and to those who came within the circle of his acquaintance. No man was more deeply regretted than poor Maitland, of whom it may be said—

> "His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
> His name a great example stands, to show
> How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
> When piety and valour jointly go."

His son Charles, of the Grenadier Guards, who was severely wounded at the battle of Inkerman, inherited the same virtues, and there never lived a

brighter ornament to the profession. In consequence of his wound, Maitland was compelled to retire from a service in which he had so distinguished himself, much to the regret of his brother officers. Nor must another worthy scion of a worthy sire be omitted, Horatio, who served with distinction in the navy, and was also severely wounded during the war with Russia. Sir Peregrine's staff consisted of his aide-de-camp, Lord Hay, killed at Quatre Bras, Captain Gunthorpe, Brigade Major, and myself as extra aide-de-camp.

Hay had been with me at a private tutor's at Littlewick Green, and had left to join the Guards just before the end of the Peninsular war. I was much delighted to fall in again with my old "chum," with whom I had passed many a happy day under the roof of our excellent dominie, the late Reverend James Knollis. Hay was one of the handsomest young fellows I ever met; his passion was for horses and hunting. I well remember upon one occasion, when at Littlewick Green, walking with him up a hill on the road towards Twyford. While discussing the points necessary for a good hunter, we were overtaken by a man having the appearance of a farmer, mounted on a very clever nag.

"Good day, Sir," said my companion; "that horse ought to carry you well with the hounds."

"Strange coincidence," replied the new comer, "my name is Day; but touching my horse, he *is* a good one."

At this our new ally got off, led the animal up the hill, and after a pause said, "He's a perfect fencer: perhaps you would like, young gentleman, to try him over that flight of hurdles."

It was exactly what Hay did like; so mounting at once, and borrowing the owner's whip, he got into the field, charged the hurdles, three or four fences, and after a gallop of some ten minutes rejoined us. During Hay's temporary absence Mr. Day had ascertained my young friend's birth, parentage, and education.

"I never rode a finer fencer," said Hay.

"Yes, my Lord," responded the other. "Hay! Day! strange coincidence."

"I wish I had him during the holidays in Hampshire," continued my "chum." "I would cut some of them down."

"Cut them down," proceeded Day, who was an inveterate punster, "then you ought to have my chesnut. I call him 'Old Time's Scythe,' because he cuts everything down." After delivering himself of this jocosity, the modern Joe Miller proceeded, "You can, my Lord, have 'Change for a Guinea' on trial."

"Change for a guinea!" we both exclaimed.

"Yes, young gentlemen. I call the brown horse 'Change for a Guinea' on account of his speed. I know not how you find it, my Lords, but to my mind there's nothing goes so fast as change for a guinea."

After a hearty laugh at his own wit, he went on to say that the horse was for sale, warranted sound, the price eighty guineas, and that if Lord Hay approved, instead of riding the animal home, he would leave him for a day at Maidenhead, and send a man to take him to Lord Hay's father's residence in the New Forest. My companion gladly assented to the proposition, after premising that as the king's staghounds were to meet the following day at Salt Hill, he should like to test the merits of "Change for a Guinea" in the hunting field. This was agreed to. Hay mounted his new horse, and, accompanied by Mr. Day, we turned our heads towards Maidenhead. Leaving the animal at the Sun Inn, where we drank the health of Mr. Day and his Bucephalus, we returned to Littlewick Green, and there recounted our morning's adventure to a bevy of listening, wondering youths. The horse carried Hay so well with the staghounds, that the Earl of Erroll subsequently purchased it for his son for eighty pounds, with a proviso that if returned

within three months, sixty should be remitted. Shortly afterwards, Hay was gazetted to a commission in the Guards, and Mr. Day honourably fulfilled his contract.

If my brother aide-de-camp had a weakness, it was a love of dress; and as he did not consider that the simple uniform of a staff officer showed off his figure to advantage, he generally appeared in a more splendid costume. It was in a great measure owing to this that he lost his life; for, mounted on a magnificent charger called Abelard, and decked out in a full-dress hussar's uniform, he was made the mark of the enemy, who naturally looked upon him as a superior officer, and he fell by a pistol shot from a wounded French dragoon. Saltoun, who as a field officer was exposed throughout the battle of Quatre Bras to the greatest danger, escaped scathless, being mounted on a small quiet cob. After the engagement was over, Hay was buried by his sorrowing comrades in the wood where the brunt of the action had taken place, a rude cross made of the branches of two trees his only monument.

Gunthorpe, our brigade-major, was an extraordinary character. He was what is termed in the army "pipe clay" all over. Although a strict disciplinarian, he was so just and impartial that he

won the hearts of the men, to whom he ever set the best example. With the officers he was equally popular; and many a giddy ensign was led into the right path by his judicious counsel and advice. To a good portion of sound sense, a thorough knowledge of his profession, a devotion to his corps, and an all-absorbing love for the service, he added an eccentricity of manner and an oddity of expression, that set all his hearers in a roar of laughter, although the utterer of the quaint phrases never moved a muscle. If an officer was late on parade, or unmindful of some duty, the brigade-major would give a reprimand in a style peculiarly his own. Taking out his watch, screwing up his lips, and opening his eyes wide, he would say, "Clocks vary; if I am too fast, I will set my valuable repeater by yours." "Better late than never, young gentleman, but in the Guards punctuality is the life and soul of the regiment." At Waterloo, when bullets were whistling about, and round shots ploughing up the ground where the brigade was formed in squares, Gunthorpe shrugged up his shoulders, and with lips distorted into the smallest compass, exclaimed, "Rather a sharp *scrimmidge* now, what will it be presently?" At Villette, where we were stationed before peace was proclaimed, an officer of the Guards approached too

near a French sentry, and was fired at. "Plenty of duty," said the brigade-major, "without having to furnish a firing party over a young gentleman, who, having escaped at Waterloo, tempted a parleyvous to 'pot' him when not under arms." At the Bois de Boulogne, where we were encamped, Gunthorpe indulged in many good-humoured pleasantries at the expense of our gallant foes, now, happily, our best allies. Like many others, he associated Frenchmen with frogs, and Paris with parleyvous's. "We must look out for the green owls" [*grenouilles*], said the brigade-major, as some of our men were clearing away the underwood, "for it is said Johnny Crapeau lives on them." With all these eccentricities Gunthorpe was an excellent fellow, with his whole heart and soul in his profession. His hair and whiskers were closely cropped according to the military fashion of the day, before capillary ornaments became popular; his dress was strictly regimental, even to the stiff black leather stock with which, pillory fashion, he encased his neck; and if some young brother officer varied in the slightest degree from the established pattern, the brigade-major would exclaim, "Pretty, but not according to regulation." At parade, if there was the most trifling deviation from the prescribed rule, he would say, "Good; but not accor-

ding to Dundas"—the recognised authority at that period. In short, everything Gunthorpe did, thought, or spoke, was regimental, and I have no doubt his dreams were of the same cast. For some months before his death he suffered intense pain, which he bore with the greatest fortitude. I recollect calling upon him during his illness with his old chief, Maitland; and although the patient was extended at full length upon a sofa, the moment the General appeared he rose, though with the greatest difficulty, to receive and salute him in the most approved military fashion. I left them together, and I have every reason to believe, from a remark that afterwards fell from Maitland, that his attached staff officer was fully prepared for the awful summons, and that, as a faithful soldier of the Cross, he was humbly looking forward to eternal glory. Military duty unfortunately prevented me from attending Gunthorpe's funeral; but I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing my kind-hearted General borne to the grave by a body of his old and esteemed corps, the Grenadier Guards.

Byron speaks truly of the carnage of Waterloo, of—

> "thousands, of whom each
> And one as all a ghastly gap did make,
> In his own kind and kindred—"

and what family was there that had not some cause to mourn in the midst of the general triumph? Yet I was reminded very soon after the battle that peace has its dangers no less than war. Perhaps a sudden accident in the midst of fancied security is even more startling than the slaughter of the battle-field. The pride with which we reflect on the friend who fell in the cause of his country tempers our natural sorrow. But when youth is cut off without warning, and without apparent danger, the shock that startles us is as cruel as our grief. I was dressing for a ball one evening, when a paper was placed in my hand containing the following account of the death of two young friends, with whom I had passed days of pleasant intercourse, and with whom I was in constant correspondence:—

"In the afternoon of the 7th of July, 1815, about four o'clock, as Colonel Poyntz, his two sons, and their tutor, Miss Parry, and Miss Emily Parry (daughters of the late Admiral Parry, of Fareham), a fisherman, and his son, were returning to land at Bognor in a pleasure yacht, a sudden gust of wind upset the boat, when the whole party, except Colonel Poyntz and the boatman, were drowned—the latter saved the colonel by swimming with him on his back. Mrs. Poyntz was looking from the drawing-room window the moment the accident happened."

Although I had witnessed many terrible calamities during the late war, I am not ashamed to say that I felt this so deeply as to give up all thoughts of the ball, and pass the evening in solitude.

My share in the battle of Waterloo has been related in my former work, where I have commented on some recent descriptions of that memorable struggle. I may say without vanity that at that time my nerves were pretty strong. Certainly I did not behave like the Hon. Mrs. M****, who was at Brussels at the time, and who was so much upset by the rumour of the English being defeated that she rushed into the presence of an intimate friend exclaiming, "Oh! the French are at the gates, and all my clane linen is at the wash." But I must confess that I was subjected to a severe ordeal during the occupation of Paris in 1815, during which I was extra aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington.

His Grace was upon most friendly terms with Madame Grassini, the celebrated beauty and contralto singer, who constantly formed one of the Duke and Duchess's parties at their residence at Paris. I went to her house one morning, as I was anxious to implore her intercession with the Duke, whom I had justly offended by a dereliction of duty in going out without permission when I was in

waiting. Being known to her servant as belonging to the staff of the "mighty conqueror," I was at once ushered into her drawing-room. After explaining the motive of my early visit, I was about to enter more fully into its purport, when the door burst open, and Madame's confidential maid, with an agitated manner and rueful countenance, whispered a few sentences into her ears. "Not a moment to be lost!" she said to me in English. "Hide behind that china vase. Not a word," as I attempted to speak, "I will release you shortly."

Aided by the maid, and impelled by hearing several agitated pulls at the bell, I was fairly placed out of sight behind a splendid jar, which would have held one of Ali Baba's forty thieves. After another tremendous peal at the bell, and a loud angry voice in French denouncing the maid for so long a delay, the door was opened, and a grim-looking warrior entered.

"Oh, General, a thousand pardons!" said the abigail. "Madame is not very well this morning, and was lying down when you first rang. Louis has gone for the doctor. She is better now: you'll find her in her boudoir."

All this was spoken in French, but I knew quite enough of the language to be aware that the new-comer was a general officer in the service of Louis XVIII., whose attentions to Madame were

very marked, and who was said to be anxious to fix a personal quarrel upon the Duke to decide their rival claims at the point of the sword. It flashed across my mind that if I was discovered the general might wreak his vengeance upon me, after the fashion of *Fag*, in "The Rivals," who, having been attacked by his master, vents his rage on his subordinate. The rival of Wellington might become jealous of me, a stripling in his sixteenth year,' and I had heard of angry modern Othellos throwing their Cassios out of the window.

With these ideas I need scarcely say that the few minutes I was left in my hiding-place seemed hours. The infuriated general had passed through the drawing-room to a boudoir separated by a velvet *portière*, so that I could not fail to hear almost every word that was uttered. As he passed through, I fancied I saw his dark piercing eyes fixed upon me, and looking daggers at me. Even at this distant period I do not think it fair or honourable to repeat all that was said. Suffice it that for some reason the general vowed he would search the apartments—that he was sure his rival was hidden there—that he would have revenge, and that the combat should be mortal. After allowing her fiery admirer to expend a large amount of anger, Grassini managed to "soothe the savage breast" first by a few honied speeches, and

then by some of those soul-stirring notes which ever won the hearts of her hearers.

At length the general rose to take his leave; but not before he had extracted a promise that Madame would honour him by accepting a private box at the Variétés to witness the first representation of "*Les Anglaises pour rire*"—an exaggerated farce, though admirably acted, and flattering to the *amour propre* of the Gaul at the expense of the English. "What charming furniture! what exquisite taste!" he exclaimed, as he looked round the drawing-room—"so beautiful!" And so useful, thought I, as he moved in an upright, stately pace across the room, fortunately for me, without deigning to cast his eyes down.

"*Adieu, Madame,*" he said, tenderly; "*au plaisir de vous revoir.*" Then slipping a five-franc piece into the hand of the attendant Minette, who seemed in as great a hurry to let the visitor out as she had been slow to admit him, he left me alone with my hostess.

"Be quiet a moment," she said, fancying that, as so often happens on the stage, her admirer might return; and her precaution was wise, for Minette came running back with the Frenchman close at her heels, and exclaimed in a loud tone, meant to act as a warning, "The general has left one of his gloves behind." No glove could be found; but the delay gave the military hero an opportunity of making a

reconnoitre; and being satisfied that no enemy was lurking there, he found the lost glove in his breast-pocket, and took his leave with a grunt which was meant for a sigh. I was then released from my Chinese prison, hastily told Madame the object of my visit, received a promise which was fully kept, and in return assured the fair cause of my fear that the adventure should never pass my lips. After more than half a century I feel that my promise is no longer binding.

During my stay in Paris, I dined twice at the *Salon des Etrangers*, the principal fashionable gaming-house, sanctioned by the government. Never was there such a mixture of people assembled round any dining-table. French marshals, Russian princes, Polish counts, Austrian potentates, Prussian generals, German barons, Hungarian nobles, English lords, full-pay and half-pay officers, and a sprinkling of *chevaliers d'industrie* of all nations. There were two artful "dodges" practised at the *rouge-et-noir* tables, both of which, fortunately for the keepers of the bank, were discovered. To the initiated it is well known that when a player wishes to change a note for counters, or for a smaller note and counters, he hands his *billet de banque* to one of the officials folded in such a way as not to attract the attention of those round the table, and that in return he

receives a bowl of ivory counters, with a note of smaller amount, equally hidden from public gaze. A noble foreigner, whose name shall not be disclosed, had entered into an arrangement with one of the bank to return him a note of equal value to the one he had given, in addition to some counters and a smaller note. The result was that the *escroc* played the most winning game, as come what might he was always victorious. In fact, he received sundry small notes, which found their way to his purse, not to be disturbed during the evening, and was playing against the concern with their own counters, occasionally finding himself a large winner. The lynx eyes of one of the inspectors discovered the fraud, and an investigation took place; but although, morally speaking, the proofs were strong, the legal evidence failed, and as the nobleman was ready to fight any one who doubted his honour, the affair blew over.

Another "dodge" was practised by one of my own countrymen at the hazard table, where the stakes were very large. His plan was to place a heap of counters—say six or seven—of one Napoleon each, in a pyramid on the table; if he lost, the croupier raked up the counters; if, on the contrary, he won, he having placed three or four counters of five-and-twenty Napoleons each in the palm

of his hand, while pretending to display and count his small heap, dropped the additional large counters into it. By this means he never lost more than seven Napoleons, and often won one hundred and seven. Bolder grown, he increased his stakes, and upon one occasion he dropped counters to the amount of three hundred Napoleons; upon this, suspicion was awakened, and a rule was immediately passed forbidding any one, except the croupier, to touch the stake after the chance was decided. As in the former case, there was no evidence to convict, and the sharper got off scot free.

It may interest my readers to have some details of the budget of the public gaming-tables of Paris. I extract the following account from the "*Bibliothéque Historique:*"—

STATE OF THE ANNUAL EXPENSES OF THE GAMES OF PARIS, 1818.

Under the present administration there are—

7	tables of trente-et-un.	1	table of craps.
9	,, roulette.	1	,, hazard.
1	,, passe-dix.	1	,, biribi.

20 tables, divided in nine houses, four of which are situated in the Palais Royal.

	frs.
To serve the seven tables of trente-et-un there are—	
28 dealers, at 550 frs. a month, make	15,400
28 croupiers, at 380 ,, ,, ...	10,640
42 assistants, at 200 ,, ,, ...	8,400
Service for the nine roulettes and one passe-dix:—	
80 dealers, at 275 frs. a month	22,000
60 assistants, at 150 frs. a month	9,000
Carried forward	65,440

	frs.
Brought forward	65,440
Service of the craps, biribi, and hazard:—	
12 dealers, at 300 frs. a month	3,600
12 inspectors, at 150 ,, ,,	1,800
10 aides, at 100 ,, ,,	1,000
6 chefs de partie at the principal houses, at 700 frs. a month	4,200
3 chefs de partie for the roulettes, at 500 frs. a month	1,500
20 secret inspectors, at 200 frs. a month	4,000
1 inspector-general, at	1,000
130 waiters, at 75 frs. per month	9,750
Cards, a month	1,500
Beer and refreshments, ditto	3,000
Lights, ditto	5,500
Refreshments for the grand saloon, including two dinners every week, per month	12,000
Total expense of each month	114,290
Multiplied by 12, is	1,317,480
Rent of 10 houses, per annum	130,000
Expense of offices	50,000
Total per annum	1,551,480
If the privilege is ,,	6,000,000
If a bonus of a million is given for six years, the sixth part for one year will be	166,666
Total expenditure	7,718,146
The profits are estimated at, a month	800,000
Which yields per annum	9,600,000
Deducting the expenditure	7,718,146
The annual profits are	1,881,854
Which produce at the expiration of the lease	11,291,114

CHAPTER III.

WELLINGTON AT MONT ST. MARTIN—THE STAFF OF THE IRON DUKE—LORD RAGLAN—SIR GEORGE CATHCART—MARQUIS OF WORCESTER—FRANCIS RUSSELL—HORACE CHURCHILL—THE FLOWER GIRL OF BRUSSELS—A GERMAN BARON—FREDERICK YATES—COLLEY GRATTAN—DUEL PREVENTED—PRACTICAL JOKE—SIR CHARLES FELIX SMITH—DUELLING—LOST SIR MASSINGBERD—FATAL DUEL AT CAMBRAY—ANOTHER AT CAEN—THE CODE OF HONOUR—MODERN DUELS—STATISTICS OF DUELLING—PRIVATE THEATRICALS—MISS PIGOTT—JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE—TALMA.

CHAPTER III.

THE move from Paris to a provincial town is a fate which all true Parisians earnestly deprecate, and one which foreigners might be expected to feel even more deeply. I must not, however, be ungrateful to Cambray, which was fixed upon for the head-quarters of the British army of occupation. Many happy hours were passed by me at the château of Mont St. Martin, near Cambray, where the Duke of Wellington took up his abode.

There never was a better set of fellows than those who formed his staff at this time, and with whom I had the pleasure of associating. At the head of it was the beloved Fitzroy Somerset, of the Peninsula—the revered Raglan, of the Crimea; the noblest minded man, the kindest friend, and the best of officers. "The death of Lord Raglan was a real loss for England," writes Bazancourt, in his "Crimean Expedition." "He had a noble cha-

racter, one of those souls grown old in loyalty, who do honour to their country." Then there was the merry, light-hearted Arthur Hill, afterwards Lord Sandys, who was the life and soul of every party, the promoter of private theatricals and all sorts of gaiety. Then the soldier-like George Cathcart, who made his profession a study, who read deeply and wrote ably on war and the materials of war, and whose leisure hours were devoted to the manly sports of old England. Among the heroes who fell on the bloody plain of Inkerman none was more deeply regretted than the gallant leader of the 4th division; and here I cannot refrain from quoting Bazancourt's work again, lest my own words should fail to do justice to the hero's memory. "The death of Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart was a national loss to England, for his loyalty, his patriotism, and his devotion were equal to his high military reputation. He took an active part in the campaigns of 1813-1815, and was engaged in eight great battles in which the Emperor Napoleon commanded in person. At the battle of the Alma he efficiently supported the left flank of the English army with a division of reserve. On the 25th of October, at the battle of Balaklava, General Cathcart rendered great service with his division, lent steady assistance to the Turks, and by deploying in

the plain checked the enemy's attack. At the battle of Inkerman the brave general was destined to fall gloriously. 'Her Majesty,' said Lord Raglan in his report, 'has been deprived by his death of a devoted subject, and an officer of the highest merit.'"

Young Harry Percy, of "the fighting Fourteenth," was "the theme of honour's tongue," and most popular with all who knew him. Fremantle, commonly called Jack, was a great favourite with his chief, and full of vivacity and energy everywhere, though most full of them in the midst of danger. My brother George was truly respected and beloved by all his brother officers for his downright honest John Bull manner, his sterling qualities, his kindly nature, under rather a rough aspect, and his attention to duty throughout the Peninsular and Belgian campaigns, whether as light cavalry officer in the distinguished 9th, the Queen's Royal Lancers, or as aide-de-camp to Wellington. Another worthy must not be omitted, the brave Colin Campbell, who managed the Duke's household during the cessation of hostilities, but changed the pen for the sword as soon as they recommenced, and like all of his name was foremost in the fight. The late Duke of Beaufort, then Marquis of Worcester, having served with Wellington in the Peninsula, was looked upon as

"one of us," though no longer on the staff; and of him it may be said, in the words of Lady Percy—

> "By his light
> Did all the chivalry of England move
> To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass,
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
> He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
> That fashion'd others."

Worcester, at the time I refer to, was in his twenty-sixth year; he was fond of manly pursuits, was devoted to theatricals, and none excelled him in the ball-room. As an authority in matters of taste, whether dress, the turn-out of a carriage, or the selection of horses, the noble marquis was second to none. He was a most expert whip, and could handle a refractory "team" upon the Brighton road as easily as his own well-appointed four-in-hand. I only remember seeing him lose his temper once, and that was but for a moment. He was driving what is termed a "scratch team," from the Château St. Martin to Cambray, with a load of youngsters outside, chaffing him all the way. "You had better shoot your rubbish," said one, "before you turn into the court-yard, or you will probably floor the coach." "That leader," remarked another, "seems determined to have a good look at you; he has done nothing but turn his head round since we left." "Don't hug the post too closely," shouted a

third, "or you'll damage the paint." "Look out," exclaimed a fourth, "there's the Beau with Andrew Barnard and some 'royal nobs' just going in." "The Dukes of Kent and Cambridge, I declare," said another. "Pray be quiet," replied our noble coachman, a little put out by the large amount of bantering he had undergone; "one of the leaders is rather anxious to get to his own stable."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, and as we were about to enter the court-yard, the guard which had turned out were piling their arms, and the noise so frightened the horses, that they made a start, which, but for the power Lord Worcester had over them, would have got us into grief. As it was, we escaped by a hair's breadth, grazing one of the wheels against the post. Although his driving was highly extolled by the royal dukes, Worcester felt annoyed at the untoward mishap, and not a little angry at the irritating remarks which had been made, and which would have upset many a better "dragsman."

Though one of the neatest dressed "men about town," he had not a particle of dandyism in his appearance, and to show what the costume of that day was—as different to the tweed suits, wide-awake hats, boots, and trousers of the present time, as light is to darkness—I will briefly describe the dress of 1816 among the upper ten thousand. In

the morning, cossack trousers, very full of pleats, well strapped down under the boots, a buff waistcoat, an elaborately embroidered blue frock-coat, and an extensive tie of white cambric. These were replaced in the evening by tight-fitting pantaloons made of silk stone-coloured web, silk stockings, frilled shirt, white "choker," white waistcoat, blue evening coat, velvet collar, and brass buttons, with a cocked hat. Worcester, who had served in the 7th Hussars, turned his light blue military pantaloons to good account, by having the gold lace removed, and startled us not a little by appearing in them one evening in plain costume. Such a dress would in modern parlance have appeared "loud" upon almost any other man, but he blended the other colours so well, that there was nothing inharmonious, and his good figure and noble bearing carried him triumphantly through.

Among the visitors at head-quarters who always met with a kind reception from Wellington, was Francis Russell, son of the ill-fated Lord William who was murdered by Courvoisier, and brother to William Russell, Receiver-General of the Court of Chancery, whose judgment of pictures and taste in furniture are proverbial. Frank Russell, as he was usually called, had served on the staff of the Prince of Orange at Waterloo, and being extremely

agreeable, gentlemanlike, and good-looking, was not alone *l'enfant chéri des dames*, but most popular among men. He was devoted to field sports, and equally fond of a race; he possessed two thoroughbred horses that, as the lawyers say, "put in a good appearance" at the Cambray and Valenciennes military races, and upon more than one occasion I rode as his light weight, while he did the "heavy business." We, however, were only tolerably successful, as Sir Charles Felix Smith, Horace Churchill, and William Stewart, who imported "Monkey" and other first-rate horses from Newmarket, carried nearly all before them. Horace was the Josey Little of that day, combining judgment, strength, knowledge of pace, and patience.

Horace Churchill was aide-de-camp to Sir Rowland, afterwards Lord Hill, and a great chum of mine. I doubt if ever I met a more amusing member of society. He had read much, had great conversational powers, and, if occasionally he "embroidered" a little, he did it with judgment and tact. He was rather small, but very good-looking; danced and rode well, and was a very smart staff officer. If balls, plays, concerts, or late dinners were going on, Horace would be the last to leave; but he never sacrificed duty to pleasure, and however late he might be, he never went to bed without finishing any work he had to

do, and was always one of the earliest in the morning. He was a brave, determined officer, and his death in India, under fire, was a severe loss to the army at large, and his friends in particular. Horace was what is termed a "knowing fellow," but was never known to be guilty of an ungentlemanlike action; he was fond of cards, occasionally would try his hand at hazard, and was devoted to the turf. During the time I was at Cambray, a few intimate friends gave suppers and card parties alternately at one another's houses, and though I never played for a shilling, I belonged to this coterie. Often have I gone to bed about midnight, and upon getting up the next morning to go into early waiting upon my chief, found the party I had left still at whist. Of course this was unknown to Wellington, who did all in his power to discourage gambling.

At the time I write of, steeplechases were scarcely known. Had one been got up, Frank Russell's horses, Dunois and Lara, would have had a good chance, for he used to keep them in condition by a gallop fifteen or twenty miles across country once or twice a week. His plan was to ride one himself and lend the other to a friend; and there were always plenty of friends happy to avail themselves of the privilege. Russell would take the lead, and, as he was a good horseman, he

generally kept it, though, as Scott has recorded in "Peveril of the Peak," the greatest pace is attained by a man with a friend's horse and his own spurs. I confess that I often lost sight of my leader, even when I had my pick of the horses, and though riding at least a stone lighter. The passion for racing had increased when Frank Russell came back from abroad, and for many years he was a constant attendant at all the principal meetings in England. Happily he was *sans reproche* in all turf transactions, as he had been through life.

As I have already said, he was a great favourite with the fair sex, and among the conquests he made was that of a fair innocent girl, whose conduct was irreproachable amidst grievous temptations. "Flora," as she was called, gained an honest livelihood and supported her parents by selling bouquets of flowers in the Place Royale at Brussels, at that time much frequented by the English officers quartered there before Waterloo. Although not strictly handsome, her winning smile, her captivating manner, her freshness of youth, and her picturesque dress, attracted the attention of every one, from the great Wellington down to the unfledged ensign. Flora, however, turned a deaf ear to their protestations of unchangeable affection, and laughed merrily at the execrable French of her wooers. Not so at Frank

Russell, for whom she felt a strong passion. Every morning would she wait for him as he went into the Prince of Orange's palace, to present him with one of her choicest flowers, pertinaciously refusing all payment. She did the same to the Duke of Wellington from a feeling of respect, and tripped away as he was about to place some small silver coin in her hand. Russell, though gratified with this attention, never attempted to take the slightest advantage of it, and when called upon active duty, left sufficient money with a friend to repay the flower-girl for the bouquets she had given him. After much hesitation she consented to accept the gold coin, to preserve, she said, as a memento of a kind and honourable man. Poor Flora was in a state of mental agony during the battles of the 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, till the arrival of Frank Russell with his wounded chief, the heir to the crown of Holland, restored her peace of mind. Not wishing to trifle with the innocent girl's feelings, her idol kept out of the way, and never met her again. Whether she remained constant to her first love I know not; but when I saw her some months afterwards, on my mission to the Hague with despatches from Wellington, she expressed with a faint sigh her hopes that le Capitaine Russell was well. How different

was her manner upon that occasion to what it had been during the spring, when she was gay and light-hearted! Happily, however, her conscience did not upbraid her; and if her unsophisticated heart was blighted, her purity remained unsullied. I ought to add that Wellington, who had often had his button-hole decorated with the choicest early flowers, made his confidential valet compensate Flora for her gifts.

We had no lack of visitors at head-quarters, and great was the fun that many of them caused us. In the case which immediately follows, indeed, the fun was unintentional. The Duke was returning from hunting one day, accompanied by the late Lord Raglan, Sandys, and others, when a very neatly appointed travelling britska drove up in great haste at the principal entrance, nearly knocking down the Duke's body coachman, Turnham, who happened to be in the way.

"A foreign messenger," said his Grace. "Fitzroy, you will find me in my room."

"A Rooshian at least," rejoined Turnham; "he nearly floored me; and what should we have done if I had been put *horse de combat*, more especially as we have to meet the Duke of Kent next week?" The "master of the horse" always talked of his master and himself as "we."

"I think it must be Brosin," said an officer with a broad Scotch accent; "I caught sight of his richly braided fur pelisse."

"Colin, I'll back him, from the neatness of his turn-out, to be an Englishman, against the field," exclaimed the late Duke of Beaufort.

"I never bet," replied Sir Colin Campbell.

Whilst they were speculating who it could be, the sportsmen had sent their horses round to the stables, and joined a group in front of the house, of which I, as aide-de-camp in waiting, formed one. Lord Fitzroy had desired the messenger to be shown into his room, and the Duke had retired to doff his hunting gear. The postillion dismounting, rang loudly at the bell, which was answered by a host of servants. The steps were let down, and a small, stout, intelligent-looking man, dressed with the utmost care, descended from the carriage. He gave his card to the porter, when the Duke of Beaufort, who had recognised the visitor, came forward, with the easy, graceful manner which distinguished him, and said, "I am happy to see you."

"Why, it's Baron Stulz, the tailor, I declare," remarked Turnham. "I recollect him when the Prince of Orange, who served with us in the Peninsula, lodged at his house in Clifford Street."

And he was right. On entering Wellington's room, I own I could scarcely keep my countenance, when I announced to my chief that the new comer was neither a messenger from the Czar of all the Russias, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, or Louis XVIII., but the popular German *schneider*. Stulz, however, was well taken care of during his brief visit; and after receiving a variety of orders, not military but professional, he took his leave for Cambray. To do him justice, the Poole of that day possessed both tact and judgment, held a high position as a fashionable "body decorator," and had the knack of suiting the shape and make of every customer.

Another visitor at the time was Frederick Yates, then an officer of the commissariat department, afterwards manager of the Adelphi Theatre. He, like myself, was devoted to theatricals, and we did our best to get up some amateur plays at head-quarters, though without success. Yates and Mathews once visited Mont St. Martin, and gave an entertainment, and Colley Grattan, the author of "Highways and Byeways," created such a *furore* at Valenciennes as to attract the attention of the Duke. Grattan was on a visit to his brother, an officer of the 88th, and came out in *Caleb Quotem*. He was one of the best amateur actors I have ever

seen, and was much pressed to repeat the character, or select some other. But he steadily refused, being, like "single-speech Hamilton," determined not to risk his laurels. Wellington was most anxious to see him, and sent a message to Colonel Marlay to ask for a repetition; but Grattan had already left for England, where his vocations detained him for some time. In after life I was in the habit of meeting Grattan at Harleyford, the residence of my old brother officer, Sir William Clayton; and in talking over by-gone days, he expressed his regret that he had not been able to attend to what he called a "command" from the Iron Duke. Poor Colley Grattan died last year. Few men were more popular in private life, and his memory will long be cherished by all who can appreciate friendliness of disposition, warm-heartedness, and social qualities of no mean order.

Grattan's brother was one of the members of the theatrical company of the Valenciennes garrison, which, besides himself, numbered Cole, of the 21st Fusiliers, afterwards the Calcraft of the Dublin stage, Fairfield, Benson Hill, Meade, Joe Kelly, Fonblanque, of the 21st Fusiliers, Colonel MacGregor, of the 88th, Mr. Pringle, of the 81st. Colonel Marlay, of the Royals, was appointed manager; and the services of three professional ladies were retained. The house was crowded every time, and

the performances were under the patronage of Sir John Keane, and Sir Charles Colville. Yates and I always made a point of attending. His love of the theatre was even greater than mine, as he proved by subsequently turning to the stage as a profession. He was still in the commissariat when the army of occupation broke up, and he returned to England in that capacity; but he had a soul above the accounts of rations, and soon quitted that life for more congenial pursuits. After commencing his career at Auld Reekie, which is famed for the excellence of its theatre, and the good judgment of its audience, he made his first appearance in London as *Iago* at Covent Garden in 1818. During the season he played in tragedy the parts of *Gloucester* in "Jane Shore," a prominent character in a tragedy of Maturin's which was unsuccessful, *Casca*, *Shylock*, and *Rob Roy;* in comedy and farce, *Falstaff*, *Flexible* in imitation of his friend Mathews, *Sylvester Daggerwood*, *Dick* in "The Apprentice," and a part in "Cozening" in which he personated seven different characters, and at once stamped himself as second to none in that Proteau style so much admired of late years, and so well supported by Woodin in the present day. Yates was as kind-hearted a creature as ever lived, a clever and versatile actor, a most agreeable companion.

On one occasion these qualities were severely

tested. Yates and I were acquainted with many of the *corps dramatique* of the Valenciennes garrison, and were gladly welcomed at their mess, and at the suppers which always wound up the evening's entertainment. One evening the play of "Douglas" had been got up, with a view of bringing forward Cole in the part of *Young Norval;* and although the audiences in general preferred a good sterling comedy to a tragedy, however good it might be, the Scottish author's ideas were ably carried out, and the success was great. Cole acted the youthful shepherd boy extremely well, recited the hackneyed speech with due emphasis, spoke manfully when assailed and taunted by *Glenalvon*, and produced quite a sensation in his dying scene. The performance was evidently the result of careful study, and was worthy of the legitimate boards. There was a slight peculiarity in Cole's natural voice, but it did not at all mar his elocution. No wonder, then, that the aspiring hero for Thespian honours was proud of the applause that he had received, and naturally ranked himself as a star in the amateur company. After the performance, we, the actors, and their intimate friends, proceeded to the mess-room of the gallant 88th, the Connaught Rangers, who were as hospitable in their quarters as they were dashing in the field. Punch was introduced

after supper, and song and glee were carolled forth. At last, near the close of this *cœna*, worthy of one of those described by Christopher North in his "Noctes," Yates was called upon for a song; and he immediately complied by giving one of Charles Mathews's popular ditties, introducing imitations of London actors. Braham's *enthusymusy* style (so he pronounced the word), Incledon's powerful voice, Sinclair's *falsetto*, Munden's grimace, Dowton's laugh, Jerry Sneak Russell's hen-pecked tones, Emery's Yorkshire dialect, Knight's rustic twang, Kemble's majestic declamation, Young's classical delivery, Edmund Kean's passionate exclamations, were all hit off to perfection; and an enthusiastic encore followed. The mimic, excited a little by the applause, and partly so by the arrack punch, which Fairfield declared "by the powers was so potent that it would do well as a first lesson in fire-eating," thought he would introduce a new feature into the song on its repetition, by bringing in some of the amateurs of the evening. He gave a verse of "How happy could I be with either," after the manner of the immortal Joe Kelly. He sang a verse of "The Bould Dragoon" in a way that surprised Fairfield, who had sung it himself half an hour previously. He introduced one of Mead's ballads, true to life, and, carried away with the

cheers that followed, he began to trench on dangerous ground. Throwing himself into the attitude of Young Norval, he shouted forth the lines—

> "A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
> Who nought can boast but his desire to be
> A soldier, and to gain a name in arms."

The effect was electric. There could be no doubt that it was the happiest imitation imaginable, exaggerating (as modern photographs do) any little defect, but still bearing the stamp of strict resemblance. I was sitting next to Fairfield, a warm-hearted Irishman, who quietly checked my laughing, adding, *sotto voce*, "By the tutelar saint of ould Ireland, this will be no laughing matter." Fairfield knew that Cole was a little sensitive, and albeit not quarrelsome, ever ready to resent anything that approached to an insult. He had watched his countenance during Yates's recitation of the words—he saw that he was about to quit the table—that he was looking round to select a friend to consult and act for him—in short, as he quietly remarked to me, "Coffee and pistols to-morrow morning at daylight. He'll parade him twelve paces on the daisies, as sure as my name's Sim Fairfield."

The laughter and applause had ceased; there was a dead silence, which was broken by Joe Kelly, who, like my neighbour, had anticipated serious consequences,

exclaiming, "It's your call for a song, Fred. Yates, and by desire of several persons of distinction I'll favour the company with, 'When the Lads of the Village,' after the manner—a very long way after the manner—of Incledon."

But this announcement hung fire. Cole had risen from his seat, and, as he passed Yates's chair, said in a low firm voice, "You shall hear from me." A few moments afterwards one of the party, an officer of the aggrieved man's regiment, was called out of the room; Yates making a sign to Fairfield, followed shortly afterwards. During their temporary absence all attempts at hilarity failed, for every one felt that two fine young fellows were about to risk their lives for an unpremeditated jest. What occurred at the conference I know not; but a general cheer burst forth spontaneously from the assembled party when the belligerents and their seconds re-entered the mess-room in friendly converse. Mutual explanations had taken place, and the honour of neither party had suffered the slightest blemish.

"We have to apologise," said Fairfield," for our bad manners in leaving the room, and although I much prefer one of my own country melodies to those of Scotland, Meade and myself will sing the solo parts of 'Auld Lang Syne,' with a full chorus." "Bravo, Sim!" shouted forth a dozen

voices, for they knew the words, "Then gie us your hand, my trusty friend," would furnish a favourable opportunity for showing publicly that peace was restored. Each member of the party grasping his neighbour's hand would be a sufficient guarantee that no ill blood existed, and when Cole and Yates, with that kindly feeling which characterises real courage, gripped each other's hand, the cheers were deafening. From that moment nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the evening, as far as the supper was concerned, although the result of the "potations" that had been imbibed at it nearly led to "coffee and pistols" for half-a-dozen the following morning.

Yates, myself, and one or two very young men, had rooms at one of the best hotels, and on arriving there in the small hours, we found the principal passage leading to the dormitories filled with jack-boots highly polished and ready for wear. Asking the waiter to whom they belonged, we were told that their owners were a party of French officers of Cuirassiers, who were marching through the town, and were to leave at daybreak. Yates and I, thoroughly worn out with fatigue and excitement, retired quietly to our respective rooms. Not so our companions, who had recently been emancipated from an English public school, and were travelling

abroad before obtaining their commissions in the army. Nothing would satisfy them but dipping their sponges and towels into black and red ink, and depositing them in the boots. At an early hour I was awoke by the trumpet sounding "boot and saddle," and was turning round to go to sleep again when I heard a noise in the passage that baffles all description. The exclamations, the anathemas, the denunciations, all uttered in French, were perfectly awful. It seemed that every bell in the hotel had been set ringing. At first I fancied the house must be on fire; so, getting out of bed and putting on my dressing-gown and slippers, I went to Yates's room, which was immediately opposite mine. "What's the matter?" said he, jumping up in his bed. "I've had a dream that has struck more terror to the soul of Richard than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers, armed in proof."

"Nothing connected with you," I responded: "but there's a wonderful commotion in the house. I suppose the servants are so worn out sitting up for us that they have overslept themselves, and not prepared breakfast for the gallant Cuirassiers."

The noise went on increasing, and putting our door ajar, we looked along the passage. The first thing we saw was the gaunt figures of half-a-dozen French officers in undress uniform, leather panta-

loons, and shirts, some trying to pull on, some to pull off their jackboots; and by the colour of the stockings of one of the party, which was a bright crimson, we soon guessed that a practical joke had been played. The master and mistress of the establishment, the waiters, cooks, ostler, were all gathered together, looking on with profound astonishment, as, after an enormous amount of swearing, sponges of black and red hue were taken out of the boots. "*Quelle mauvaise plaisanterie!*" exclaimed one. "We'll have revenge," said another. "I'll shoot the perpetrators if I find them," declared a third. "Cowards!" thundered a fourth.

In the mean time the squadron had assembled in front of the hotel, and more than one veteran non-commissioned officer had come to make their reports. The landlord tried to appease the infuriated victims of this shameful act by offering cigars and brandy; but even this did not quell the storm. Time was, however, getting on, and the gallant officers were obliged to join their men; but not before insisting that the proprietor of the house should furnish them by post with the names of all who had been in the hotel that night. The English had, generally speaking, been so well behaved, and so courteous to the French officers and inhabitants of every town in which they were quartered, that no suspicion attached

to Yates, myself, or our party. So anxious was the hotel-keeper to prevent any misunderstanding that he requested the senior officer to walk into his room, and there having promised to make good any damage done, and to use his best endeavours to discover the culprits, added that he at once exonerated all his English guests, and fancied he could bring the mischief home to a discharged waiter, who might have done it out of revenge.

If the English did not always deserve this good character during the occupation of France, it must be said that redress was easily procurable both by law and by weapons. An amusing instance of the first was furnished by the court-martial on Sir Charles Felix Smith, of the Royal Engineers, for assaulting a French tradesman at Valenciennes. Sir Charles was a first-rate officer, highly popular with the Duke of Wellington, and equally so with a great portion of his officers. He was a thorough-bred Englishman, hated everything foreign, and was so devoted to his own country that he would never breakfast on anything but beefsteaks and porter, the indigenous food of a true Briton.

One morning, after practising with a heavy sledge-hammer to give his arm strength, he was about to sit down to a juicy steak, and a pewter pot of foaming London porter, when an altercation was heard

at the door of his quarters. "*Le colonel n'est pas chez lui*," said the landlord. "The colonel must not be disturbed at his breakfast," exclaimed Sir Charles's servant. But the intruder would take no denial, pushed rudely past into the presence of the hungry officer, and jabbered out that he had been treated with indignity, and would not leave the house until his small account was settled. "In half an hour I will see you and pay your bill," said the colonel. "I am at my breakfast." A few anathemas from the pressing tradesman, in which England and Englishmen were not very civilly treated, ended by the man thrusting his account (which was only for ten francs) on the colonel's plate just as it was being rubbed with a shalot, preparatory to the "hot and hot" delicacy being placed upon it.

This was too much for the gallant soldier. He quietly rose from his seat, looked unutterable contempt at the "dun," and taking him by the collar, lifted him off his legs and deposited him in the street. The Frenchman's oaths were something fearful, and at the usual magisterial charge of five shillings each, they would have amounted to fifty times more than the bill. A complaint was made to the Commander-in-Chief, and Wellington ordered a court-martial. The late Sir

Peregrine Maitland, of the Guards, was president, and he and all the officers constituting the court were in hopes that an apology from the prisoner would satisfy the prosecutor, and that the affair would terminate. One or two of the colonel's friends suggested this to him, and it was fully expected that, instead of defending his conduct, he would make an *amende honorable*. The case for the prosecution was concluded, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. "Mr. President, and gentlemen," said the colonel—

> "'Rude am I in my speech,
> And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
> For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
> Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
> Their dearest action in the tented field;
> And little of this great world can I speak,
> More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
> And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
> In speaking for myself.'"

There was a breathless silence when the prisoner, who was more than six foot one high, raising himself to the extent of his stature, and looking down complacently on the Lilliputian prosecutor, continued, "Yet I *will* say, that if ever there was an action of my life I have cause to regret"—a buzz went round the court, the members of it smiled and looked satisfied, expecting an apology would follow —"it is"—another buzz, and an agreeable look

from the president—"that"—here the Frenchman, who had been told that an apology was about to be offered, looked up smilingly, for he was anxious that the affair, which had done him harm in his business, should be amicably arranged—"it is," repeated Smith, in a stentorian voice, "that I did not half murder the insolent wretch."

The consternation of all parties was great, the prosecutor slunk away, and the court, after due deliberation, sentenced the colonel to be reprimanded. The payment of the account, a small douceur, and a few civil words—for Felix Smith, although somewhat violent in temper, had a warm heart—put an end to this disagreeable transaction.

The other mode of settling difficulties was attended with worse consequences. It is well known that duels were very frequent after 1815 between the French and the officers of the army of occupation. Indeed, the author (or authoress) of a novel which gained no small reputation, "Lost Sir Massingberd," goes so far as to say that "after the peace in 1815, there were more officers—English and French—killed in single combat in Paris than in any one of the most bloody battles of the late war." Now, though I am ready to admit that the meetings were numerous and fatal, I cannot go the whole length of this statement, for I find by the

official return that no less than a hundred and three English officers fell at Waterloo. Before I notice a few of these duels, let me point out that the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd" relates a celebrated affair which took place at Caen, and to which I shall presently refer, making a fictitious character in the novel the hero of the real story.

One of these duels took place at Cambray, while I was on the staff of the Duke of Wellington. On the evening of March 31st, 1816, Lieutenants Gordon and Manners, of the Guards, were walking on the esplanade at Cambray, when some other officers joined them, and they stopped to enter into conversation. At this moment a Frenchman having the appearance of an officer passed them several times very close, making very short turns, and, although no sort of provocation had been offered, staring them full in the face in the most insolent manner. No notice whatever was taken of his conduct, and the officers separated, Gordon and Manners walking away arm in arm. As they passed the Frenchman, he made use of the grossest epithets, when Gordon, in the mildest manner, asked if such expressions were intended for them? The French officer replied in a menacing tone, "*Prenez cela comme vous voulez; si vous le prenez pour vous, tenez le donc.*" Cards were then exchanged, and a meeting

took place the following morning. The aggressor, when called upon by Manners to retract his words, refused. The parties took their ground, and the Frenchman's first shot took effect, the ball passing through Gordon's body. After the affair it was ascertained that the French officer, who belonged to the *Légion du Nord*, was a systematic duellist, and that he had declared at a *café* that he would take the life of an English officer. Poor Gordon was only in his twentieth year, and was much esteemed by all who knew him.

A few months afterwards the duel already referred to took place between an Englishman and a Frenchman, in which the latter was killed. It arose from a series of quarrels, into which our countrymen had been led without the slightest provocation. In one instance the aggressors had been prosecuted, and upon returning from the place of justice, the English who had attended the trial were assailed with scurrilities. One of them, Charles Pickford by name, who had received his share of the words "*Cochon Anglais, polisson, canaille,*" marked his man, but made no sign in public. In the evening he found him at a coffee-house, and demanded satisfaction, which was granted, with the significant hint "the sooner the better." They met at Vancelles the next morning about seven,

Monsieur M. with Monsieur D. for his second, and Pickford with Lieutenant Morgan of the royal navy. The Frenchman wanted fifteen paces, the Englishman replied that he was no shot, and would allow of none beyond four. To this Monsieur M. had no objection, provided he had the first fire. Pickford's friend insisted upon both parties firing together, which was not agreed to. Another proposal was made that one of the seconds should charge one only of the pistols with ball, and give the other principal his choice. This was acceded to. Monsieur M. chose one, and the other was given to Pickford. They presented together—the space between them being about two feet—the word was given, and Pickford's ball entered the ribs of his adversary. The survivor was then grossly insulted by the second of the fallen man, who proposed another duel *à l'outrance.* Pickford replied, "Call in a witness, and I will wait for you." Happily, however, the affair ended here, and Pickford's conduct throughout was exemplary. On coming to the ground he said, "I did not approve of the prosecution; my opinion was entirely against it. I had no concern in it. Only make me an apology for the insulting expressions of yesterday, and I shall be happy to shake hands with you. I have not the slightest wish to push this matter further." The

unfortunate sufferer and his second refused all concession, and they alone were to blame for the tragical issue.

The custom of duelling has become so purely a thing of the past in England that it requires an effort to look back on the days when duels were of constant occurrence. At the close of the last, and commencement of the present century, the code of honour, as it was called, was merciless in its severity. No gentleman, however innocent and unconscious of offence, could refuse a challenge if called upon by the caprice or ill-temper of a professed duellist. To decline a meeting would have stamped a man as a coward; and although one of the articles of war enacted that "no officer shall presume to give or send a challenge to any other officer to fight a duel, upon pain of being cashiered," affairs of honour were of frequent occurrence. Many military and naval men thought that their career ought to commence with an immediate proof of their courage by fighting some fire-eater, entirely forgetting that admirable axiom, that "one gallant exploit against the public enemy confers more glory upon an officer, than a hundred such meetings," and not bearing in mind that the ancient Greeks and Romans, who were unquestionably men of valour, never drew their swords except against an enemy, in their

country's quarrel. In the days I write of, the general feeling was that the practice could not be entirely abolished; it was argued that the dread of being called to a personal account kept people in awe, and that thousands of mannerly gentlemen in Europe would have turned out insupportable coxcombs, without some salutary curb to keep their natural petulance under restraint. These shallow reasoners forgot that the act of duelling in itself is uncharitable, unsocial, nay, inhuman; that it is diametrically opposed to the forgiving meekness of Christianity, which teaches us to eschew revenge, forbids murder and shedding of blood. Honour, according to their worldly interpretation, rises up in barefaced opposition, commanding us to fight for trifles, justifies the taking away of a man's life, and palliates revenge. Happily in our time such meetings are rare; and the generally understood determination of the highest personage in the realm, and of the heads of the naval and military services, to support those who have sufficient moral courage to decline an appeal to arms, will entirely put an end to so barbarous a custom.

The four-bottle man, who rolled under the table, or reeled into the drawing-room, and the "dead shot," who scored the number of victims upon the barrels of the murderous weapons with which, to

adopt the unfeeling phraseology of the day, he had "winged" or "brought down" his adversary, have ceased to exist; and the Ring in Hyde Park, Wimbledon Common, and Chalk Farm, where many a noble fellow has fallen, are no longer the scenes of vindictive passions, savage encounters, and hot-headed murder. Even in the Emerald Isle, the "Galway practice" is almost extinct, and the brave sons of Ireland have found a more noble field for the display of their unflinching courage and bravery under the burning sun of India, in the Celestial Empire, on the wild steppes of the Crimea, in the trenches of Sevastopol, in the mountain passes of New Zealand, in the Baltic, and on the Black Sea, than they did in "parading" a foe at ten paces at the Curragh, in the Phœnix Park, or by the banks of the canal.

On the Continent, however, the old theories remain almost in full force. It was only last year that three Prussian officers were cashiered because they declared that their principles would not permit them to fight if they were challenged. The case where a Prussian general fought an eminent jurist, because of some remarks the latter had made in a pamphlet against the administration of the army, occurred only four years ago. And it is not ten years since a Parisian journalist was called out by

a string of officers, and wounded in a second encounter, for some passing allusion to their conduct in a ball-room. If we look back to the reigns of the last two Georges, we find duelling in full vigour. "Millingen's History of Duelling" states that during the reign of George III. one hundred and seventy-two duels were fought, and sixty-nine individuals killed. In three of these cases neither of the combatants survived. Ninety-six persons were wounded, forty-eight desperately, and forty-eight slightly, while one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unhurt. From this statement it will be seen that rather more than one-fifth of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly one-half received some wound. It also appears that only eighteen trials took place; that six of the arraigned individuals were acquitted; seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder. Of these ten, two were executed, and eight imprisoned for different periods.

During the reigns of George III. and George IV., and down to the year 1841, a hundred and fifty duels took place among what are termed distinguished people. Ninety-seven occurred during the first, and fifty-five during the latter reign. Seventy were killed, and forty-five wounded. Among the combatants were forty noblemen, including a royal duke, three dukes, two marquises,

two earls, two viscounts, two lords by courtesy, seventy-nine officers of the army, eight naval officers, forty-two gentlemen, thirteen lawyers, twenty-eight Irishmen, twelve members of the House of Commons, five actors, two students of the Dublin University, eleven Americans, thirty foreigners, the rest Scotch and Welsh. In the duel between Mr. Monro, 16th Dragoons, and Mr. Green, in which the former was wounded and the latter killed, each fired five shots at a distance of about six yards. At the third discharge Mr. Green was wounded in the side, and the sixth proved fatal to him, while his adversary was wounded in the knee.

The encounter between the Marquis de Livron and M. de Throne, in the forest of Senart, resembled a tournament more than a modern duel. M. de Throne, the advocate, was habited in the costume of a Greek chief; each combatant was mounted, attended by three seconds, and armed with sabres. At the first onset M. Livron was dismounted by the shock of the horses meeting, and the seconds interfering, the affair terminated. At least a hundred and fifty spectators were present.

The Reverend Mr. Bate, who was editor of the *Morning Post*, and the hero of two affairs of honour, was first called to account by Mr. Stoney, for an offensive paragraph against Lady Strathmore.

After discharging their pistols without effect, the combatants drew their swords, and both were wounded. To add to the romance, on the following Saturday Mr. Stoney married the lady he had thus gallantly defended. Three years afterwards the rev. gentleman had another affair with a student of the law, late of St. John's College, Cambridge, and engaged with Mr. Bate in the conduct of the *Morning Post.* The student received a wound in the fleshy part of the arm, and returned his opponent's fire without effect. The quarrel arose out of a circumstance relating to the management of the paper. The Rev. Mr. Allen killed Lloyd Dulany, Esq., in a duel, in consequence of a quarrel of three years' standing, which also arose from a paragraph published in the *Morning Post.* He was brought to trial at the Old Bailey, sentenced to pay a fine of a shilling, and to be imprisoned six months in Newgate. A remarkable case occurred at Brownville, in the State of Pennsylvania, at a duel between two American gentlemen, Messrs. Anderson and Jones. They fired simultaneously, at a distance of about four yards. Anderson's ball took effect in Jones's breast, while Anderson himself escaped by Jones's ball lodging in the muzzle of his pistol.

The causes of many of the above duels were most

trivial. An officer of the line called out an officer in the French service for saying the English army possessed more phlegm than spirit. A law student was shot owing to some comments made upon him for declining to drink any longer, after drinking with four friends until past one o'clock. A fight between two dogs in Hyde Park led to the death of a gallant colonel. A foreign nobleman, who was near-sighted, ran against an Englishman walking with two ladies in the street; a duel followed, and the Englishman was killed at the third fire.

The fatal rencontre that ended in the execution of Major Campbell, arose from a difference of opinion as to the right way of giving a word of command. The sentence would have probably been remitted had seconds been present. A trifling quarrel at Barbadoes led to the death of one of the parties, a young officer of the 60th Regiment. One of the most wealthy and kind-hearted noblemen of the day was wounded slightly in an affair with a baronet residing in the same county, the quarrel arising out of the election of mayor for the city of Chester, in 1818. I might quote a variety of other cases in which human life was sacrificed in consequence of some trifling misunderstanding or unguarded expression. Even when offence was given from a sudden ebullition of temper, how much better it

would have been if both parties had borne in mind the remarks of Lord Hunsden, a distinguished nobleman in the Court of Elizabeth:—"To have the courage to notice an affront is to be upon a level with an adversary; to have the charity to forgive it, is to be above him." Had this sentiment been adopted, many noble lives might have been spared to themselves and their country.

I took my leave of France in 1816, and proceeded first to Brussels, where my father and mother were staying. The year and place are memorable to me, as they witnessed my first appearance in the legitimate drama. As a Westminster boy, I had taken part in a drawing-room performance, acting the part of *Squire Bugle*, afterwards transformed to *Clown* in the comic pantomime of "Harlequin and Mother Goose." But it was not till now that my ambition was fully gratified.

The scene of our histrionic efforts was the room immortalised by Byron in the lines descriptive of the Duchess of Richmond's ball the night before the battle of Quatre Bras:—

"Within a window'd niche of that high hall."

It was a long gallery, with an alcove at the end admirably suited for a temporary stage; and here, with the help of the machinist and carpenters of

the Brussels Opera House, we constructed a very neat and commodious theatre. Our company consisted of Mrs. Barnet, a lady in every way calculated to grace the boards; Miss Harriott Pigott, very *vice versâ*, as she possessed not a single requisite for the stage, except perhaps a masculine voice, which, however calculated for the browbeating *Mrs. Sneak*, was not suited for the tender and sorrowing *Lady Randolph;* the honourable Colonel Parker, Colonel Fane, Henry (commonly called Chuff) Barnard, Lord Weymouth, my brother Frederick, and myself. With this rather limited company we got up tragedies, a melodrama ("The Blind Boy"), and two or three farces. The young Guardsman who acted *Anna*, in "Douglas," undertook the character with the understanding that he was only to learn half-a-dozen lines at most, so we curtailed the scene between this *confidante* and her lady by inserting one line, to the following effect:—

> "Deign, gentle mistress, to confide
> Thy secret sorrows to thy Anna's faithful breast:"

Upon which *Lady Randolph* poured forth her whole history, interrupted occasionally by a laugh produced at the uncomfortable position of the gentle *Anna*, who appeared for the first time in female attire. But we will leave *Lady Randolph* to speak for herself.

In a work entitled "Records of Real Life in the Palace and the Cottage," revised by the late John Galt, Miss Pigott thus writes of Brussels in 1817:—

"We had stars and garters, warrior-heroes, and princes. We had Lord Kinnaird to set us on fire, not merely as a *bel esprit*, but also as the torch of political and private discords. We had a noble duke (Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond) to inspire by his conviviality and gallantries our sparkling looks, promoting hilarity at his *petits soupers* given after our dramas. An archbishop's daughter (Mrs. Barnet, daughter of the Archbishop of York) represented the sorrows and humiliation of the beauteous *Jane Shore*, who spoilt all by her bad acting. She had received a course of lessons for the occasion from the celebrated actress Miss Smith (afterwards Mrs. Bartley); her costume was perfect; but she raved, in a harsh cadence, of the roses and lilies that even in her nursery days had never tinted her cheeks, which were of the darkest bronze shade. We had a *Lord Hastings*, without soul or animation, who raved in ill-humour at the feet of *Alicia* (Miss Harriott Pigott); yet she was known to have acute sensibility in real life, and in the drama appeared to feel her fictitious woes; but what could be effected with a piece of stone in human form—a young self-willed lord? Lord Weymouth acted in 'The

Weathercock,' whose mind was preoccupied; his young heart being wedded to a bright-eyed high-born French girl. A veteran honourable colonel (Colonel Fane) performed *Mr. Bruin* (Miss Pigott writes it *Bruno*), in the farce of 'The Mayor of Garratt;' and *Mrs. Sneak* (Miss Pigott again) gave a box on the ear to Lord William L—— (Lord W. Lennox), who represented *Jerry*, in right good will and main force; for they were inimical in the drawing-room scenes of real life, as many confederates, while running together in stirring pleasure's path, are known to be. The same lord acted the character of *Young Norval* in Home's tragedy of 'Douglas,' with those ill-omened sentiments to the same female, the representative of a mother's woes, as *Lady Randolph.* A young guardsman (if I remember right, the late Henry Barnard, of Crimean fame) personated the gentle *Anna.* All was absurd. We were *vraiment* the inimitable "*Précieuses Ridicules.*" That British war-star, the Duke of Wellington, and his aide-de-camp, poor Harvey, were forced to compress their lips; and the Duke, with his fine cambric handkerchief, concealed half his fine face. The Prince Héréditaire, who came from curiosity, did the same. But they applauded us *manfully;* for they were of the *old war régime*, which comprehended that of *politeness.* The ladies of our audience moved their

heads in admiring vibrations, and gave us peals of applause, reserving their censures and sarcasms for *déjeûner réunions* and afternoon visits."

Now, to account for Miss Pigott's bitter feeling against one of the most amiable beings that ever existed, we must remark that she was awfully jealous of Mrs. Barnet's appearance and acting; and this feeling increased a hundredfold when it was arranged to get up a private performance at Mrs. Barnet's house, and give the hostess a prominent character. Miss Pigott was clever, but crosser than twenty crabbed old maids. Moreover she was plain, and made her appearance worse by a strong application of rouge both off and on the stage. Forgiveness was not a trait in her character, as she never omitted an opportunity of showing her venom against her successful rival.

My passion for theatricals was not damped by the spite of this fair chronicler, and on returning to London I paid frequent visits to the play. Before joining my regiment at Windsor I had the great privilege of witnessing John Philip Kemble take his leave of the stage. He did so on the 22nd of June, 1817, in the character of *Coriolanus*. Nothing could exceed the applause with which he was greeted, and when the curtain fell, the whole house rose up in a body, and continued waving hats, handkerchiefs,

and laurels for some minutes, amidst the deafening cheers of pit and gallery. The curtain rose again, and the hero of the evening came forward, evidently suffering from great agitation. After a few minutes' pause he delivered his farewell address.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "this night I have made my last appearance before you. I fear I cannot express myself with any kind of propriety—indeed, I wished to withdraw silently from the stage—I thought I had not composure enough for this situation; but I have suffered myself to be persuaded, in compliance with custom, to utter one parting word. I entreat you to believe that the kind approbation which you have bestowed upon me since I first became a candidate for public favour, down to this, my last performance, will remain for ever fixed on my heart. Whatever talents I am master of—whatever exertions I have made as an actor or as a manager in improving the propriety of costume, and giving increased splendour to the representations, particularly those of Shakespeare, they have been rendered delightful to me on account of the favour with which you witnessed them. Accept my respectful, warm gratitude—it is too big for expression; and now suffer me, ladies and gentlemen, to bid you a long and unwilling farewell." During the delivery of the address, Kemble was frequently interrupted by his emotion. At its close, a perfect sylvan ova-

tion was paid him, and wreaths of laurels were showered on the stage. Never shall I forget the impression the whole scene made upon me. As a boy, at Westminster, I had seen this great actor in almost all his parts, but never to my mind did he equal the performance of the noble Roman when taking leave of the stage.

On the 24th of the month, a grand dinner was given at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of presenting him with a testimonial for his successful exertions in promoting the interests of the British drama. It was most numerously attended; and, through the kindness of the Marquis of Worcester, I was fortunate enough to procure a seat at the principal table. Lord Holland presided; on his right hand was John Philip Kemble, and on his left the Duke of Bedford. Among the noblemen and gentlemen that supported the president were the Marquises of Lansdowne, Tavistock, and Worcester, the Earls of Essex, Aberdeen, Mulgrave, Blessington, Lords Petersham, Erskine, and Torrington, Messrs. Croker, the poets Campbell, T. Moore, and Rogers, with others distinguished in literature and the fine arts. Talma was also present; and, as I had often met him at Paris, I was delighted to renew my acquaintance. After the usual loyal toasts, Lord Holland rose to give the toast of the evening. His lordship said that it had been the intention of

the committee to have presented his friend Mr. Kemble with a piece of plate suitably embellished, but it had been found impossible to complete it in time. He then proceeded to read the proposed inscription, which ran as follows:—"To John Philip Kemble, Esq., on his retirement from the stage, of which he has been thirty-four years the ornament and pride—which to his learning, taste, and genius is indebted for its present state and refinement—which, by his labours and perseverance in the advancement of the legitimate drama, and more particularly in support of Shakespeare, whose muse his performance has aided and embellished, this plate is given as a testimony of gratitude, respect, and affection." The noble chairman then, in a most eloquent speech, passed the highest eulogiums on the talents of Mr. Kemble, who "had given to poetry all its full effects, and conferred upon the drama of the country all the rational entertainment of which it was susceptible." Kemble returned thanks in an excellent speech, which was applauded to the echo. In the course of the evening Talma's health was drunk, amidst the most cordial acclamations; and the great representative of Corneille's and Racine's finest works expressed his gratitude in very good English, with an occasional tinge of French accent, to serve as a presage of Fechter.

CHAPTER IV.

EMBARK FOR CANADA—CHARLES, FOURTH DUKE OF RICHMOND—THE "IPHIGENIA" FRIGATE—CAPTAIN HYDE PARKER—MAN OVERBOARD—RIVER ST. LAWRENCE—QUEBEC—DESERTERS FROM THE SHIP—SURRENDER OF ONE OF THE CULPRITS—HIS ESCAPE—THE ORMSKIRK ROSCIUS—PRACTICAL JOKE—RETURN TO ENGLAND—THE DANDIES—BRUMMELL—MILDMAY—STANDISH—BALL HUGHES—JAMES BRADSHAW—MISS MARIA TREE—AN ADVENTURE AT AN HOTEL—THE £100 NOTE—HON. FITZROY STANHOPE—THE COUNTESS, HIS MOTHER—COMMISSARY GENERAL OF THE PRIZE RING.

CHAPTER IV.

In March, 1818, my father, the fourth Duke of Richmond, was appointed Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the two Canadas, Nova Scotia, &c., and he took me out as his aide-de-camp. Later in the year, we embarked at Portsmouth on board the *Iphigenia* frigate, commanded by Captain Hyde Parker.

At nine o'clock, the admiral politely sent his flag-lieutenant to announce to my father that the *Iphigenia* would sail at twelve. Shortly afterwards a "middy" made his appearance with a note from Captain Parker, to say that he had ordered a cutter to the sallyport to take the servants and light luggage on board, and that the flagship's barge would be in waiting at the same place at eleven, to take the Governor-General and his suite.

Shortly before eleven we left the "George," proceeded to the sallyport, and there found the admiral's twelve-oared barge, manned by a dozen

smart-looking fellows, such as were at that time to be culled from the crews of our men-of-war. The coxswain was no way behind his men in appearance; neither did the lieutenant of the flagship, who on this occasion was ordered to attend, nor the midshipman, do discredit to the crew. All were neat and orderly.

Black glazed hats, cocked knowingly on one side, with the ship's name in gold on a black ribbon band; white duck trousers, without braces, and frocks, the collars turning over, lined with light blue calico, and cunningly stitched; black silk neckcloths brought round in front, and passing through a ring; a bit of marline round each waist, to which was appended a buckhorn-handled knife; shoes with a superabundance of tie, long in the quarters, covering feet without stockings, completed the costume.

On the beach stood two of the men at the foot of the gangboard, each holding the end of a boat-hook staff. In the head-sheets stood two more holding the other ends of the same staves. Behind them stood the next six respectfully offering their near arms, hat in hand. One on each quarter was engaged in keeping the boat from swaying end on to the beach, through the little run which there generally is on beaches in the least exposed situa-

tions. At this time it was rather more than usual; the wind, having veered to the southward of east, had increased in freshness.

My father, having taken a cordial leave of the admiral, entered the barge, followed by myself and other members of his family and staff; and when we were seated the order was given to shove off. Down came the oars with a simultaneous splash; "Back astern;" "Easy;" "Pull the larboard oars;" and, as she came round, "Give way all." We had a stiffish pull to the *Iphigenia*, as the wind had freshened; and as we neared her, I saw she was hove short, for her buoy was close to her bow. I must here remark that as a lad I had much experience in boats at Bognor, where I passed many months of the year, and afterwards as a Westminster boy, when I devoted my holiday time to sculling and sailing. Among my cronies in Dean's Yard was a son of Admiral Losack; and from him, with a drawing of ships before me, I learnt the names and uses of almost all the ropes; so the above will account, in a great degree, for the nautical knowledge I had then, and have still—creditable perhaps to a landsman, and passing muster in the eyes of even old salts.

We were saluted in the boat by a long shrill whistle; after that, the side boys neatly dressed

handed white side-ropes to my father, and the boat's crew standing with hats off, was received by Captain Parker, a guard of marines, and the usual compliment of guns.

The *Iphigenia* had her courses and topsails loose, with "Blue Peter" at the fore, when we arrived on board. The quarter-deck was clear; but I could see the capstan-bars were ready on the carronades, having probably been unshipped to clear the deck for the grand reception. No sooner had the Governor-General gone down the companion, than the arms of the marines were ordered from the present to the shoulder.

"Order arms! Unfix bayonets! Shoulder arms! Port arms! Right face! Dismiss! Down below!" said the sergeant; "Put on working dresses!"

I had followed my father into the captain's cabin, where I found my brother aides-de-camp assembled. He cautioned us against doing anything to offend naval discipline, particularly on the quarter-deck; pointing out the respect that was due to Captain Parker, at whose table we were to take our meals. Being desirous of seeing Cowes, Yarmouth, Hurst Castle, and the Needles, and my father not requiring my services, I hastened on deck, just in time to hear, "Sheet home!" and to see the topsail-sheets spreading out to the lower yard-arms; to

hear "belays" by dozens; "Man the topsail halyards;" "Hoist away the topsails;" "Stamp and go."

The first lieutenant carrying on the duty, not a whisper was even audible in any other part of the ship. Up flew the topsail-yards all nearly together; the larboard head-yards were hauled round for canting to starboard, and afterwards braced for the larboard tack as she went off. Everything that used to be larboard is port now, and wisely; for the sounds of starboard and larboard are so nearly alike, that they often led to mistakes, to wrong ropes being let go, and to interminable errors. That evil is remedied in the present service; and as I write for the present generation the name must be port in future. "Belay and belay again," as the marks were in; "Stand by your nippers below;" "Hold on in the waste;" "Ship the capstan bars;" "Heave round;" and the men walked away at the capstan to the tune of a well-played fife. "Short stay a-peak," piped and said the boatswain. "Go on," ordered the "first." "Heave and in sight," shouted the boatswain; then "Heave and a wash;" "High enough;" "Paul the capstan;" "Avast heaving;" "Out bars;" "Hook the cat;" "Man the cat fall;" "Haul taut;" "Run away the cable." The lieutenant of the forecastle, the first lieutenant,

and the boatswain, each speaking in his proper place; the latter blowing away at his whistle, his cheeks like parchment, the longest part of his face "athwart ships." "Cable enough;" "Walk away with the cat."

By this time the frigate had paid off, the head yards braced round to the port tack. "Up and loose top-gallant sails!" "Man fore and main tacks and jib halyards!" "Hoist away the jib!" "Haul aboard!" "Let fall!" "Sheet home!" "Hoist away!" "Out spanker sheet!" and his Majesty's ship *Iphigenia* was going along nine or ten knots, with her head for the west channel; the wind rather abaft the beam, for it had southered. After passing Portland Bill, which we did before sundown, the Lizard, and the Land's End, we shaped our course at once for Quebec.

West-north-west, by compass, we kept the even tenor of our way for several days, with but one exciting occurrence. That occurrence made a deep impression upon my mind, as through it the ship's company thought, for more than an hour, that they had lost eleven of their number, and I feared I should never again see a young officer with whom I had only recently become acquainted, but for whom I had formed the strongest regard.

We were ten days out; still favoured by a breeze

which for the last twelve hours had been gradually freshening and drawing more to the southward. During that time our canvas had been reduced to top-gallant sails, and to one, the foretop-mast, studding-sail (all canvas below the top-gallant sails being of course implied). The log had just been hove. Previously to eight o'clock P.M., I was walking with a young officer, when eleven knots was reported. At the same time a cry from the forecastle was heard, "Man overboard!" Lieutenant —— was all alive in an instant. Order after order followed in quicker time than I have taken to write these few lines. "Down with the helm!" "Never mind the studding-sail!" "Clear away the cutter!" "Steady, men!" "No letting go the falls!" "Stand by the life-buoy!" "Up courses!"

By this time all hands were on deck. Lieutenant ——, seizing a coil of rope, rushed aft and looked over the lee quarter, threw the rope, called, "Down life-buoy!" then addressing the first lieutenant, said, "Take care of the ship!" and over he went.

The frigate was still going rapidly a-head, having as yet lost but little of her way. The studding-sail boom had snapped short off at the iron, like a carrot, when the sail came aback, and was flying anywhere; the wind appeared fearfully high, as the ship came near it, heeling with the press of canvas.

I watched the life-buoy fast disappearing on the weather quarter; the heads were already out of sight. I had seen the lieutenant catch the man by the left arm with his right hand. I saw him struggling to reach the life-buoy, then only three or four yards to windward. I lost both as often as I saw them; and although I kept my eye on the buoy for at least half a minute longer, I feared they were both gone.

The cutter now cleared the stern, shipping a nasty sea, before the lee oars could pull her head to wind. The captain of the mizen-top, from aloft, still saw the buoy, and pointed out the direction—the same that I and three or four more were pointing at from the taffrail. The cutter's crew, with young Mansfield for its mid (a youth who was ever foremost when anything was up, mischief or work, all the same to him), pulled well in the right course. In less than a minute they were out of sight; for it was now past dusk, and fairly dark, a black dismal cloud, which we had all day been approaching in the south-west, having taken the place of all that was left of twilight.

It was plain that a dirty night of some sort was coming; the glasses were falling; the wind had already drawn to the south; the top-gallant sails were furled, all hands called to reef topsails, and

two reefs taken in. While this was doing the wind increased, blue lights were burnt incessantly, occasionally a rocket was sent up, and lanterns were hoisted at the peak, and shown in the quarter.

To describe what I went through after the topsails were set again, for nearly an hour, when all was quiet, except the noise of the sea and the wind, would be impossible; that long hour appeared an age. I believe every man in the ship was straining his eyes over the water to windward the whole time, whenever there was a chance of seeing. The main and mizen chains were full, and many sharp eyes peered from the weather rigging, every carronade had its occupants, the stern taffrail and quarters were crowded.

Parker had made an excuse to my father to break up a party of whist in his cabin, and, joined by the Duke and his staff, was anxiously awaiting the result.

A full hour elapsed, during which the ship, after her way was stopped, had been most scientifically kept in one position, barring her drift to leeward; and the captain and first lieutenant were in the act of consulting as to whether sail should be made by a short tack or two to windward, both doubting whether the cutter could dare to run before the heavy sea.

The order had been given to fill the maintop-sail, "haul out the spanker," and "haul on board the foretack," the sails were shaking from the actual commencement of these operations, and hope with one and all was over, when a well-known voice—than which none could be louder—the voice of the lieutenant, was heard from under the lee. "Stand fast. Heave us a rope." And there, sure enough, where not an eye was expecting to see her, was the cutter, with the sailor still hardly clear of death's door, the lieutenant, the young reefer, crew, life-buoy, and all. They were soon on deck, the boat hoisted up, and plain sail made on the ship; for by this time rain was added to the gusts, and the wind was fast getting to the westward.

As soon as the lieutenant had swallowed a glass of grog, and ordered one for the poor fellow whose life he had so gallantly saved, we all crowded round him, to hear how it all happened.

"A near touch," said he; "the nearest I have ever had. I thought Simcoe was gone once. Did not doubt for myself, unless tugged down, for I never lost sight of the life-buoy. I tried hard and long to take him to it, and, like a sensible fellow, he did his best; and, if he had not first struck his head against the bumpkin (for he fell from the head-rail), and if the ship had not gone clean over him, he would have done

well, for there is no better swimmer on board. The seas broke nastily, and the life-buoy could not near us fast enough, nor could we near it. I'll have a small sail clapped to one of them. Well, Simcoe never tried to touch me, but I could see his struggles were becoming weaker and weaker, and that he was taking in more water than his lee scuppers could discharge, so, when he blessed me and said, 'Try and save yourself,' as well as gulps of the briny liquid would permit him to do, I let him go, struck out about two yards from the buoy, now close to me, it having drifted a little faster than we did, reached it, and with the other hand grasped for Simcoe, who was literally sinking.

"I only caught his hair, but that was enough. I raised him, and put the buoy against his breast. Finding it was not soft, as he told me afterwards, but something hard, he clutched it, to use his own expression, like grim Death, and with my help got his head high enough for breathing. In the meantime I held on tightly by the opposite side, throwing weight enough on to keep him highest. I then had time to think of our position. I saw the blue lights and the rockets like flashes, as we were occasionally raised on the crest of the swells, and before the seas broke over us, but the boat nowhere.

"For a long time I thought all over, and that the

poor captain of the forecastle and myself, who had been in three different ships together—in many a sea, boat, and long-shore scrimmage, were doomed to ship for the last time together for Davy Jones's locker.

"I strained my eyes long and despairingly to where I thought the cutter should be, and once more gave my mind up to prayer, when I heard—what I could not see—the oars as they were plied in their rowlocks. My voice, you know, is a loud one, and this time, even amid the crash of mighty waves and roaring wind and waters, it stood me in good need.

"'Where, sir—where?' I heard Mansfield exclaim, from to windward.

"'Dead to—' and I was immersed before I could get out 'leeward'.

"'Where, sir—where?' again cried the boy.

"'Leeward,' roared I, leaving out the 'dead to;' but before I got another sluicing I had time to say, 'Don't wind her. Back—back! Let her drop astern.'

"For now I made her out. My orders were obeyed. They backed nearly on us. We were clawed in, Simcoe bringing the life-buoy with him, from the death-clutch of which his hands could not be separated. I set the coxswain and youngster to chafe and rub him, while I steered the boat. The sea ran high. The lights were clearly to be seen, apparently a long way off; but whenever I attempted

to steer for them, we shipped seas enough to keep two men baling.

"As I found I could not venture to go either in the trough of the sea, or otherwise than almost before it, up went the helm, and we passed about a quarter of a mile from the ship's stern, before wind and sea; and when I thought myself far enough to round to, we watched the last of a heavy toppler, which all but broke into us, and if it had, would have swamped boat and all. Round I brought her head to wind and sea, all safe and right.

"It was clear to me that the ship would drift faster than we did, pulling head to it; and all doubt was over when I saw that, instead of forging ahead, she rather dropped astern, which was admirably and judiciously managed by some one."

"Thanks for nothing," said the first lieutenant.

"So finally," continued the gallant preserver of poor Simcoe's life, "without pulling so hard as to drive the boat into the seas, you fairly dropped upon us in time for me to be heard, ere you glided away from us for ever. I heard every order given, but did not begin to try my lungs until I saw what you were about, and that I had no time to spare. So ends my yarn. Another glass of grog, steward."

"And then turn in," said the doctor, feeling his pulse, "for you require rest."

Excited and fatigued by the events of the day, I sought my cot, but had not much peace that night. The breeze became half a gale ere sunset, a whole one before midnight, and the ship, when daylight dawned, was under two close-reefed topsails, main, mizen, and fore staysails—all other sails furled, top-gallant yards on deck, and top-gallant masts struck.

The gale, which was terrific, lasted two days. Before the evening of the third day we were going eight knots before a moderate breeze in clear weather. From this time to our arrival at Quebec the fair wind never left us, and the *Iphigenia* sailed majestically up the St. Lawrence.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of a lovely day in the second week of August we rounded Point Levi, and in a few minutes we were anchored in the basin under the heights. The scene at the moment was one of extreme interest, the entire garrison of Quebec was under arms, and all the inhabitants on the look-out to welcome the new Governor. Flags floated everywhere, and every ship in the river that owned a "bit of bunting," displayed it on this occasion. During the whole of the morning we had been busily employed in getting out our uniforms, and as they were all spick and span new, the "sodjer officers," as Jack called them, made a very handsome appearance. As we

left the ship in her barges, the yards were manned, the cheers of the crew being heard between the peals of cannon from the main deck of the frigate. The batteries on shore returned the compliment, and for a few seconds we were enveloped in smoke, and nearly stunned by the "roaring throats" of the artillery. My father was received by the Commandant and staff of the garrison, Sir John Sherbrooke not being well enough to attend in person. A long and imposing procession attended the Duke from the landing-place, through the lower town to the château, where a guard of honour, and the bands of the 60th Rifles and 68th Light Infantry received his Grace with the customary salute. As the bands played the National Anthem, the cheering from the assembled crowds was most enthusiastic, and was particularly gratifying to my father. We then entered the château, where we were introduced to Sir John Sherbrooke, and to the officers who had met us on our landing. A grand dinner to the above officers followed, and I soon found myself reconciled to what I for a long time considered banishment from England.

During the stay of Captain Parker in the St. Lawrence, he was a constant guest at my father's table, and previous to his departure he proposed a trip to the falls of La Chaudière, which was gladly

acceded to. The *Iphigenia's* gig well manned was to be in attendance, and after visiting the falls, and enjoying an *al fresco* luncheon, we returned to the boat. As we approached it, we saw plainly from the countenance of the coxswain that something untoward had occurred, and our impressions were confirmed by the angry look of the Captain, as he muttered to himself, "disgraceful." The circumstance, which soon transpired, was a very common one in those days; some rascally "crimps" had tempted a few of the crew to desert, and had taken advantage of our temporary absence to carry out their plans. Poor Parker felt the blow acutely, and from that moment till the morning when the *Iphigenia* got under weigh for England, he was low and dispirited. Orders were left to capture the deserters, if possible, and send them home, but every attempt failed, and it was considered they had been put on board an American merchant vessel, that sailed while we were visiting the falls.

As, at the time I write of, I was young and active, my pleasure during my passage to Quebec was to lark up the rigging, and having paid my footing, I was constantly on the look-out in the foretop, to the captain of which I had taken a great liking. I grieve to say he was one of the deserters.

A week or two had passed after the *Iphigenia*

had left, when riding by myself in a wood near the plains of Abraham, I suddenly saw the captain of the foretop seated on the trunk of a huge elm. But how he was altered! Instead of a hale, stalwart young fellow, full of life and energy, he seemed broken down and enervated. His countenance pallid and wan, his clothes tattered and torn, and his shoeless feet bleeding from scratches of thorns, gave him a most woe-begone appearance. I happened to be in undress uniform, and he no sooner saw me than he rose from his seat, touched his hat, and faintly said, "I give myself up." Poor fellow! I felt for him acutely, and knowing the severe punishment that would await him, I would gladly have ridden away had I not thought that anything was preferable to leaving him to perish in the woods. He was so faint that it was with difficulty he kept up with me, and stopping at the first public-house, I slipped half a dollar into the landlord's hand, and told him to attend to the half-starved wayfarer. On entering the gate of the town I gave the man up to the sergeant of the guard as a deserter from his Majesty's navy, and reported the circumstance to the proper authorities. In the meantime I had requested the staff surgeon to see the prisoner, and have him removed into the hospital, if necessary. The whole of that night I could not get my old *Iphigenia*

comrade out of my mind; I thought of the misery he would suffer in being conveyed as a culprit from Quebec to England, perhaps to the West Indies, where we understood the frigate was ordered. Then the ignominious punishment that he must undergo would haunt me, and almost made me wish I had slipped a few dollars into his hands, and freed him. Anxious to hear how the invalid was, I proceeded early in the morning to the hospital, where I found, to my great relief, that he had made his escape, and was supposed to have got on board a merchantman bound for England. As sea-going steam-ships and submarine telegraphs were unknown at that period, no communication could be made to the English Admiralty, and from that day to this all that I ever heard of the captain of the foretop was, that he had sent me a most grateful message through the man that had assisted his escape, thanking me for my kindness, and assuring me that, like the bold smuggler, Will Watch, "his life should be mended." It was shortly afterwards bruited about that no very sharp look-out had been kept upon the prisoner, that he had exchanged dresses with an acquaintance, who, hearing of his capture, had visited him in the guard-room; and that this acquaintance, being the very man who had first tempted him, had made amends by saving him from punishment.

During a visit to Kingston, Upper Canada, in 1819, in company with my father, I got acquainted with Mrs. Scott, formerly Miss M'Culloch, the wife of Thomas Scott, Esq., paymaster to the 70th regiment. At that period it was confidently stated in England, and had been asserted in a periodical publication, that this lady, who was sister-in-law to Sir Walter Scott, was the writer of the celebrated Waverley Novels. I recollect upon one occasion alluding to the subject when I met her at an evening party; and I own that I had a very strong impression that she was the great unknown. I believe, too, that many officers of the 70th regiment held the same opinion. Of course I do not mean to infer that Mrs. Scott wished to lead me to give her credit for literary honours she did not merit; still there was something in her manner of denying the charge that made me fancy her talented pen—for talented it was—had written the works afterwards acknowledged by the owner of Abbotsford.

Another celebrity whom I knew in Canada was Frederick Brown, the Ormskirk Roscius, as he called himself. I met him at Montreal. He performed his principal characters at the theatre, *Charles de Moor* in Schiller's "Robbers," *Sir Giles Overreach* in the "New Way to pay Old Debts," and *Othello*. I remember a practical joke which was played upon him, and which caused much amusement.

He had brought me letters of introduction, and accordingly I invited him to supper at the hotel on the night of his benefit. I happened to be on very good terms with the officers quartered at Montreal. We made up a large party for Brown's benefit, and about twenty of us sat down to supper after the performance. As those were the days of bumper toasts, it is not to be wondered at if a considerable quantity of wine and punch was imbibed; and the poor Roscius, suffering from the fatigues of the evening—for he had played both in the tragedy and in the after-piece, and no very easy part in the latter—fell fast asleep. During our meal we had argued the question as to the shade of black or brown the Moor of Venice should appear in. Brown contended for the colour of his name, while some of us suggested black. The opportunity was too tempting. A young ensign of the line procured a burnt cork, and made the face and hands of the tragedian as black as a coal.

It was so late before we broke up, that we told the "help" the negro gentleman would not go home, and was not to be disturbed. This order was implicitly obeyed, and it was broad daylight before Brown awoke from his slumber. The first thing that met his eye was the colour of his hands; and, rushing to a looking-glass, he found his face of the same hue. "I'll call one and all of

them out," said the Roscius, as, ringing the bell, he ordered hot water and soap to be brought him. Whilst undergoing his ablutions, the manager of the theatre was announced, who, with a smile upon his countenance, came to offer the Roscius a renewal of his engagement. This gave a new turn to his thoughts; and whilst the negotiation was going on, I entered the room. Brown at first met me with a cold and formal bow; but when I (conscience-smitten at the joke that had been played him, and feeling some reparation ought to be made) suggested that, if he would visit Quebec, I and the other amateurs would play for his benefit, he was quite appeased. "All I stipulate," said he good-humouredly, "is, that if I act *Othello*, I may get my own face painted."

This mild rebuke quite upset me, and I stammered out an apology, pleading the youth and buoyant spirits of the perpetrator of the jest. "Say no more," continued the tragedian. "It was my intention to have left this town to-day, for I felt rather humiliated in the eyes of the waiter; but after what you have kindly said, I'll blow the remembrance of it to the winds. You may announce me for *Rolla* to-morrow evening, and on Friday for *Pierre* and *Megrim*—terms same as the last engagement." The manager then took his departure; and I suggested to Frederick Brown

that, if he would dine with me quietly at the hotel, we should have an opportunity of talking over the proposed play at Quebec. He agreed, and, after a great deal of discussion, all was arranged. The difficulty was to select a tragedy. At last "Jane Shore" was fixed upon, the Roseius to take the part of *Richard*, and I my old Brussels character of *Lord Hastings*. Unfortunately the death of my father a short time afterwards put an end to the performance, and I lost sight of the Ormskirk Roscius, who, I may here add, had as good a title to the name of the Roman actor as many, old and young, who have assumed it.

The death of my father broke up our establishment in Quebec, and caused my return to England in the autumn of 1819. One of the first steps I took on getting back was to renew my acquaintance with Frederick Fitz Clarence, whom I had known at Cambray in 1816. He was then an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and as kind-hearted a creature as ever existed. Little, however, did he or his friends imagine that he would so soon be worshipped as a hero. On the 23rd of February, 1820, the Cato Street conspiracy took place. It was upon that day, about six o'clock in the evening, that Arthur Thistlewood, who had once served as a subaltern officer in the West Indies, assembled his blinded followers in a stable

situated in an obscure street, then called Cato Street, near the Edgware Road. This building, which had been lately hired, comprised two upper rooms, with an ascent by a ladder, and in the most spacious of these the conspirators assembled, having previously placed a sentinel below. By the glimmering light of a few small candles they might have been seen adjusting their murderous weapons, and exulting in the thought of despatching all the ministers, at least fourteen or sixteen, who were to have met at a cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's, in Grosvenor Square. Owing to information received from one Edwards, a pretended colleague, but really a government spy, every precaution was adopted to secure the culprits, and among others a detachment of thirty men of the Coldstream Guards, commanded by Captain Fitz Clarence, was ordered to support the police under the direction of Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Birnie. About eight o'clock the constables arrived, and without waiting for the military, entered the building, and ascended the ladder. The gang of infatuated wretches who were on the very point of starting to execute their nefarious deed, were summoned to surrender, when Smithers, an active police officer, rushed forward to secure the ringleader, and was pierced to the heart by his sword. The lights were then extinguished,

and the conflict became general; some of the gang making their way out of a window in the back of the loft, and others dashing down the ladder into the stable. At this moment, Frederick Fitz Clarence and his detachment came up, and secured one of the assassins in the act of escaping. A pistol was levelled at the captain, but was turned aside by Sergeant Legge. The captain headed his men into the stable, but his entrance was forcibly opposed by Davison, a Creole, who aimed a blow at him with a cutlass. One of the soldiers warded off the stroke with his musket, and never did "Brown Bess" render more able service. The ruffian was secured, the whole party entered the stable, mounted the loft, and captured five more conspirators, though the darkness of the night favoured the escape of Thistlewood and some others. Had the capture been entrusted to the military authorities, probably no innocent blood would have been shed, as with a little strategy every conspirator might, and probably would, have been captured. From this moment Frederick Fitz Clarence's gallant conduct was in everybody's mouth; he was congratulated by all from the highest in the realm down to the most humble; he was entertained at dinner at the Mansion House; and, like Byron, only from another cause, he awoke on the morning of the 24th of February

and found himself "famous." Between the 13th of April, when Thistlewood and his accomplices were tried and convicted of high treason, and the 1st of May, on which day he, Davison, Ings, Brunt, and Tidd were executed, I saw them in the condemned cells, and it is sad to relate that, with the exception of the man of colour, they manifested not the slightest compunction; they seemed to glory in their design, and to regret its failure. Well do I remember addressing a few words to the reckless ringleader. He was suffering from sore throat, and told me of some gargle that would do it good. What a mockery, when uttered only within a few days of his ignominious death! With a sort of bravado, he said, "Good day, gentlemen. On May morning I shall know the grand secret." I was horror-struck at his blasphemy and his whole demeanour.

At the same time as I revived my friendship with Frederick Fitz Clarence, I had some dealings with the "dandies," that small coterie which held an almost incredible sway during the days of the Regent. Brummell headed the list, which included T. Raikes, Rufus Lloyd, Charles Standish, John Mills, Honourable Richard (commonly called Dick) Fitz-Gibbon, the late Lord De Ros, Colonel Cooke, usually known by the name of Kangaroo

Cooke, the late Sir Henry Mildmay, and Lords Alvanley and Petersham. Byron's name may also be added, for he writes, "I liked the dandies; they were always very civil to me, though, in general, they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame de Staël, Lewis, * * * * * *, and the like. The truth is, that though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of it to conciliate the great ones at five-and-twenty. I had gamed, and drunk, and taken my degrees in most dissipations, and having no pedantry, and not being overbearing, we ran quietly together. I knew them all more or less, and they made me a member of Watier's (a superb club at that time), being, I take it, the only literary man in it, except *two others*, both men of the world, Moore and Spenser. Our masquerade was a grand one, so was the dandy ball too, at the Argyle, but *that*, the latter, was given by the four chiefs—B., M., A., and P., if I err not." Brummell, Mildmay, Alvanley, and Petersham represent, I believe, the above initials, but I fancy the givers exceeded the above four. I was present at the masquerade in question, which took place at Burlington House, and was a magnificent affair. I shall never forget the delight I experienced when my mother told me that she had with some diffi-

culty procured me a ticket for it. The next thing was to get a dress, and it was suggested that I should appear in female attire, as a young lady just emancipated from a boarding-school. To this I objected, and finally succeeded in having a handsome Turkish dress made up for me at home. With a pink silk tunic, embroidered with silver, my mother's turban and ostrich feather, a pair of spangled trousers, and yellow boots, I fancied myself the living representation of *Selim*, in "Barbarossa," a character in which I had been delighted with the performance of Master Betty. To this masquerade the author of "Childe Harold" went in the habit of a Caloyer, or Eastern Monk, a costume which was admirably adapted to show off his handsome countenance. I saw him only for a moment, talking to Douglas Kinnaird, yet well do I remember

> "His floating robe around him folding,
> Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle:
> . . . . .
> That livid cheek, that stony air
> Of mix'd defiance and despair."

To return to the dandies. I had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, as at an early age I was admitted a member of White's Club, at that period the highest object of ambition to every young man about town. Still, as I was only a subaltern officer in the Blues, with no means

of being an exquisite in dress, or of turning out a neat equipage, truth compels me to admit that I was not much courted by that set. When the dynasty was at an end, I came much oftener in contact with many of its leaders, and derived much gratification from their society. I remember well in the days of posting, Alvanley giving me a lift in his well-appointed travelling chariot from Brighton to London, and I never had a more agreeable journey. From the time we left the York Hotel, until we reached Hyde Park Corner, he never ceased to entertain me with club anecdotes or fashionable gossip, so full of wit, so epigrammatic, that I only wish I could remember a tenth part of the good things he said. There was a good humour about Alvanley that was thoroughly delightful; he saw everything in a humorous light, and he communicated his impressions with such point and merriment that he threw many of the would-be wits of the day completely into the shade. At repartee he was quick as lightning, and in a keen encounter of wit, with even the most formidable opponent, he ever came off with credit to himself, and generally to the discomfiture of his antagonist.

Raikes possessed a large amount of quiet conversational powers, and was of a reflecting turn, as his diary will prove. He was on intimate terms with the late

Duke of Wellington, and was *au courant* with all the political as well as fashionable news of the day. Rufus Lloyd never gave me the idea of possessing much talent, but he was very neat in his attire, and acted the part of the "walking" dandy extremely well. Dick Fitz-Gibbon was a kind, warm-hearted Irishman, highly gifted, as his countrymen usually are; he was formerly in the army, and served at Oporto and Talavera. Poor De Ros was one of the most refined gentlemen in manner I ever met. He was well read, an accomplished scholar, and won all hearts by his *suaviter in modo*. Let me throw a veil over the untoward event that embittered his latter days, and I believe shortened his life. Kang Cooke was a popular man, and being a great friend of the Duke and Duchess of York, was ever a welcome guest at the best houses in London. Mildmay was second to none in conversational ability, and there was a kindliness of spirit about him that made him a legion of friends. Petersham was the "most finished gentleman from top to toe"—a character he deserved to the full as much as the observed of all observers, George the Fourth. He, too, was the essence of human kindness, and the most constant of friends. John Mills did not devote his energies exclusively to the bay window at White's: he was fond of racing, and distinguished himself upon many occa-

sions as an amateur jockey. Great was his prowess at Stapleton and Lambton Park Races, where he was opposed to Kent, John White, Tom Duncombe, Fred Berkeley, and some of the best riders of the day.

After Brummell had abdicated the throne he occupied for so long a period, a new class of dandies sprang up; the most conspicuous of whom was Ball Hughes, commonly called the Golden Ball. As far as attention to dress went, he might have been looked upon as the successor of the retired monarch; but his influence only extended over a limited circle, and was not to be compared to the world-wide reputation of the Beau *par excellence*, Brummell. Ball Hughes was as different in society and among a few choice friends as light from darkness, chalk from cheese. In the former, he assumed a tone of exquisiteness, a stiff manner, and a conceited air, that, added to an affected lisp, did not give one the idea of his possessing half his real talent; while, when thoroughly at home with his intimate allies, he was full of fun and anecdote. I rode a race against him at Goodwood, where he had acted as steward, as the late Duke of Richmond was detained in London by parliamentary duties; and as the sport ran very short on the first day, it was suggested that he should get up a match with his two grey, thoroughbred curricle horses. Guy, his coachman, was sent

for, and was ordered to prepare the two animals for a race on the following day.

"Which do you fancy?" he asked me. "You shall have your choice."

"It is a matter of indifference," I responded. "What says Guy?"

"I think, perhaps, it will be as well if master rode the darkest; the near horse, I mean," replied the servant. "Not that I think he is the fastest of the two, but he's a sweet animal in all his paces."

The printer was sent for—for the above took place at the ordinary at the "Swan," at Chichester—and an addition was made. "Match 25 sovs. each.—Mr. Ball Hughes's gr. g. Gunpowder against Lord William Lennox's gr. g. Explosion" (for we had named the horses after Guy, or rather Guy Fawkes, as the coachman was nicknamed, from his "blowing-up" propensities)—"owners on." The day arrived; and Ball Hughes, in the neatest jockey attire imaginable, cantered up and down the course on his gallant grey, looking as proud as if he had won the Derby. As Guy had laid a hat and a bottle of sherry on his master, he at once became the favourite at two to one. "You will make a race of it," said I to my friend, just as we were about to start. "I promise that," he replied, "if I can hold the brute; but he gives me every idea of running away."

It was the two-mile course; and the word being given—for flags were not dropped in those days—we went off at a gentle canter; the pace, however, increased considerably, and I felt that the Golden Ball had the greatest difficulty in holding his horse. Giving mine a gentle pull, I laid some few lengths behind him, and soon found that Gunpowder was blown. In going up the last hill there were unmistakable signs of defective lungs, so taking advantage of this, I made the running, and soon found myself considerably in advance. "Make a race of it," exclaimed my antagonist, puffing nearly as much as his panting steed. "All right," I replied; and feeling I had the race in hand, I gave Explosion a pull, held him tight by the head until we neared the winning-post, when, with a Chifney rush, I passed it a length before the other.

Ball Hughes married Mercandotti, a popular *danseuse* belonging to Her Majesty's Theatre. An elopement had been arranged, and the happy couple proceeded to Scotland: Their first visit was to the late Lord Fife, who had always been a great patron and friend of the young *artiste*. The noble earl was so great a friend to the Opera House, that it was a joke of the green-room, "No *Fife*, no dance." Mercandotti became Mrs. Ball Hughes, and for some time they got on very well together. Eventually

there were differences, which led to a separation and a divorce. During the time they lived together they had a house in Greenwich Park, where Hughes assembled all his old friends about him, and many a happy day have I passed there. The late hours he kept were one great drawback, for nothing would induce him to retire before two or three o'clock in the morning, often later. After dinner he would propose a game of *vingt-un*, loo, or hazard, limiting the stakes to shillings; and about the time when rational people thought of going to bed, he would propose supper. The result was, that night was turned into day, and *vice versâ;* and breakfast, instead of being at the usual hour of nine or ten, seldom took place until after midday. With the exception of Long Wellesley, who often dined at ten o'clock at night, at Wanstead, I never knew any one who revelled in late hours so much as the "Golden Ball."

Charles Standish was another of the followers of Brummell, and being a sensible man, held his own among them. His sister, Lady Gerard, was a charming person, as all who had the good fortune to know her could vouch for. Many a happy day have I passed at their hospitable country house. I recollect upon one occasion Charles Standish inviting Lord (commonly called King) Allen and myself to dine with him in Grosvenor Street, and at

the time appointed the "King," who had called for me, drove up to the door, anticipating, what we both liked, a first-rate dinner. "Standish," said Allen, "understands as well, if not better, than any other man I know, what a dinner should be—a combination of the refinement of a Parisian table and the solidity of an English one." At that moment the porter opened the door, for our host lived in chambers, or what in Edinburgh is called "a flat." We had sent the carriage away, and had ordered it to return at a quarter before eleven, to take us to a party at Lord Hertford's, in the Regent's Park, and we mounted the stairs with the keenest of appetites. At the top we were met by Standish's valet, who looked not a little surprised when my companion said,—

"I hope we are not late."

"Late, my lord!" stammered the man. "I fear there is some mistake. My master is not very well" [this was what is termed a white lie; not that I ever could quite understand the different hues or shades of mendacity], "and has ordered no dinner except for himself."

"No dinner!" said the King, bristling up with annoyance. "We've sent the brougham away. Pray tell Mr. Standish Lord William Lennox and myself came at the hour he named. Here's the

note. And order us a cab. We must dine at Crockford's."

The servant left us, after showing us into an ante-room, and begging us to be seated; but instead of sending for a cab, informed his master of the arrival of his unexpected guests.

"Show them in," said Standish. "I have fifty apologies to offer to you both," continued he, as we entered the room. "I quite mistook the day. But you must not think of going to Crockford's. I have, it is true, only a mackerel and a *poulet au gros sel;* but if you do not mind waiting twenty minutes, I have no doubt but that François will send us up something to eat, and there will be ample time to ice a bottle of Sillery. Excuse me while I give the orders. You will find the evening newspaper in the drawing-room."

We adjourned there, and in rather less than half an hour François had prepared as nice a dinner as I ever remember to have seen, which, aided by a bottle of Cunningham's best champagne, and some excellent claret, rendered the repast worthy of Heliogabalus. Allen, whose barometer had got down to stormy, rose at once to set fair when he saw the anxiety of his friend, and the successful exertions of the culinary artist to make up for the moments of suspense and disappointment we had endured:

Another of the same class was Bradshaw, or Jemmy Bradshaw, as some irreverently called him. He was well-informed and gentlemanlike, and generally popular. It is well known that in the year 1825 he married Miss Maria Tree. A curious circumstance attended the courtship; which may not prove uninteresting. Bradshaw, understanding that Miss M. Tree was about to fulfil an engagement at one of the large manufacturing towns, proceeded thither, and took up his quarters at the same hotel as Miss Tree and her mother. Not wishing to be known, he travelled under an assumed name, and every evening was to be seen in the front row of the stage box, "gazing," as the novelists call it, "his heart away," on the lovely representative of *Clari*, and other equally effective characters. In consequence of Miss M. Tree's great success, the engagement was renewed, much to the delight of the impassioned lover, who had sent her a complimentary present upon the night of her benefit. Time circled on, and the morning arrived when the *artiste* was to take leave of her good friends at Manchester or Birmingham (I forget which) to resume her duties in London. The sighing swain had ordered a pair of post horses for his carriage, and had desired the waiter to make out his bill, when he found that his money was running rather short.

"What is the name of the principal banker here?" he inquired of the landlord.

Name and address were given him, and having drawn a cheque for a hundred pounds, he went to present it. After a few inquiries it was duly cashed, and Bradshaw strolled through the town, in the hopes of getting a parting glance at his lady love. Towards noon he returned to the hotel, where he fancied his reception was what is termed the north side of friendly. The landlord looked suspiciously at him, the barmaid tossed up her head, and the waiter was not quite as polite as those functionaries are to the parting guest, especially at a period when attendance was not, as it is at present, charged in the bill. Upon entering the sitting-room, the dandy perceived that the plate which had decorated the sideboard had been removed, and that when he ordered a candle to be brought him to seal a letter, the candlestick was of a coarse yellow metal, unlike the silver one that had previously been allotted him. "What can have happened?" thought he to himself; and, while ruminating over the possible cause, the landlord made his appearance with a countenance expressive of annoyance, and began to mutter forth his fears that all was not right.

"What do you mean?" asked the discomfited

hero. "I am about to pay your bill; and really the conduct of your establishment is perfectly incomprehensible."

"I believe, sir," said the other, "that you informed the bankers whose names I mentioned to you that you were known at this hotel?"

"Unquestionably."

"And," continued the landlord, "that you drew in the name of James Bradshaw, Esq., a cheque for a hundred pounds?"

"I did."

"Now, sir, how can you reconcile that with the name under which you have passed here, and to which letters have been addressed?"

A feeling of horror flashed across Bradshaw's mind, for he at once saw that he had been looked upon as a fashionable swindler. For a few moments he was speechless, when he determined to make a clean breast of it, and confided to the landlord his motive for the *incog.* visit, adding that he possessed documents to prove that he was James Bradshaw, Esq., one of which was the letter of credit from his London bankers, which he had shown the country one. After this explanation confidence was restored, the barmaid put on her best smile, the waiter was attentive, the ostler and postboy "followed suit," and Bradshaw left the scene of his

adventure amidst the thanks of all that had been mixed up with him. To explain the cause of this little *contretemps*, it must be mentioned that the bankers, albeit not the least suspicious, had taken the wise precaution of sending a clerk to the hotel to ascertain whether any gentleman of the name of Bradshaw was staying there, and being informed that there was not, the circumstance of the cheque being cashed was told to the landlord, who naturally fancied he had been harbouring a swindler; hence the conduct of all in the establishment towards the supposed culprit. A few days after the above story had gone the round of the clubs, I happened to meet Richard Peake, the dramatic author, at that period the respected treasurer of the Lyceum Theatre, and told him the anecdote. The incident furnished a principal ingredient in a farce which Peake wrote shortly afterwards, entitled, "The Hundred Pound Note," which proved eminently successful, more from the inimitable acting of Keeley as *Billy Black* than from the plot.*

Another of the dandy tribe who met with a

* This story is told somewhat differently in Captain Gronow's "Reminiscences," with the addition of a little lame boots, who is set to watch the suspicious character, and an identification of Bradshaw by his fair charmer. However, I may say, with Sheridan, "My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the true one, for all that."

somewhat similar adventure, was Lord Petersham. Fortunately he was extricated from his scrape, which might have proved a serious family matter, by the tact and good humour of his brother, Fitzroy Stanhope. Poor Fitzroy Stanhope! his death will be deeply felt. Besides being a man of good education and refined manners, his vocal powers were of the highest order. No English singer, public or private, excelled him in ballads and those thoroughly national songs which delight the million. He was, moreover, a man of the kindest disposition, and he got his brother out of more scrapes than the following one.

Their mother, the Countess of Harrington, than whom a more amiable lady did not exist, was perhaps a little too stiff for the youth of her day, and as she was the quintessence of propriety and polished manners, she naturally looked for those qualities in all her relatives, especially those nearest and dearest to her. Punctuality was also a great feature in her ladyship's character. Upon the occasion I allude to, Lord Petersham had requested that breakfast might be on the table at an earlier hour than usual, and the Countess was ready at the moment to do the honours, but her son was not present. In a few minutes the groom of the chambers informed his mistress that a gentleman

had driven up to the door, having an appointment with the noble heir of the family.

"Request the gentleman to walk in," said her ladyship, "he has probably come to breakfast, for I know his lordship is going a few miles out of town."

The servant seemed "taken aback," but, attentive to his orders, shortly returned, followed by the "gentleman," whose appearance and equipage had created no little sensation in the porter's hall. "What name shall I announce?" asked the servant. "Oh, a friend of Lord Petersham's, Mr. ——." Before the word was uttered the Countess came forward, and in the most refined manner apologised to the new-comer for the rudeness of her son in not being ready, adding that perhaps he would like some breakfast. "Thank you, my lady," responded the unknown. "I should like a little, for we've a long drive before us."

Breakfast was ordered, and on their sitting down the lady made every attempt to ascertain the calling of her visitor, who, she fancied from his remarks, was connected in some humble capacity with the army. These suspicions were confirmed by the constant allusion her companion made to the commissariat department. The equivoques that took place, especially those that referred to foreign parts, would furnish materials for a screaming farce.

"You have been abroad, I presume?" asked the Countess.

"Never, my lady: it was one of my name, no relation, that went across the water at his Majesty's expense."

"I thought, perhaps, you might have served in Holland?" she proceeded.

"Your ladyship refers to the Dutchman—Dutch—"

This reply was interrupted by the entrance of the groom of the chambers with the newspaper, and her ladyship asked, "What is the hour by St. James's Chapel?" (Harrington House was at that time in the stable yard, St. James's.)

"Nine o'clock, my lady."

At this piece of information, the stranger started up abruptly from his chair, dropped a beautiful China cup and saucer from his hands, exclaiming, "Then, I'm blest if we shan't be late for the 'mill:' it comes off at half-past ten, and we've to call in Windmill Street for the bird's-eye fogles, and to pick up Heavy-and-Handy, the fighting Life Guardsman, at the Barracks."

At this moment Lord Petersham, accompanied by Fitzroy Stanhope, entered the room, and at once saw the state of affairs. The Countess had sat down to breakfast with Mr. William (com-

monly called "Bill") Gibbons, the Commissary General of the P.C., or Pugilistic Club. Lord Petersham hurried his friend away, leaving his brother to explain matters, and make all smooth. This he accomplished with such consummate skill, such infinite good-humour, and kind-heartedness, that the Countess was soon appeased and laughed heartily, or rather smiled magnificently, when she was informed that "crossing the water" referred to a case of transportation; and that her guest's knowledge of Holland was confined to his acquaintance with Dutch Sam. Her ladyship was rendered truly happy, when, upon the return of her first-born, she heard from him that his first appearance at Moulsey Hurst would be his last. Lord Petersham was too refined a gentleman to take pleasure in pugilistic encounters, then so much patronised by the higher classes, and had only attended on the above occasion to judge for himself what a fight really was.

CHAPTER V.

ARMY—PUNISHMENTS—WINDSOR BARRACKS—NIMROD—AN ADVENTURE AT EPSOM—AMATEUR THEATRICALS—REGENT'S PARK BARRACKS—HIGHWAY ROBBERIES—TUNBRIDGE WELLS RACES—CANOVA—RICHARD WATT WALKER—MITCHEL GROVE—VISIT OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHAPTER V.

THE barbarity of the punishments inflicted on our soldiers fifty years ago would be almost incredible to readers of the present day. We have seen so many reforms introduced in the treatment of soldiers, such questions asked and such returns demanded by Members of Parliament, such strict supervision on the part of the proper authorities, and such precautions against sudden anger or irresponsible spite, that we trust the present generation is fully protected. But, unfortunately, the memory of those who served in the Peninsular War witnesses to the entire absence of such protection in the beginning of the century. In the cavalry there was a punishment called "picketing," which was constantly employed, and which, shameful as it was, seems to have found a parallel in the present American army. The victim had his hands strapped together and his boots taken off; a peg, about six inches long, was stuck in the

ground, and the ball of his right foot was rested upon it, while his extended arms were fastened by a cord to a strong beam. In this position he remained for half an hour or more, suffering the most frightful torture. The frequency of corporal punishment is proved by the following General Order, which was issued in 1807:—

"It appearing to his Majesty that a punishment to the extent of 1,000 lashes is a sufficient example for any breach of military duty, short of a capital offence, and even that number cannot be safely inflicted at any one period, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to express his opinion that no sentence for corporal punishment should exceed 1,000 lashes."

That the effect of even less than this number, which was graciously considered a sufficient example, was equivalent to the punishment for a capital offence, appears from the following statement relating to the Peninsular Campaign in Captain Gronow's Reminiscences:—

"Among the numerous bad characters in our ranks, several were coiners, or utterers of bad money. In the second Brigade of Guards, just before we arrived at St. Jean de Luz, a soldier was convicted of this offence, and was sentenced to receive 800 lashes. This man made sham Spanish dollars out of the pewter spoons of the regiment.

As he had been before convicted and flogged, he received this terrible sentence, and died under the lash. Would it not have been better to have condemned him to be shot? It would have been more humane, certainly more military, and far less brutal."

It would certainly have been safer for the culprit to add murder to his other offences. The law which dismisses a murderer by an easy death, and goads a coiner to one the most horrible, may well be accused of putting a premium on the greatest crimes. Among minor offences, at the same time, we find absence from attendance at church put in a way which is highly suggestive of the prevailing intolerance:—

"July 3rd, 1811. The Duke of York orders that no Roman Catholic soldier shall be subject to punishment for not attending Divine Service of the Church of England."

This picture of the military customs of the early part of the century may preface my recollections of Windsor Barracks, where I joined my regiment after leaving France. The Blues were then quartered at Windsor, and the 21st Royal Welsh Fusiliers occupied the infantry barracks. Although the officers of both corps were on the most friendly terms, a little love affair had nearly caused an appeal to arms between Gascoigne of "ours," as the phrase

runs, and a captain of the 21st. I had been called in as a friend, and the affair was amicably settled. Williams of the Fusiliers, commonly called Bob Williams, acted on behalf of his brother officer.*

At the time I write of, a handsome young Irish lady was on a visit to a distinguished musician then occupying apartments within the precincts of the Castle, and Williams and myself became victims to her charms. To quarrel with so amiable a man as Williams, then only a sub, would have been most difficult; still, in love, no one knows what passions may be aroused, and after one case of rivalry had nearly led to bloodshed, another was to be avoided. Bob and I were on the best of terms—so much so that we each agreed to do our best to win the heart and hand of the fair lady, with the distinct understanding that the one who failed should in no way vent his anger on his successful rival. "All's fair in love, as in war," was the motto we were to adopt, and our own sense of gentlemanlike feeling was to prevent any disparaging remarks on either side. The gallant officer of the line had one decided advantage over me, which was that his regiment furnished a guard at the Castle gate, through which

* I had scarcely written the above, when, to my intense grief, I read the death of poor Williams. A better, kinder-hearted creature never existed.

alone (for the 1,000 steps were being repaired) I could approach the house of my *innamorata;* while he, when not on guard, could devote the best part of every day to looking out for the *Belle Irlandaise.* One summer evening, when I was particularly anxious to have a few moments' interview with the young lady, as she was about to visit some friends in London the next day, perhaps never to return, I dined early at Layton's, the pastrycook's, and, at the hour that I thought Williams would be dining at the mess, I approached the Castle.

"Who is on guard?" said I to an intelligent corporal, who, though I was in plain clothes, knew me perfectly by sight, from seeing me so often at the infantry barracks.

"Mr. Williams, sir," responded the man.

"Really," said I, "I fancied he was orderly officer."

"He was for that duty, sir; but the lieutenant in orders for Castle guard was suddenly taken ill, and Mr. Williams was next on the roster."

Thanking my informant, I retraced my steps into the town to consider what measures I should take to enter the enemy's stronghold unobserved, for I felt sure that my rival, knowing of the proposed departure, would, like a good soldier as he was, keep a sharp look-out. At length a thought came across

me, which was to purchase a labourer's suit of clothes, and put them on over mine. No sooner had I conceived the idea than I put it in execution. I went into a slop shop, and soon found myself enveloped in a smock frock, a pair of leather leggings over my white trousers, a red cotton handkerchief, and a white billycock hat, which was not then as fashionable as it is now. Mustachios were not then worn, except by military men, and mine were quickly reduced by a pair of tailor's shears. Placing my round hat in a piece of blue striped calico, and arming myself with a stick, on which I slung the bundle, I walked into a dust-heap, so as to appear like a wayfarer. No sooner had dusk set in than I walked boldly up the Castle hill, went under the arch, and kept a straight course, passing within half-a-dozen yards of my rival. Entering a cloister, I gained a little time to take breath, and, doffing my disguise and placing it in the bundle, I looked out for a labourer to whom I could give it. This was easily accomplished—as was an interview with the young lady, who frankly told me her heart was engaged; though I was glad to learn not to my rival. Ascertaining that she was to leave Windsor early next morning with the friends whom she was visiting, I took my departure, inwardly satisfied that if I never saw her

again, Williams would be equally debarred of that gratification, and that I had been the last to wish her "Good-bye."

After wandering about until after dark (there were no gas-lamps in those days), I retreated without being discovered. When I met Williams the next day, he appeared in high spirits. "I caught a glimpse of Augusta," said he, "early this morning, and kissed my hand to her, though I fear she did not see me, as an old harridan acknowledged it."

"All right," I replied, keeping my own counsel.

"I thought, old fellow," continued he, "you would have called up last evening, so I kept a sharp look-out."

Within a year of the above event I received "cards" from Cork ("No cards" were not then introduced) announcing our charmer's marriage.

If my disguise proved effectual in blinding my rival, I must own that the tables were turned upon me in another Windsor adventure. I had been in London the night before his Majesty's hounds were to meet at Salt Hill, and had driven down in the morning to breakfast at Botham's, where my hunter was to meet me. Just as we had finished our repast, the late Lord Graves, who held a place about court, entered the room, and among other

things told us that we must all ride our best, as "Nimrod" was to be out with the hounds. I had heard of—

> "Nimrod, the founder
> Of empire and chase,
> Who made the woods wonder,
> And quake for their race;"

and also of the more modern one of that name, the founder of the sporting race of writers of the present century. Of course, I longed to be named in the pages of the old sporting magazine, as a promising young rider, and determined not only to do my best to be in the first flight, but to attach myself to this literary lion.

"How is Nimrod mounted?" I inquired. "On a flea-bitten grey," responded Graves; "a snaffle, bridle, and a martingale." "Martingale?" thought I, "this must be some new fancy; we shall read his reasons in the next number." The hour of meeting had now arrived; after paying our bill, we mounted our horses, and proceeded to a field near the roadside, where Davis and his hounds had already arrived.

A large concourse of sportsmen had collected, consisting of officers from Windsor and Hounslow, country squires, a sprinkling of fashion from London, some metropolitan horse dealers, farmers, yeomen, pretty horse breakers, and a few

cockney riders. Before the deer, which Davis foretold would give us a capital run, was uncarted, I looked in vain for the far-famed chronicler. "Have you seen a gentleman on a flea-bitten grey?" I inquired of all my friends, but no one had seen the animal in question.

At length one of my brother officers, who was quartered at Slough, told me there was a horse answering to that description at the Red Lion, and that the groom had said his master was coming from London. Upon hearing this intelligence I rode up to the huntsman, and telling him how important a gentleman was momentarily expected, he kindly promised us a few minutes' law.

In those good old days, as they are called, the master of the buckhounds contented himself with staying at home, and receiving his salary; seldom or ever attending the hunt, and then merely on "silver-collar days," to see the deer uncarted. Happily, within the last five and twenty years the post is no longer considered a sinecure, and the late Earl of Erroll, the present Earls of Chesterfield, Rosslyn, Sandwich, and Besborough have taken the field, and acquitted themselves as masters of hounds should do.

No sooner had I gained Davis's sanction, than I made the best of my way across the fields to Slough,

and as I reached it, a very gaudy-looking dog-cart was driven up to the door of the inn, where

> "High in the street, o'erlooking all the place,
> The rampant lion shows his kingly face."

From this dog-cart a gentleman descended, whose dress was peculiar. A light green cutaway coat, with gilt basket buttons, "leathers," not white as the driven snow, but what the canary fanciers term "mealy," and of the Bluecoat-school cut at the knees, where the buttons had evidently fallen out with the button holes, for they could not be prevailed upon to meet upon any terms. There was a display of white ribands, which would have done credit to the cap of any recruiting sergeant in the service. The boots were of the Wellington make, with a pair of highly glazed tops drawn over them, displaying a large hiatus, from which the calf of the wearer protruded considerably. A waistcoat of striped marcella, a hat of a curious shape, tied to the button hole by a black cord, a pair of spurs, and a hunting whip, completed the costume.

The horse was a raw-boned animal, one of those which come under the denomination of "rum ones to look at, but devils to go," while the saddle, the cloth of white, bordered with light blue, surcingle of the same, snaffle bridle, faced with pink satin, all spic-span new, did not in the least realise my

idea of a true sportsman's "turn-out." Still I knew that "great wits" and writers "to madness nearly are allied," and, unacquainted with Mr. Apperley, I fancied he might belong to the class of eccentrics. To make myself certain as to the individual, no sooner had the new-comer mounted his "Rosinante" than I rode up to the groom, and said in an offhand manner, "That's Nimrod, is it not?" "Yes, sir," responded the man, with a suppressed smile, "and I should like to drink your honour's health, and success to Nimrod." Throwing my informant a shilling, I lost no time in gaining upon this mighty hunter, and caught him up just as he reached the field from which the deer had been some ten minutes uncarted. To account for this, I must remark that although I have given a brief and hurried sketch of my proceedings, a considerable deal of time had been lost at Slough, after the great man's arrival. Some time had been devoted to his giving instruction to his groom, taking care of himself at the bar of the Red Lion, mounting, altering, and arranging his stirrups.

Now for the run. The gate that opened to the field was at the farthest extremity of the road, and finding that, just as I got up to my friend the hounds were laid on, I put my horse at a small fence, and called upon him to follow me. "There's no ditch on this

side," I exclaimed, as upon looking round I discovered the hero of the flea-bitten grey "craning" most awfully. What could be the cause? thought I. At last an idea flashed across my mind; the field, as I have already said, was numerous, and as the hounds were running parallel to the road, and seemed disposed to cross it, I fancied my friend was waiting until they had done so, that he might get a clear start, and take a line of his own, instead of following at the tail of the tailoring crowd. My anticipations, although I afterwards found out they were not his, were realised; the deer had taken towards Eton playing fields; and the hounds crossed the road within a few yards of Slough. I jumped back into the road, and then discovered that Nimrod had galloped off in earnest; clapping his spurs into the flanks of his highly coraged although low conditioned steed, and going away at a pace that would almost have eclipsed that of the wild huntsman Herne. Still he kept to the road that led to Eton. Albeit no M'Adamizer myself, so anxious was I to keep well up with this celebrated sporting writer, that I hammered my hunter along the road in a way that called down the risible remarks of my brother officers and friends. Just as we had reached the playing fields, the hounds again crossed to the right, and I then saw that we could

"take the road" no longer. During a temporary check, I doffed my hat to the new-comer, a compliment which he immediately returned.

"As you do not know this country, sir, as well as I do," said I, politely addressing him, "perhaps I can prove of some slight service; your horse seems a little out of condition; by nursing him at first, I have no doubt but that you will get him through the run, which, from the line the deer has taken, will, I think, be a brilliant one."

My lately-formed ally was all attention and civility.

"Why, as you say, sir," he replied, "my horse is a little out of condition; he's been in rather sharp work lately; ten miles with a drag last Friday is no child's play."

"Ten miles after a drag," I exclaimed in a tone of surprise, for none but the hero himself could have convinced me that Nimrod was addicted to hunting a "drag" by patronising the aniseed and red-herring pack.

"Yes, sir; last week at Croydon, then at Romford, also at Epping, Uxbridge, Tottenham, all in the way of business."

"Oh, I understand," I answered, "you publish your proceedings in the newspapers and magazines."

"Right, again," replied my affable friend. "I could not carry on the war without the press and periodicals. Why, sir, a man might make his fortune by selling brick-dust, charcoal, old bottles, tooth powders, cosmetics, articles of dress, or any other commodities, if he only advertised enough, and gave them some outlandish name."

"Really?" I responded.

"Oh yes, sir; take, for instance, your tailor; he calls himself an 'epicosmecalosomatist,' or body decorator; a maker of squibs and crackers is a pyrotechnist; butchers, dairymen, and donkeymen, are denominated purveyors of meat, cream, and asses' milk; tooth-drawing is described as dental surgery; hair-dressers and barbers publish works on the philosophy of the growth of the hair, and announce 'heads decorated and chins surveyed;' shops are denominated repositories, emporiums, bazaars, and temples of fancy; polytechnics, pantechnicons, and panopticons flourish; and we daily read of antigropolos boots, rien-qui-manque fish-sauce, zoorzaha for the rheumatism, yarabisca balsam, and fluid renaissance for changing carroty and grey locks into luxuriant raven ringlets."

"There is a great deal in what you say," I replied.

"Yes, sir; puffing is the order of the day, and

without it even my article would be a drug in the market."

"Impossible!" I responded; "while there's a particle of taste or intelligence left in the world, your articles must always command attention."

"You are very kind, sir," replied my friend, "and although I say it as should not, they are certainly very much sought after by the public."

I had now thoroughly broken the ice, and having hinted at, and complimented the popular writer upon his avocations, I was about to point out the line I thought the deer likely to take, when he again referred to his works.

"So you admire my poetry," he continued; "certainly that last ode was rather Peter Pindaric."

Ode! Pindaric! I was at fault, for I never remembered any flight of poetry emanating from Nimrod's pen.

"A hunting song?" I inquired.

"No," answered he; "lines on——" (at this moment a holloa was heard, the hounds were running breast high, so I returned to the subject of the day).

"We shall have to cross Chalvey ditch, then skirting Eton, he will probably take to the river, whether at Surly Hall or Maidenhead I can't say, as he has already been headed many times; if he

crosses the water he will lead us a merry dance to Ascot Heath and Bagshot."

"Chalvey ditch, across the Thames, Ascot, and Bagshot," echoed my brother sportsman; "wonderful!"

This enumeration of places made me think he was treasuring them in his mind for an article in a London newspaper, or the next number of the magazine. I was, therefore, particularly anxious that he should be made acquainted with my patronymic, as, without that, it would be impossible for him, however willing, to record my progress in the field. To accomplish this required some little tact, and I immediately set my brain to work; and as none of my friends happened to be near, I tried, by way of a beginning, to lead to a conversation that would point out my profession and residence.

"Charming country this, sir," said I; "in winter hunting, in summer boating and cricketing; all the year round a most hospitable neighbourhood; only two hours' ride from town. Windsor is one of the best cavalry quarters we have."

"Oh! you are quartered at Windsor," replied he, recovering his usual manner; "but you forgot to enumerate one of the delights of country quarters —standing on a bridge, throwing a piece of wood

into the water, and crossing to the opposite side to watch its progress down the stream."

"Nimrod's breaking out," said I to myself, and then proceeded aloud, "Yes, my regiment is quartered at the cavalry barracks at Spital."

"Spital," echoed my friend, "that's very well of you. It is 'spittle' that makes the sport at the bridges, not a piece of wood. I see, sir, you are up to a thing or two."

My acquaintance was getting familiar, and, as I thought, extremely vulgar; still, as a genius, I felt some allowance ought to be made for him, and I continued, "Yes, I am at the cavalry barracks, where, at any time, I shall be delighted to see you; I can show you something in your line; you are fond of horses?"

"Very," responded my attentive companion, "and if my services ever should be required, you may command me. Anything in my line shall meet the most prompt attention."

Before I could prepare a suitable answer, I was greeted by the then Mayor of Windsor, Mr. Bannister. "You have a nice horse, my Lord," said that universally respected chief magistrate; "more than up to your weight." At the mention of "my Lord," the mighty Nimrod looked a little surprised, and not a little pleased.

"I beg your pardon, Sir—my Lord," said he. "I was not aware of the honour."

"Oh!" I interrupted him, "look upon me as a brother sportsman, that is a tie acknowledged all over the world. But we must not lose our start, Old Merrylass is on the scent."

I was right; away went the pack, followed by a troop of equestrians, and a company of pedestrians, hollooing and shouting, and making a noise that reminded me of some Esquimaux Indians in Canada, or the skeleton hunt in the German opera of "Der Freischütz."

"Follow me," I exclaimed. "We must not take too much out of our horses. I'll lead you to a spot where the ditch is scarcely broader than a gutter."

Away I went, followed by my friend, who kept rather too close to be pleasant. It is true, I was well mounted, but as accidents will happen in the best regulated establishments, I could not help feeling that if "Comus," (so my hunter was named, as having been bought from Milton, the Milton who lived by his mews), should happen to make a mistake, I should be ridden over by Nimrod. He would have to write my epitaph; and the event would furnish an excellent theme for the dreadful catastrophe writers of the morning press. In order to avert this sad calamity, I "got up the steam" as

I approached the ditch, and charged it gallantly a few yards in advance of my shadow, at rather a broad part.

"Keep to the right" I shouted, "near the hedge —you'll find it nothing."

"Where, where?" exclaimed my friend, who was now pulling and hawling at his horse's mouth as if, in nautical language, he was "bousing the helm up with a griping ship;" but, to carry the metaphor still further, the fiery steed would "not answer," and, goaded by the spurs, by which my hero stuck on, and following my track, he plunged right into the middle of as dirty a ditch as that of Datchet Mead, immortalised by Falstaff's ducking. Looking round, as I heard a heavy splash, and a loud groan, I saw the accident that had befallen my friend, and in the most un-hunting-like fashion I pulled up to offer him my assistance. Jumping off my horse, and giving it to a labourer who had perched himself up in a willow tree to see the sport, I caught firm hold of the tree, held out my whip, and begged the affrighted Nimrod to seize hold of it. He had no sooner done so than I succeeded in pulling him to the bank, and in the meantime the "grey" had been rescued from the ditch by the labourer. There stood horse and rider, the quadruped looking for all the world like one of Cook's black and white pie-

bald steeds at Astley's, and the biped the fac-simile of one of those young "mud-larks," who devote their time to picking up "coppers" out of the Kent shores, during the period of "whitebait at Greenwich."

A butcher's boy, whose "bit of metal" would not face the ditch, profferred his assistance, and with his apron and some wet rushes, we rubbed down man and horse. Mounting our hunters again, we trotted towards Windsor bridge, to ascertain, if possible, which way the deer had taken. As a matter of course, we were not a little jeered at—"chaffed" is the modern phrase—as we rode through Eton.

"Holloa, Snowball," cried one, "why, you're as black as the white of my eye."

"You've been shooting your rubbish in Chalvey ditch," screamed another. "That's 'gainst an Act of Parliament."

"No dirt to be taken off these roads without leave of the surveyor," shouted a third. "You'll be had up before the authorities, hurrah!" roared a fourth; while a dozen voices exclaimed, "The deer has taken the water at Surly Hall, and you can't do better than follow arter him; a swim will do you good."

"Then Clewer's our line," said I; so trotting over the bridge, we took the first street to our right, and soon gained the meadows between the

royal town and Clewer church. A few fences stood in our way; but looking out for gaps, I told my friend to follow me, not without first alluding to the fact, that many horses who would take timber, would not face a brook.

Whether the immersion in the stagnant water had put extra metal into the rider and his steed, I know not; but they certainly followed me as straight as a dart, and we reached the village without any adventure. Here we ascertained, that the deer, hounds, huntsmen, and a few daring spirits, had crossed the river, and away we went towards St. Leonard's Hill. Skirting that beautifully wooded spot, we crossed Wingfield Plain, at that time unenclosed, and soon reached Ascot Heath; from thence to Bagshot, where the deer took to the water, and was captured. During the latter part of the run, there was scarcely any fencing; and what little we met with was very easy. No sooner did we gain the open, than my friend passed me; and wonderful was it to see him gallop with a slack rein, over mounds, across ridge and furrow, through rabbit burrows, thorns and ferns, and still more wonderful that his horse should keep his legs, upon such ground, with so loose a rider on his back. At the termination of the chase, I congratulated Nimrod at being one, out of nine, who had seen the end of the run. He seemed

delighted at the compliment, and assured me it was one of the best days' sport he had ever seen, adding that he should never forget my kindness and attention. To have Nimrod for a friend for ever! said I to myself; I shall have my deeds in the hunting field chronicled, and attain that sporting notoriety, which in those days, I own, I coveted not a little.

I now turned to my self-satisfied companion, and proposed that he should accompany me to the barracks, to partake of luncheon. This he politely declined, stating that as he found himself so near Bagshot, where he had some business, he should proceed there for the night, and early in the morning ride his gallant grey quietly to London.

"Never unmindful of business, Captain," said my new ally. "My name's well known in Bagshot and the vicinity. I have no doubt my day's sport will turn to profit."

"Unquestionably," I replied, still imagining he was alluding to the works of his graphic pen. I then took my leave, but not without first giving him my name (which proved to be superfluous, as he had already ascertained it from the huntsman), and assuring him that at all times, my brother officers and myself would be happy to see so distinguished a guest at the barracks.

"Thank you for the flattering compliment," responded my friend, "there's nothing like combining business with pleasure. Unfortunately, my cards were left in my trap, but my address is well known to the world at large; and if ever, professionally or privately, I can be of any service to you or your friends, pray command me."

I took off my hat, extended my hand, which my acquaintance grasped, and turning Comus's head towards Windsor, pictured to myself the flaming paragraph that would probably appear in the sporting papers, headed "Wonderful run with his Majesty's stag hounds," with a full, true, and particular account of the chosen "nine" who were up at the end of the day. In the meantime, having some slight personal acquaintance with a neighbouring provincial editor, I concocted an article in my head on the road home, and reduced it to writing the moment I reached my barrack-room. Not wishing to vaunt my prowess too highly, I merely named myself as one who, with the celebrated sporting writer Nimrod, the huntsman, and a few others, had kept with the hounds during the run of the season. The paragraph appeared. It was on a Friday morning. I purchased at least a dozen papers; for the editor, thinking that my "modesty," like that of Tom Thumb's, "was a flambeau to my understanding,"

had given us more credit than we deserved, describing the heroes alluded to as having led the field the whole day, and gallantly swum the Thames across a rapid current. The Sunday papers, published in time for Saturday's afternoon coach, were to reach me by dinner-time that day; and having ordered two copies of *Bell's Life*, I awaited its arrival with no little impatience.

I had sent my servant to look out for Moody's coach; and he came in with—"A parcel from London, my lord!" I opened it, and rapidly glanced at the hunting news, but no mention was made of the run. Disappointed at not finding the long-looked-for account, I was about to put down the paper, when my attention was attracted to the following pithy paragraph:—"We stop the press to say that we have just received a communication from Nimrod (E. T. Apperley, Esq.), begging us to contradict a statement that appeared in a provincial newspaper of yesterday's date to the effect that he had formed one of the field with his Majesty's staghounds last week; this talented author adding, that unless, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, he could be in two places at once, the thing was impossible; for he had been out on the very morning mentioned with the Warwickshire hounds."

To this was appended the following note by the

editor, "We rather suspect the original article in question was a regular paid-for puff of the Day and Martin school, inserted by one of the 'hard riders' so flatteringly mentioned in it."

To adopt a sporting phrase, I was regularly "at fault;" nor was the mystery cleared up until the following morning, when a letter reached me by the post. It contained a few printed cards, and there was tenpence to pay. I was about to throw the cards into the fire, when a small note fell on the floor, and picking it up, I found it ran as follows:— "Mr. ——'s compliments to Lord William Lennox; and in thanking him for his kindness last Monday with the stag-hounds, begs to enclose a few cards."

"What does this mean?" I exclaimed to a brother officer. "See here," he replied, reading one of the cards in a solemn theatrical tone. "Killing no murder! Puce, bug, and flea extirpator!! One trial will suffice!!! Copy the address!!!! No. 2, John Street, Clerkenwell, London."

I cannot attempt to describe my shame and annoyance at having made myself the dupe of a puce extirpator—a *b* flat destroyer—a black beetle exterminator. I could have *flea*-bottomised the wretch. One consolation alone remained, and I congratulated myself upon it, namely, the narrow escape I had of implicating others; for had the supposed Nimrod

accepted my invitation to Windsor, I should not only have unquestionably presented him to my brother officers, under the title I had ignorantly given him, but probably should have introduced him to all my friends in the Frying Pan walk, then a fashionable lounge on the Datchet road.

It was not for a year afterwards that I discovered the author of the cruel hoax which had been practised upon me. One of the party at the breakfast had, "by way of a lark," spread about a report that Nimrod was expected to join the hunt; and having seen, upon his way through Colnbrook, a chaise cart with the words "Robert ——, puce extirpator, John Street, Clerkenwell, London," draw up at the "White Hart Inn," with a veritable cockney sitting in it; and hearing him pompously inquire of the ostler whether he had seen a flea-bitten grey (not an inappropriate colour) on his way to Slough, thought it would be capital fun to identify this benefactor of humanity, with the celebrated and talented Nimrod. The whole affair created a good laugh at the time. It reached the ears of George IV., then enjoying his retirement at his cottage in the park; it was talked over at the "mess" at Windsor, Hampton Court, and Hounslow barracks. All that was left me was to write to my friend the hoaxer and say—

"*Nimis uncis*
Naribus indulges."

Or, as Dryden gives it,

"You drive the jest too far."

Another time I was nearly being led into a worse mistake, one which might have ended in my losing a valuable animal, or, what would have been worse, being taken up on suspicion of horse stealing. A few days before the Derby day, I purchased an Irish horse of a London dealer. The late Mr. Tattersall had had the horse on a job for six weeks, and as from his account it was all that I could have desired, I walked into the owner's yard, asked for the brown gelding, and inquired the price.

"Sixty guineas," responded the man, "and dirt cheap at the money."

"I'll give you fifty pounds, cash on delivery," I replied, "and ask no questions."

Kirby (that was the man's name) appeared surprised at what he considered the quick way I had looked over his steed, and, as I heard, remarked afterwards to a friend that I was the best judge he had ever met with, for I had noticed all the good points that Tattersall had told me of. After a few moments' pause he continued,—

"I should very much like to have a deal with

you, sir, for I am full of horses; so make it guineas, and I'll take it."

"An unknown coin," I said, "never realised in selling. Think it over; and if you send the animal to the Knightsbridge cavalry barracks in half-an-hour, I'll give you a cheque for fifty pounds."

"Quick returns and small profits is my motto, so I agree. Whose stable shall I ask for?"

I told him, when he answered, "You've been very hard upon me, my Lord, but I have much pleasure in doing business with so excellent a judge. No walking or trotting out; no hour's ride in the park, to have the animal picked to pieces by many who have horses to sell themselves; no sending to one vet., who says he may go lame, and to another, who prophesies that some day or other he may go blind. You never get two of any trade to agree, especially in that business."

Entering Kirby's office, I gave him the required cheque, and borrowing a saddle and bridle from him, I rode home. On the day of the Derby I sent Shamrock, as I named him, to Carshalton, and drove down to that rural village with my friend Adolphus Fitzclarence. Anxious to join a party in the grand stand, I put my horse up at a large booth, taking special notice of the place, which was

at the sign of the "White Hart." Having agreed to meet my companion half-an-hour after the great event of the day was over at a particular spot, I proceeded in search of the stable, and found it after some considerable trouble. There were at least forty horses in it; and when I told the ostler to saddle me the brown horse, he looked perfectly astounded, and the story of calling out in the pit of a theatre that Smith's house was on fire flashed across my mind.

"Wait a minute," said I, as I walked down the centre row, and saw dozens of brown animals. But the more I saw the more I got confused; and I began to despair of selecting Shamrock from the crowd. It then occurred to me that my conduct would appear very suspicious to the wide-awake ostler, and that if by chance I made a mistake, I should be handed over to the police authorities. I ought to have premised, that I was never a good judge of a horse, and that I had not the knack many of my brother officers possessed of knowing every horse in their respective troops; indeed, as a subaltern, I had often got into trouble with the commanding officer for my ignorance upon that score. At last I saw an animal which looked the image of Shamrock, and I was about to call the ostler, when a groom came up, took off the rug,

turned him round, and told a helper to bring him a saddle. Thwarted in this, I began to get very nervous, especially as I fancied I heard some remarks of a not very flattering nature made by the groom and helper. Time was getting on, I was to dine with Adolphus Fitzclarence, and I was about to give my card to the ostler, and express my inability to find out my horse, when it occurred to me that if I could not pick out the brown, I could recognise my saddle and bridle, so I at once went to a railed-off place where these articles were deposited. Whippy was the man I always employed, so I had little difficulty in finding the objects I was in search of, and the moment I satisfied myself on this point, I boldly called out to the ostler, "Here, put this saddle upon my brown horse."

"All right," replied the "oat stealer," from which, as some say, the word ostler has been derived. And seeing a remarkably neat hunting saddle and bridle, such as few could boast of in the stable of the "White Hart," he paid me every respect. I was soon mounted on Shamrock, joined my friend, and returned to London. After dinner I told the story, which created not a little mirth, especially to a foreign count, who was present, and enjoyed the joke amazingly.

I have related these two stories in which I was

victimised, or nearly so. I have now to speak of a practical joke which was played upon the manager of the Windsor Theatre. Some friends of mine in the Guards, then stationed at Windsor, had agreed with me to get up an amateur play, and after a great deal of discussion, Home's tragedy of "Douglas," and the farce of "The Irishman in London," were selected. I had acted *Young Norval* at Brussels, and fancied myself far superior to Master Betty in the character. George L'Estrange —who, I am delighted to hear, is about to publish his reminiscences—was cast to the part of *Old Norval*, and Richard (commonly called Dick) Armitt was to represent the villain *Glenalvon*. Dick agreed to take this part, provided he was allowed to act an Irishman in the after-piece, a character admirably suited to him. His histrionic powers were great, and his "brogue" was perfect, in addition to which no one could sing a "Paddy" song better. I had written to James Wallack, whose acquaintance I had formed behind the scenes at Drury Lane, to ask him to permit me to read over the part with him; and, after sundry lessons in elocution, I called a rehearsal on the Windsor stage as manager. It was agreed that we were to engage the services of professional ladies; but before we took that step, we were to see that the male members of the *corps*

dramatique were perfect in their parts. At the first rehearsal L'Estrange appeared letter-perfect in his character, as did I; but Armitt, whose heart and soul were in the farce, did not know the ghost of a line. He began to read the part in the richest brogue imaginable, converting the *Homely* tragedy into a screaming farce.

"I think," said he, "a song would go well here." So, suiting the action to the word, in the midst of my most important scene, and just as I had delivered the following lines, informing Lady Randolph by what means I, the "flower of modesty," had acquired a knowledge in the art of war :—

> "Mild he spake,
> And, entering on discourse, such stories told
> As made me oft revisit his sad cell"—

he rushed on the stage, sang out, "What an awful *sell!*" knocked his own hat flat over his forehead, brandished a short stick he had in his hand as a shillalah, and throwing himself into a comic attitude, began singing a verse or two, commencing—

> "Oh, the groves of Blarney,
> They are so charming."

After such an interruption we could not recover our seriousness so as to proceed with the play, and we agreed to go through the farce, the grand *farceur* promising faithfully to learn his part by the next

rehearsal of "Douglas." We soon discovered that our strength was in farce, although so great was my vanity that I could not bring myself to believe our tragedy would prove a failure. Dick Armitt acted up to his word, for he felt that if he failed in *Glenalvon* he would redeem himself in the Irishman, and was letter-perfect on the second rehearsal. The evening for the performance was fixed, and our next step was, to try and engage the services of two professional ladies through a theatrical agent. Negotiations were going on when the death of the Duke of Kent put a temporary end to the performance, for in those days all the theatres were closed from the day of the royal demise until after the funeral. I must here observe that we had made arrangements for the hire of the theatre, subject, of course, to the manager not requiring it for dramatic purposes; and as we were assured that such would not be the case, we felt no difficulty upon the subject. As soon as the funeral was over, we again turned our attention to the play, and proceeded to the theatre to see whether the scenery would suit the plays we had selected. It happened to be the very day on which our performance was to have taken place. When we reached the stage-door, the Cerberus told us he had received strict orders from the manager not to allow any one to enter the building,

that one of his emissaries had called in the morning to lock up the dressing-rooms, property, and green-room, and that the theatre was to open the following week for a few nights.

"How lucky," said Armitt, "that our play was postponed! That spalpeen of a manager is angry because we did not engage his ladies, and himself as stage manager; we should have been in a nice fix." Whether such was the case I know not; it certainly did appear strange the manager should thus suddenly close his doors against us, and announce a short season of a fortnight. We had already been in communication with two London actresses to take the parts of *Lady Randolph* and *Anna*, and could not enter into an arrangement with any others. Our only alternative was to give up the amateur play, and take some tickets for the benefit of the London ladies, as a slight return for the trouble we had given them, in studying the parts.

In a few days the manager of the theatre paid me a visit, and it happened that Dick Armitt was present. "Show him up," said my friend; "I'll just be after giving him a piece of my mind." The manager entered, and after expressing a hope that he should be fortunate enough to get a bespeak from the respective commanding officers of the Blues and Guards, proceeded to say that, having heard we

had an amateur play in contemplation, he would be happy to lend us all assistance in his power. Armitt, who, I saw, was getting rather red in his face, and who would probably have acted up to his threat, was fortunately interrupted by the entrance of a corporal of my troop to warn me for some regimental duty.

I took advantage of this to tell the warm-hearted Irishman not to give vent to his feelings, for reasons I would afterwards explain. He took the hint, and the manager continued, "If I can be of any service, if my counsel would"—here Armitt interposed, and in the broadest Tipperary brogue, spouted the following lines from "Douglas," looking daggers all the time at the object of his satire:—"I have been accustomed all my days to hear and speak the plain and simple truth, and though I have been told that there are men who lock their theatres up, and borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn, yet in such language I am little skilled, therefore I thank the manager for his counsel, although it sounded harshly." The manager looked disconcerted, made a low bow, and took his leave.

A few nights after the above conversation, we agreed to take a private box at the theatre to see "Douglas," (another strange coincidence), and the after-piece of "Midas." To get to our box we had to cross the stage, and by the hurried manner in which we were

shown to it, we could easily see that our presence was not required behind the scenes. One of our party, who had just left the Military College at Marlow, and was as full of mischief as a young kitten, felt highly aggrieved at the very rude manner in which the prompter desired him to move on, and inwardly vowed vengeance. Having conveyed his ideas to a "chum," they were neither of them slow in carrying out their plan.

After the curtain had dropped, the youths left the box, crossed the stage without looking to the right or left, and proceeded to a shop well known to them in Eton; tipping the stage-doorkeeper half a crown on their return. The opening scene in Midas was being set, and every attempt was made to give due effect to Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Vulcan, and a host of mythological personages. The curtain rose, and the chorus,—

> "Jove in his chair,
> Of the skies lord mayor,"

had commenced, when all of a sudden a sound very like that of the explosion of a detonating ball was heard, and "Ino (as you know, who was married to Juno)" gave a sudden start. This rather marred the chorus, when Apollo, anxious to keep time, stamped his foot, and so another explosion took place. Jupiter, rising from his seat, looked about

to see if he could discover the cause of this unexpected thunder, when, on resuming his chair of state, a running explosion was kept up, and he bounded up from it as if it had been a wasps' nest. The leader of the orchestra rose from his high stool, a small enclosed space which might with truth have been called "a *band* box," and the same noise that had been heard on the stage was heard there. "Disgraceful!" exclaimed the "big drum," as he trod on one of the small glass detonators. "Shameful!" said the player of the spasmodic clarionet, as a double explosion was heard. In short, all the musicians, five in number, and all the performers, could not move to the right or left without treading upon a small, but noisy petard. The manager came forward—bang! bang! bang!—the prompter followed, with a book in one hand and a broom in the other—another volley sounded through the theatre, and the noise reminded one, on a small scale, of a party of infantry skirmishing before an enemy.

In the meantime the occupants of the gallery were in ecstacies, and a few urchins having some of these detonators, dropped them into the pit, where they added not a little to the noise and confusion. Fortunately for the perpetrators of the outrage—for outrage it unquestionably was—the fact of a few detonators having been thrown from the upper

regions completely removed all suspicion from our box—except, perhaps, in the eyes of the manager, who knew that some of its tenants had a grudge against him. An address was made to the house at large, a reward of two sovereigns was offered to any one who would give such information as to bring the offenders to justice, and the orchestra and stage having been swept, the burletta proceeded. A good-humoured extempore joke about "blowing up" and paying the "debt o' nature" drew down a round of applause, and, nothing further occurred to mar the amusement of the evening. Before leaving the theatre, as Dick Armitt and myself had a shrewd suspicion of the "firing party," we requested the manager would send us pit, box, and gallery tickets for his benefit, which was fixed for the following week, adding that we would do our best to procure him the bespeaks he had requested. In these we were successful; and, as a *ruse* on his part was set off by an explosion upon ours, we came off quits.

Such was the feeling in the days I write of against officers appearing on the public boards, that I believe our play would have been stopped had it reached the ears of the authorities of the Horse Guards. Now the rage for amateur theatricals is so great that it is encouraged, and wisely, by the highest personages in the land.

The names of the authors of the practical joke that I have recorded oozed out in due course of time. They, however, had a coadjutor, who took up his station in the front row of the pit, and who plied the orchestra, while the others were slyly dropping their detonators on the stage, besides leaving a bountiful supply of them when crossing to the box. The scene was a much more extraordinary one than it appears in print—the consternation of the heathen mythology, the angry look of the manager, the surprise of the musicians, the horror of the prompter, the shouts of the people in the gallery, the serious countenances of the critics in the pit, and the demure looks of the box and private box company, including our own party, can be much easier conceived than described.

The practical joke at the theatre was not the only one played at Windsor during the period I write of; and much as such practices ought to be condemned, I cannot refrain from recounting a few. Upon one occasion a huge red cocked hat, that would have suited the footman to the King of Brobdignag, was taken from the front of a tradesman's house, neatly packed up in a deal case, and sent to Dr. Keate, then head-master of Eton. Another time, an unpopular surgical practitioner found a board with "Mangling done here" affixed to his front door.

One fine summer morning the Adjutant of the Blues, Simon Hurst by name, than whom a better fellow or smarter officer never existed, was horror-struck at looking out of his window and seeing the balcony in front of his small, but snug cottage, nearly opposite the barracks, nicely arranged with signs that had been abstracted from Windsor and Eton. There was a sugarloaf and a golden grasshopper, a notice of "Boats to let," a huge wooden tun, a Black Boy, a King's Head, and "Fresh Fish from Billingsgate every morning," with a notice that "No dust was to be taken off the roads without leave of the Surveyor;" a large tin canister had for its companions a red boot, a barber's pole, and a board announcing "Smoky chimneys cured;" while, to sum up the whole, a figure of a stalwart Highlander, which for years had graced the shop of a Windsor tobacconist, was placed as a sentry at Hurst's door. These decorations were within an ace of being crowned by the honour of a royal visit, as an attempt had been made (though fortunately without success) to carry off the busts of King William and Queen Anne from the Town Hall.

Although the monotony of country quarters was very great in those days, there was no excuse for the mischievous pranks which were played, and which were attributable to idleness, and too free an

indulgence in the fiery port wine to be met with at almost every mess-table.

In the days of my youth highway robberies were very common, and few travelled by night without finding themselves *minus* a purse or watch, and, perhaps, *plus* a bullet or some slug shot. During the whole of my long experience I only fell in with two of the "stand-and-deliver" class; one was in the country, the other in London. The first case occurred on my return from Tunbridge Wells Races, in the year 1821, when I was quartered in the Regent's Park Barracks. "Misfortunes," says the proverb, "never come single;" and certainly for two days the blind goddess did not favour me. At that time the orderly officer of the day had, or fancied he had, the privilege of getting a brother officer to do what was technically termed "taking the belt;" that is, to discharge any unexpected duty that might arise. I had gone through the usual routine of the day, had seen the forage weighed, attended the men's breakfasts and dinners, gone round the stables, visited the hospital, and was dining at mess, when a note reached me asking me to call at a friend's house on a point of business connected with a horse I had recently purchased. "Will you kindly take my belt for the next three hours?" said I to a brother "sub." "Most will-

ingly," he responded, with that kind feeling of fellowship which ever characterised the officers of the Blues. Changing my dress, I went to Long's Hotel, in Bond Street, did my business, and returned to the barracks. Nothing more occurred until the following morning, when the commanding officer sent for me to the mess-room, and in the presence of all the officers asked me upon whose authority I had been absent when on duty. I pleaded general custom, and expressed my regret that I had not acted up to the strict letter of the law. "I must make an example," said my superior, "and I shall stop your leave during the next two months. I am going away to-morrow," said he, turning to the major. "You will see this carried out in my absence."

Acting upon the old negro story of "don't preachee and floggee too"—for the colonel had what is termed in the army "given me a wigging"—I fancied myself ill used, but soon got over my annoyance, consoling myself with the idea, that as the young Guardsman said he would be able "to rough it on beefsteaks and porter," I could "rough" it by a two months' longer sojourn in London. I must here remark, that a few weeks before I had purchased from Richard Walker, of Mitchel Grove, Sussex, a thorough-bred horse, called Canova, by Rubens out of Diana, as thorough-bred as Eclipse.

By the late owner's advice, I had placed him in training under the care of Dick Wetherall (or "Dirty Dick," as he was usually called), intending to make the flyer pay his way, by running at Tunbridge Wells, Dover, and Egham, until the winter, when I proposed having him broke in as a first or second charger. It was the visit to Walker with a cheque for £100, that caused my military reprimand and punishment. I had given instructions to my trainer to enter Canova for two races at Tunbridge Wells, on the very day succeeding that of my lecture from the colonel, and to run him on the second day should he be qualified for the beaten stakes.

"Surely," said Villiers, who was a captain in my regiment, "you will not be mad enough to give such discretionary power to Wetherall. I do not wish to speak harshly of him in particular, but the tricks at these small country races are awful, and unless you or some friend are present, you will, I fear, be done to a tinder."

"Can you go?" asked I.

"I would with pleasure, but I have promised to take my wife to Bath for a few days."

What was to be done? To ask the major for leave would be to place him in a false position, so all I could do was to lay the case before the captain of

my troop, who said that if there was no other duty he would excuse me at stables. Finding that I was not in orders, I rose at four o'clock, and having sent a horse on to a half-way house, I started at five in a stanhope with my bâtman, John Hargreaves. We were not very long on our journey, and reached the Sussex Hotel, at Tunbridge Wells, about nine o'clock. "A card and a sheet list, names and weights and plates and colours of the riders," shouted a vendor of cards to me, as I alighted from my stanhope. I bought a card, and found, to my great horror, that although Canova had been entered for two sweepstakes of five sovereigns each, the words "paid forfeit" were appended. "What can have happened?" I exclaimed to my trusty servant. "Canova must be amiss." "It's all along with that 'ere Wetherall," he responded. "I was told at the barracks that he would sell us. He stands in with ——, the dealer."

Before I had time to reply, the accused made his appearance, and approached me with a slouching, hang-dog look. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Why, my Lord, it's all along with that 'ere farrier; he pricked Canova in shoeing. It's a sad business, as we must have carried off both stakes." Acting upon the hint that my bâtman had given me, I continued, "I see ——, the dealer, has a

horse entered for both stakes." "Oh yes, but he would not have had a chance with us." "So I thought," I replied; "and it is rumoured that, knowing that, his object was to——, I won't say what." "I does not quite understand your Lordship," remarked the trainer; "all I know is, everything connected with Canova has been on the square, and no mistake." "Under the circumstances," I proceeded, "you had better send him home to the Regent's Park Barracks. I will put him out of training at once." "Excuse me, my Lord, but there is an open race to-morrow, only a sovereign entrance; he might run for that, and if he got beat would get lightly weighted for the beaten horse plate. I don't think now his shoes is off he will be lame to-morrow." "Lame or sound, he runs no more here," I responded; "and when he gets to London, our veterinary surgeon shall decide whether he will be fit to go to other places, or be thrown out of training."

Disgusted with Mr. Wetherall, I made up my mind, after feeding and resting my horse, to return at once to London. Despite my annoyance, hunger would hold its own, and ordering a good substantial breakfast, I strolled on the pantiles while it was getting ready. Scarcely had I walked ten yards, when I met two ladies, whom I had known at

Almack's and all the best balls in London. "What brought you here?" inquired Lady Stanhope and her beautiful relative, Miss Stanhope, afterwards Lady Southampton. "I came for the races," I responded, "but have been sadly disappointed." "You must stay and dine with us," she said. "We are going to the theatre; it will be over early, so we shall expect you at six o'clock."

After so kind an invitation, I felt that I could not do better than avail myself of it; and as the ladies had promised to attend the races for half an hour, and then show me the town and describe its former celebrities in the days of the Charleses and Queen Anne, I made up my mind to pass the day at the Wells. At the period I write of, country theatres could boast of excellent summer companies; and as Tunbridge Wells was particularly fortunate in that respect, I looked forward to a great treat. Tunbridge Wells—which was described by Grammont as, "of all Europe, the most rural and simple, and yet, at the same time, the most entertaining and agreeable"—was fortunate that night in possessing the services of Dowton. The day passed delightfully. Disgusted with the races, we drove to Summer Hill, from which former residence of Francis Walsingham, Philip Sidney, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the prospect was lovely.

"The town and castle of Tunbridge, the navigable river Medway, and the rich meadows through which it runs, finely diversified with corn-fields, pasturage, hop-gardens, and orchards, are here in full view; on the west side are seen the Canterbury hills, near Dover, at the distance of about fifty miles; but this view, and the several objects it comprises, may best be enjoyed from a rising hill at a short distance from the house. From this stand," says the author from whom I quote, "a stranger may behold at leisure a valley equal to Tempe, Andalusia, or Alicant."

Having given John Hargreaves permission to attend the theatre, and a pit ticket, I told him to have the horse put to between the play and farce, and have it at the door the moment the latter was over. This worthy bâtman was a most eccentric character; he had been brought up as a chemist's assistant at Wrexham, his native town, but preferring soldiering to drugs, had enlisted in the Blues. He was well educated, and might have risen to be a non-commissioned officer, but he preferred domestic service, and was shortly appointed an officer's bâtman. To tell the truth, his figure was better adapted for that than to form one of those fine stalwart heroes that are to be found in the ranks of this distinguished corps. When I

joined the regiment, after my return from Canada, he was transferred to me, and remained with me till he got his discharge. He was truly honest and faithful to his master; and often, when I have come up from Windsor to London, without leave, for a ball, and some "after order" had been given out for a field-day, foot-parade, or a court-martial, where my presence was required, has the trusty John ridden up to the hotel where I was staying, put up the steed, and waited my return at about four or five o'clock in the morning.

On one occasion I remember being startled at the door of Willis's Rooms, after an Almack's ball, by the appearance of Hargreaves mounted on my second charger, in earnest conversation with one of those useful members of fashionable society, a link boy. I guessed the cause. "Please, my Lord," said the bâtman, "Lieutenant Drake has been placed on the sick list, and you are in orders for a court-martial. I thought perhaps your Lordship might be late, so I took the liberty of riding the brown horse up. I have left the carpet bag with your boots, overalls, frock coat, and forage cap at the Bath Hotel: they told me there you had gone to Mr. Almack's ball in King street." This was an artful dodge of Hargreaves, delicately communicated to me. He knew full well, that if I rode into

the barrack yard at even an early hour, I might attract the attention of the commanding officer, and that if in uniform no remark would be made, while on the other hand a "seedy" looking youth in a plain suit would evidently suggest the idea of a trip to the metropolis, and a late ball.

But to return to the Tunbridge Wells performance. The "Rivals," with Dowton as *Sir Anthony*, in which he had no rival, and the "Mayor of Garratt," in which he acted *Major Sturgeon*, were given; and as there was a comic song and a character dance, *à la Vestris*, between the play and farce, the curtain did not drop until past eleven o'clock. The dance reminds me of a story told by Frederic Reynolds of Henry Harris, so long proprietor and manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who in describing Vestris as the "*Dieu de la danse*," added, "He has, however, a young and powerful rival in Duport, of whom the Parisians say, '*Vestris a fait naufrage en approchant du Port.*'"

After handing my friends into their carriage, and partaking of a slight supper at the Sussex Hotel, for the "good of the house," I got into my trap on one of the darkest mornings (for it was near one o'clock) I have ever been out in. We had thirty-six miles to drive through a very hilly country, and it was impossible at some places to

proceed without a pilot. Hargreaves had, however, providently supplied himself with a lanthorn, for we had no lamps, and when the foliage of the trees or the high banks rendered the road particularly dark, he led the way with light in hand. No wonder that it was nearly daylight, when we reached that tremendous hill between Tunbridge and Sevenoaks. My bâtman had got down with a view of lightening the load, and was walking close behind the stanhope, when all of a sudden I heard a shrill whistle, which was replied to at evidently no great distance. I had often heard the thieves whistle at Tothill Fields fair, when a boy at Westminster, and the idea at once flashed across my mind, that two at least of the Macheath class were on the look-out for travellers. In the grey light that now appeared, I fancied I saw a man leaning against a venerable elm tree, armed with some weapon, which might be a gun or a hedge-stake. My object was, if possible, to gain the summit of the hill, for I felt that if I stopped to take in my companion, it would give the man time to be joined by his whistling ally. Without altering my position, I began to "gee up," "gee ho," in a manner that I wished to convey came from a "clodhopper" to a tired horse, and said, in a low tone, to Hargreaves, "There's a scoundrel on the look-out: can you get

in without my stopping, and we'll have a gallop for it." "All right, my Lord," responded the man, and stealthily approached the step: he was by my side in less time than I can take to describe it. "Hold fast," I said, and applying my whip, we dashed off at an awful pace down the hill, just as the man I had seen (with another who had joined him from the other side) made a rush at the bridle. Failing in his attempt, he fell, and was nearly run over; nor was this all, for my servant, upon whose side he was, leaning out of the vehicle, gave him a tremendous blow over his head with a large stick which he had picked up on the road, and had used as an Alpenstock. "I think we could master them," said my gallant bâtman, "he's as good as a dead one, and the other don't look much of a man;" but acting upon the principle that "discretion is the best part of valour," I declined the contest.

Upon reaching Lullingstone, where I had left my horse, I found that by way of swelling the bill, he had lost a shoe, and must remain to be shod the moment the blacksmith could be got at; so I left Hargreaves to ride him quietly up to London, and proceeded at a slow pace with the other, reaching the Regent's Park Barracks long before I was wanted for duty at the Horse Guards. In justice to my truly gallant commanding officer, the late Sir Robert

Hill, I must explain that during the riots in London he had told his officers, that as the orderly officer might be called upon at a moment's notice to assist the civil authorities, they ought not to exchange that duty without the especial sanction of the commanding officer. When the town resumed its tranquillity, the subalterns got back to their former practice, which had continued for some time before it fell to my lot to be found out. Not a very long time before Sir Robert's death, I met him at the hospitable board of an old Blue, the late Colonel Powell, and after dinner, he alluded in the most friendly manner to the event I have recorded, adding so flattering an eulogium that I should blush to repeat it.

My second adventure with a robber took place in what is now Albany Street, Regent's Park. The barracks there had only recently been built, and, with the exception of a small public-house called the "Artichoke," there was not a single building between the New Road and the barracks. The way was next to impassable on foot (reminding one of the board stuck up at an equally bad one near Malvern—

> "This road is impassable,
> Not even jackass-able"),

and the usual way to the barracks was through the

park, and across some palings. I had been to a ball in London, and was returning home just at daylight, when, as I reached the open fields, now completely built over, I observed a man of no very prepossessing appearance watching my steps, and evidently looking about to see if any one else was near. No sooner had he ascertained that the coast was clear, than he rushed forward, and, assuming drunkenness, knocked off my cocked hat—the gibus of that period. Thinking that his object was to push me over when stooping for my hat, I averted this danger by starting off at a regular Deerfoot pace, which my costume, silk stockings and shoes, enabled me to do. My friend pursued; but I was young and active, and though not what is termed drunk and incapable, he had certainly imbibed some liquor, which proved an impediment to his speed. Still the chase was anything but agreeable; for I knew that if he got within arms' length, the weight of a cudgel which he carried with him would alight on my devoted head.

The state of the road was awful, so sticky with clay and dust that I soon found myself shoeless. What the result of the race for life, or at least a broken head, would have been, I know not. At one time he had gained upon me, at another had lost his ground; but luckily I saw one of the men of my regiment

vaulting over the palings between the park and the road. "Cooper," I exclaimed—for he happened to belong to my troop—"come to my aid; here's a rascal following me for the purpose of robbery." In a second the tables were turned, and we captured the man, who, with all the adroitness of a London thief, declared that he had merely run after me to restore my hat. "Give it back," said the soldier, grasping him tightly by the throat, and nearly strangling him; adding, "Shall I take him to the guard room?" "Let the fellow go," I replied, feeling that all I might be able to substantiate would be a charge of assaulting and bonneting me; and not wishing to appear in the newspapers, or be bound over to prosecute at the sessions, I was glad to be released from his company. "You deserve a good ducking," said Cooper, a fine powerful young fellow, and one of the smartest men in the regiment; and suiting the action to the word, he took him up by the waistband, and dropped him into a wet and muddy pool, left by the excavators, who were digging foundations for future residences. I then retraced my steps, picked up my missing shoes, and, giving my preserver half-a-crown to drink the health of his captain and the D troop to which I belonged, proceeded to the barrack. The corporal of the guard and the sentry looked not a little surprised at

my appearance. My "unmentionables," which were of buff web, were completely splashed and spotted with dirt; my white silk stockings looked like those worn by a May-day sweep; and my figured satin waistcoat would not have realised five shillings from an old-clothes man.

I have referred to the purchase of Canova from Richard Walker, and to his being lamed at Tunbridge Wells; no sooner had he reached the Regent's Park Barracks, than the veterinary surgeon of my regiment told me that he had not only been pricked in shoeing, but was lame in other respects, and that the disease under which he laboured was of such long standing, that no one was justified in warranting him sound. No sooner had I received this opinion than I wrote to Mr. Walker, requesting the return of my money. His reply was, that to the best of his belief the horse was sound when he left Mitchel Grove, but that if I liked to exchange him for any horse he had, I was at liberty to do so. Acting upon the principle that the burnt child dreads the fire, and not liking to take the responsibility upon myself of selecting an animal which might be merely the transition from the frying-pan, I again consulted Villiers, urging him to accompany me to Mitchel Grove, and to select the best horse he could in lieu of the son of Rubens and Diana. Sir

Robert Hill having returned to London unexpectedly on business, I laid my horse case before him, and he most good-humouredly rescinded his order, and I was no longer what the Guardsmen call "billed up in barracks."

As soon as Villiers and myself had our application for eight-and-forty hours' leave of absence granted, we started off for Worthing, dined and slept there, and at an early hour the following morning proceeded to Walker's house. In the meantime Canova had been returned, and I had given my brother officer his instructions, which were to look attentively over every horse, not to say a word, but to point out to me the one he recommended. After I had introduced my companion, Walker took us to a large straw-yard in which there were at least eight or nine horses. "There," said he, "is a good lot; take any one you fancy."

Villiers lost not a moment in executing my commission; as he was a first-rate judge, I felt perfectly safe in his hands. "If I might advise," exclaimed our host, "I should recommend that brown horse; he's a wonderful good one across country, and would pick up many a hunter's stakes."

"His legs," I responded, "seem a little the worse for wear."

"Nothing wrong whatever, I assure you," re-

joined the then owner of Mitchel Grove. "He's as sound as a bell."

"So was Canova reported to be," thought I to myself. After more than an hour's inspection, Villiers took the opportunity of Walker's back being turned, to point out a bay thorough-bred mare. I understood the sign, and said, "I understand I may select any one of this lot." "Oh, certainly," replied Walker. "Then," I continued, "I'll take the bay mare." "What, Cleophe, by Alexander the Great? Well, you have a good eye for a clever horse, but I should be doing you if I did not mention that she's been run off her legs. I should not like to warrant her."

I looked at Villiers, and saw by his look that all was right; but to make assurance doubly sure, I said, "Just feel her legs, and tell me what you think?" Villiers, who had done this previously, looked at her again, frightened her into a trot, by knocking his hat, and quietly remarked, "You must risk her lameness." The groom was then appealed to, who, by a species of freemasonry well known to the class to which he belonged, confirmed his master's opinion, declaring that were the mare's legs sound, she would be worth three hundred guineas, and adding that he scorned to tell a lie, and must therefore say the animal "worn't all right."

"Wilful man must have his way," interrupted I, "the mare's mine, and, Hargreaves," addressing my bâtman, who had taken Canova home, "you may as well put the saddle and bridle on the bay mare, and take her as far as Worthing. You will find excellent stabling at the Steine Hotel, where the Captain and I shall dine and sleep."

"I was in hopes you would have dined with me," said Walker, evidently most anxious to over-persuade me to take the brown horse; but as we were to return to London by the early coach next morning, we made our excuses. The result is easily told; I became the owner of a handsome thorough-bred mare, perfectly sound, and as neat a park hack as ever I saw. She won a race got up among the officers of my regiment at Windsor the following year, and after three years' riding I sold her to my friend the late Sir George B. Pechell for a larger sum than I had paid for Canova.

A few months before I sold out of the Blues, an event occurred at the Regent's Park Barracks which was nearly attended with very unpleasant results. One morning, after a field day at Wormwood Scrubs, just as we were all going to sit down to a sort of breakfast and lunch combined, the mess-waiter informed me that a gentleman with three or four odd-looking men, something like wild Indians, wanted to

see me. I was wondering who it could be, when Higgins, the most polite of waiters, enlightened me by saying, "Please, my Lord, I heard the gentleman say that the natives who accompanied him were from some village near Quebec in Canada."

"Lorrette," I replied.

"Yes, please you, my Lord, Lorrette; and they are come over to petition the king to restore them some land."

"Have your friends shown into the mess-room," said a gallant brother in arms. "By all means," responded two or three others.

So the order was given, and the interpreter with three wild-looking men, not at all improved by their half-Canadian and half-European costume, were ushered in. One of them came forward, and taking a pocket-book out of his belt, presented it to me; upon opening it I found my own name, written by myself, with the date, Quebec, January, 1819. It was then explained to me that, when purchasing some fancy mocassins, at the Indian village of Lorrette, I had given the book in question to the man now before me. I expressed my satisfaction, and ordering some luncheon for the "darkie" guests, we all commenced operations. It was proposed to take the foreign visitors to the riding-school, and show them some of the horses. To this

they gladly acceded, and as we were anxious to pay them every attention in our power, I gave my particular friend an old regulation dress sword, which had lately been exchanged for a new pattern. This gift was followed by two of my brother officers, and the three Indians were soon armed with splendid brass scabbard swords. Their delight was immense, and, added to the liquor they had imbibed, produced such an effect, that, like so many Tam O'Shanters, they—

"were glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

Thus armed, they crossed the barrack-yard, and, with swords drawn, cut and slashed away at the air until they reached the doors of the riding-house. There they were met by the worthy instructor of equitation to the regiment, the popular and kind-hearted Lieutenant Brunt, who seemed not a little surprised at their eccentric demeanour. "Lovely morning, gentlemen," said he; "I've got some of the recruits and young horses for your inspection, as the others have all been out at the field day." After some little difficulty on the part of the Indians (who, as Brunt remarked, seemed unfit for duty), we entered the gallery, and were paying every attention to the horses, when who should rush in, with a face as long and woe-begone as that of Don Quixote, but Higgins the waiter. "Oh; my Lord!

Mr. Bell is in such a state. Please, my Lord, we don't suspect your friends; but, my Lord, such a thing has happened; oh dear!"

"Why, what can have happened?" I exclaimed. "Is the officers' house on fire?"

"Please, my Lord, no, not fire, worse than fire, robbery!"

"Robbery!" I echoed.

"Yes, my Lord; on counting up the plate, Bell finds half a dozen silver forks and four spoons missing."

"Really!" I answered.

"Yes, my Lord, and not a soul has been in the room except the officers and your Lordship's friends."

Knowing that many of the Indians did not respect the *meum* and *tuum* principle, my suspicions were aroused, and, calling the interpreter aside, I laid them before him.

"We must act warily," responded he, "for in their present state of excitement violent measures might lead to more mischief."

Our first object was to disarm them quietly, which we did without their knowledge, while they were intent upon the long-tailed blacks. Having accomplished this, their guide addressed them a few words in their own language, and, after sundry angry

gesticulations, they produced the missing plate out of their sleeves, their neckcloths, and their boots. In the meantime we had ordered the armourer to pack up the swords in a piece of green baize, and to send them to the residence of the Indians, who departed rather crest-fallen, much to my delight and greatly to the relief of poor Higgins. Brunt drew himself up erect, and did not condescend to reply to the eulogiums of the interpreter, and the words of approbation of his black gang; all the worthy riding-master was heard to mutter was—"A drum-head court martial—a hundred lashes—but no, I should be ashamed to see our farriers employed in flogging such niggers."

A party of Indians had appeared before this in England.

In June, 1818, the following native American Indian warriors were introduced in a ballet at the Theatre Royal, English Opera House:—

'Senungogis, the Chief (Long Horns); Ne-gui-cet-twassane (Little Bear); Ue-tau-goh (Black Squirrel); Se-guos-ken-ace (I like her); Sta-cute (Steep Rock); Ne-gun-ne-an-goh (Beaver); Te-ki-cue-doga (Two Guns).

They afterwards appeared in "La Perouse," a grand historical ballet drama, in which T. P. Cooke acted the hero, and in the revived comic opera of

"The Americans," in which Mrs. Kemble and Harley had parts. The Indians were also introduced in a piece called "The Death of Captain Cook," in which *Captain Cook* was acted by T. P. Cooke. These "dark" stars acted sixty-six nights. On a later occasion an Indian visit was associated with a domestic tragedy, as recorded in the following extract from a newspaper:—

"In 1835, a party of the Michigan tribe, under their chief, Muk Coonee, or Little Boar, came over to negotiate the sale of certain lands, and it was arranged that they should be presented to King William the Fourth. Unfortunately, the chief's squaw, Diving Mouse, aged twenty-six, died at their lodgings in Waterloo Road, and the royal visit was abandoned. The funeral of the young Indian took place at St. John's, Waterloo Road, the clergyman performing the service in English. Shaw Whash (Big Sword) pronounced an oration over the grave; and the great grief of the poor chief, who was terribly cut up by the death of his favourite, was considerably increased by the fear that the honoured remains of her he loved so well would be disturbed. A promise on the part of the minister of the church that such would not be the case, in some slight degree lessened his heart-withering affliction."

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY FAUNTLEROY—A DINNER AT GEE'S FARM—THEODORE HOOK, INGOLDSBY, STEPHEN PRICE, RICHARD JONES, SIR ANDREW BARNARD—TURTLE SOUP—CANNON AND THE PRINCE—STORY OF A MILITARY JEREMY DIDDLER—LORD FITZHARDINGE AND THE DEAD DUTCH OFFICER—EXTEMPORE SONG—GOD PROSPER O'CONNELL—SYDNEY SMITH'S COUSINS—AN EPIGRAM OF LUTTRELL'S — SIR MATTHEW LOPEZ — CANNON'S BARCAROLE — DINNER AT HOOK'S—SIR ROBERT PEEL'S SCRAPE—PROFESSOR MILLINGTON'S CURE FOR A SMOKY CHIMNEY—EEL-PIE ISLAND —ROBIN HOOD—BURLESQUE (AS NOW) IN THE ASCENDENCY— AN ADVENTURE WITH THEODORE HOOK — "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

CHAPTER VI.

In the year 1824 I was acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Rouse, who was connected with an insurance office in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, and I was an occasional visitor at his house, where I met some most agreeable and intellectual people. Among others with whom Mr. Rouse was on friendly terms of business was Henry Fauntleroy, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law for forgery, on the 30th of November of the same year. The trial of this celebrated banker had created a great sensation in London, where he had been conspicuous as what is termed "a swell about town." I had heard of his dinner parties in Berners Street, of his "turn-out" in the park, and of those extravagances which led to the commission of the crime for which he was tried and convicted, and I felt a curiosity—a morbid one, I own—to see him. One morning, towards the end of the suicidal month,

business took me into the City, and I called upon my friend Rouse, whom I found in the passage, hat in hand.

"Pray walk in," said he. "I have an appointment at three o'clock, but I shall be back in less than half-an-hour."

"I will call some other day," I replied. "I know you are a man of business, and I should be sorry to interfere with any arrangement you have made."

"The fact is," he continued, "Fauntleroy, who is now under sentence of death, has expressed a wish to see me, and I am on my way to the Old Bailey."

"I will walk part of the way with you," I replied, anxious to hear some particulars of the private character of this ill-fated criminal. In this wish I was gratified. But there was little novelty in the career of Fauntleroy; it was the old story of dissipation, extravagance, and profligacy. He waa a George Barnwell without the murder, or a Macheath not addicted to highway robbery; and, in the words of the "Beggar's Opera," "women and drink had been the ruin of him." As I was about to leave my companion at the corner of that street, so famed in the annals of crime, he said,—

"Perhaps you would like to see the wretched man; if so, this order will admit us."

I readily accepted. After entering the prison, and passing through several dark passages, we reached the cell in which the prisoner was confined, under the charge of two warders. Not wishing to obtrude myself upon one whose hours were numbered, I remained just inside the door, while Rouse went up and shook hands with him. Fauntleroy, who observed me, quietly remarked,—

"A friend of yours? Perhaps he would like to come nearer the fire."

I advanced, held out my hand, remarking that I did not wish to interfere with any conversation he might be anxious to have with my companion.

"Oh, we have nothing of a private nature," he replied. "I merely felt desirous to take leave of a kind and true friend."

Here his voice faltered a little; but he soon recovered his composure, and talked upon indifferent subjects. Indeed, any one who had listened would have imagined we were paying a visit to the affluent banker in Berners Street, and not to the criminal in the condemned cell at Newgate. After a time, Rouse rose to depart, and I moved towards the door to make a few remarks to the gaoler, thus giving my companion an opportunity of taking a

last leave of his former acquaintance. But this delicacy upon my part was unheeded. Fauntleroy got up from his seat, wished me good morning in the most polite manner, then turning to Rouse said, with warmth of feeling,—

"A thousand thanks for your visit. God bless you."

In less than eight-and-forty hours the object of our visit had expiated his crime upon the scaffold. It was said at the time, and generally believed, that a friend, or the agent of a friend, had called upon Fauntleroy in prison, with a view of pointing out a method of escape; but as it entailed a heavy fall from some great height, which might have been attended with fatal consequences, the prisoner declined availing himself of the proffered assistance. If the above story was true, it is a marvel Fauntleroy did not run every risk, even that of his life, to save himself from an ignominious death; and as plenty of money was supposed to be forthcoming, the plan arranged might have been one of no danger. For the ends of justice, however, it was better that the sentence should be executed. Many people had an idea at the time—an idea which has unfortunately been strengthened by a recent case—that money will save a criminal; and the escape of Fauntleroy might have had the same effect on the vulgar as the reprieve of Townley.

A story is told of Fauntleroy's last moments

which does not redound to the credit of all his friends. Among the delicacies he was in the habit of giving at his table was some remarkably fine Lunel, imported by himself, and kept to himself so far that he would never put any of his friends on the scent of it. The day before his execution some of his oldest friends came to take leave of him, and one outstayed the rest. "Fauntleroy," said this last visitor, with due solemnity, "we have tried all means to save you, we have done everything in our power, but all is in vain, and we have only to take leave of you for ever. Consider the position in which you stand. The dread veil of life is about to be withdrawn. You are on the brink of that chasm which separates time from eternity. If there is anything you leave unsaid in this world you will have no chance of saying it then. Is there nothing more you have to say to us? Do you not think you owe us some return for our exertions? It will soon be too late. Tell us where you get that Lunel." But Fauntleroy was resolute. He died and made no sign.

I should have been very glad of some of it, though I should never have inquired for it of a dying man, at a dinner I gave at Gee's Farm, a small suburban villa I had rented near Cricklewood, on the Edgware Road. The party consisted of the Rev. Edward Cannon, Rev. R. Barham, author of

the "Ingoldsby Legends," Theodore Hook, Stephen Price, then lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and Richard Jones, of the rival house, who had accidentally dropped in during the afternoon, and, last not least, my highly-valued friend the gallant Andrew Barnard, of the old 95th Regiment, now Rifle Brigade. I was most anxious to give as good a dinner as I could possibly manage with a limited establishment, and I told my cook that I should spare her as much trouble as I could, by procuring turtle soup from Lynn's, at Liverpool, which would only require heating, cold lamb, ham, lobsters, and a *terrine de foie gras*. Her duties were to be confined to boiling a turbot, roasting a haunch of venison, for I had adopted a suggestion of Mr. Walker's in the original, and had "jobbed" an aitch-bone of beef from a celebrated shop near Leicester Square, for which I was to be charged according to the quantity eaten, and the joint itself was to be returned the following day. A man from the establishment was to attend to its heating. The Dean of Patcham, as Hook called Cannon, had attended to the wine department, the champagne was well iced under his superintendence, and some excellent punch concocted by him.

Before dinner was served, I myself went into the kitchen, and asked Mrs. Smithson, whether she had attended to my orders, and had placed the contents of

one brown jar, the turtle, into the saucepan, and had directed the other, the *terrine de foie gras*, to be sent in with the second course. "All right, my Lord," said my Meg Dodds. "I have paid every attention to your Lordship's orders, and I think even the Reverend Mr. Cannon will not complain to-day, as he did last week, of the grilled fowl he had for supper after the play. He declared it was so hot with pepper, that it was a sort of first lesson in fire eating, but I assure you, my Lord—" How long the cook would have kept on vindicating her character I know not, but I put an end to the conversation by assuring her that my friend had retracted, and had ascertained that he had considerably increased the heat of the fowl by adding essence of cayenne, instead of Harvey's sauce. This restored Mrs. Smithson to her usual equanimity, and I left the kitchen to attend to my guests. Dinner was shortly afterwards announced, and by way of badinage, I apologised to the Dean for the absence of his favourite soup, some mistake having occurred in the delivery of it.

"I'm not very particular," said Cannon, "especially as I hear you have a wonderful fine haunch of venison, one that comes up to that described by Goldsmith."

"A little spring soup," said I, as the cover of the tureen was removed, and I began stirring up what

I considered to be the green fat. A plate was already filled, when to my horror I saw a greasy surface floating about.

"What can it be?" I exclaimed.

"Some slight mistake," said Barham. "Why it looks like truffle soup."

"Truffle soup!" I echoed, and quitting my chair rushed into the kitchen. "What have you done?" I asked.

"All right, my Lord, I put the contents of that jar into hot water, and added two glasses of madeira."

"It's the wrong one," I replied, as I saw *terrine de foie gras* on the paper label. "Never mind—mistakes will happen in the best-regulated families. Tha[redacted] the soup—get that ready—put back the turbot, a[redacted] all will be well." Happily all was well, the tur[redacted] after a short pause appeared, the cook sent a m[redacted] humble apology, I helped my hungry guests, ga[redacted] Cannon an extra aldermanic allowance of green f[redacted] to conciliate him, filled a tumbler of punch for Hool[redacted] which inspired him with the first pun of the eve[redacted] ing. "Never mind," said he, as I was deplorin[redacted] the ruinous effect that the absence of turtle woul[redacted] produce on the feast, "we do not judge of th[redacted] dinner by the test-u-do (test you do)." Would tha[redacted] I could remember one-twentieth part of the goo[redacted] things that were said on that evening.

Every one was anxious to please Sir Andrew Barnard, whose brilliant character as a soldier was well known. The Dean had an additional motive, which was to attempt through the gallant rifleman to get back into the good graces of George IV., Sir Andrew having a situation about court, which brought him into constant proximity with the monarch. Cannon had in his early days been upon most intimate terms with the fourth George, when Prince Regent, and although the cessation of that intimacy was attributed to caprice upon the part of the Prince, that was really not the case. The fact is, the Dean was made so much of at that time, both by young and old of either sex, that he became spoilt, and showed some little outbursts of temper, which led him to indulge in satirical remarks, not palatable to royal ears. Cannon was very fond of showing off his vocal powers in an old English ballad, describing the adventures of one Bishop of Hereford, and if not called upon on every occasion to sing that ballad, he got fidgety and cross. "Accompany me, Cannon," said his royal patron, "in that beautiful air of Storace's; it suits my voice admirably." The Dean obeyed, but it seemed to go against the grain, for instead of assisting the singer, he rather threw difficulties in his way. "Piano, piano, your Royal Highness," said he in a petulant tone; then stamp-

ing his foot indicated that the time was not correctly kept. The Prince was patient, went through the song most creditably for an amateur, was applauded by the satellites who shined under the rays of the "Rising Sun," a term then much in vogue—when, elated with his success, he turned round to his clerical pianist, and said, "Eh—eh—eh—dammy," an oath often uppermost in the royal lips, "Cannon, did I not sing that well?" "Excuse me, your Royal Highness, but I never heard it so indifferently sung." The good breeding of the "first gentleman in the land" did not desert him, he was courteous but rather formal to his *protégé* during the remainder of the night, but never again invited him to the Pavilion. Indeed, Cannon never met the Prince afterwards.

In this instance the Prince had just cause to complain, for Cannon's remark was, to say the least, uncourteous. The satirical curl of the lip, the manner, the voice, and the look accompanying the cutting remark, would have galled many a man, even one who had not been spoiled by such constant adulation. But the Prince was famed for the friends he had deserted, as is shown by the subjoined epigram.

After an attempt on his life in 1817, addresses of congratulation were presented to him by many towns

throughout the United Kingdom. The city of Peeping Tom and Lady Godiva did not follow the example, and hence the following lines:—

> "Cities and towns t' address the Prince agree
> On his escape: why silent, Coventry?
> No duteous words from thee? no tribute paid
> To the great patron of the ribbon trade,
> Who to thy gracious walls, *for special ends*,
> Has sent so many of his *dearest friends*?"

This time, too, the Prince did not forget, and did forgive. Cannon in after life was worn down by ill health and poverty, and had taken refuge at Ryde, where, from his constant attendance on the pier, he was called the Pier Gun. When George IV. went to Ireland, Cannon was instrumental in getting up an address to him at Ryde; and shortly afterwards, in a moment of despair at the entire failure of his resources, he wrote to the king asking for some temporary assistance. By return of post a cheque for £100 was transmitted to the "dean" by the king's orders.

But I have digressed from my dinner.

Cannon was in the highest good-humour, Sir Andrew having invited all the party to dine with him upon the following day at the Albany. Hook was never more brilliant. The punch, which he drank in preference to wine throughout the dinner, elated his spirits considerably. Barham found great

comfort in a bottle of fine old bees'-wing port; Price in one of Madeira, which he declared must have gone so often to the East Indies and back that it had got tired of the voyage. Jones, who, albeit a most gentlemanly member of society, was no *farceur* off the stage, acted as audience, and proved himself as good a listener as he was an artist. Andrew Barnard told us anecdote after anecdote, and some excellent Irish stories among the number.

At one part of the dinner, when the ham was put on the table, Barham told an *apropos* story of Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger. What we should now term a very loud cockney swell was giving his evidence, and in answer to some question of Scarlett's, he replied very pompously, "I ham." The counsel put his glass to his eye, looked full at the witness, and remarked in a quiet tone, with a smile on his good-humoured countenance, "You are unquestionably the finest and best dressed *ham* I ever met with."

One of Sir Andrew Barnard's stories was about a military Jeremy Diddler, who had served in the Peninsular Campaign. One day Captain ——, of the —— regiment, rode over to a brother officer's quarters with a view, as he called it, of "cruising for a cutlet;" and upon reaching his destination was warmly welcomed, and invited to stay and dine, to

meet a small party of friends. It was during the winter months, when all warlike operations had been suspended, and when hospitality prevailed to a great degree. Unfortunately for Captain ——, he had got soaked to the skin, and was so covered with dirt and mud that he looked more like Sir Walter Blunt on his return from Holmedon—

"new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil,"

than an officer of Wellington's army. "You can dry your clothes, and have a wash in my room," said his friend. "We're not very particular at out-quarters, although the Beau expects every one to be properly dressed at head-quarters."

Captain —— gladly availed himself of the proposition, and made his way to his host's room, where, to his delight, he found a roaring fire. And here a temptation met him which few could have resisted. Upon a temporary clothes-horse were laid out a clean shirt, pair of socks and drawers, and a basket which looked as if it had recently come from the wash showed that his friend was not deficient in linen. What was to be done? To appropriate that which was airing before the fire was easy enough; but the difficulty was to prevent discovery. A happy, though not a high-principled, thought came across his mind. He doffed his wet

under garments, and donned those of his friend; then opening the door of the room which faced the north, whence a strong wind was blowing, he let the clothes-horse fall into the fire, with his wet linen. In justice to the gallant captain, we are bound to say that in a few days he returned the linen he had borrowed, with a letter of apology, saying the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and that he had willingly sacrificed his own linen to procure that luxury of all luxuries, a clean shirt.

Those who have never gone through a campaign in foreign lands are not aware of the shifts officers and men are put to for food, lodging, and clothing. Looting, though strictly forbidden in most cases, is still carried on, and to appropriate any article from the dead foe is a crime excused by the usages of war. I can quote a case in point, showing a distinction more than a difference. The present Lord Fitzhardinge, when a midshipman, was at the attack on Curaçoa; and seeing a guard chain protrude from the pocket of a dead Dutch officer, he possessed himself of a very handsome gold watch, which is still preserved by one of his sisters. A jolly jack-tar who witnessed the transaction approached another dead man, and changed shoes with him, observing, loud enough to be heard by the middy, and evidently meant as a "dig" at him, "Exchange is no robbery."

After Sir Andrew Barnard's story the cloth was removed, and Hook was called upon for an extemporary song. "What shall the subject be?" he asked. "The King of the Cannibal Islands," rejoined Cannon. "He's no subject; try another," said Hook. "That's an old joke, Hookems," exclaimed the dean. "Would Sir Andrew suggest a subject?" asked Barham, who was afraid that collusion would be suspected if any of Hook's friends provided the theme. Thus appealed to, the gallant officer gave the name of a young lady with whom he and I were acquainted, and whose name was Jane Cox. Hook, after remarking that he had once met her at Brighton, broke into the following song:—

"When straying alone on the shore,
A picking of weeds from the rocks,
I beheld (I ne'er saw her before)
The charming and pretty Miss Cox.

"I follow'd this grace to a door,
Where she gave to the rapper some knocks;
She enter'd; I dared do no more,
But learn that her name was Miss Cox.

"There is sugar that grows in the West;
There is rum in the ships in the docks;
But none of these equal at best
The sweetness and spirit of Cox.

"Oh, were she immured in a cave,
Confined by bars, fetters, and locks,
Every danger on earth would I brave,
To liberate pretty Miss Cox.

"I saw her once travelling the road,
Sitting placidly up on the box;
I envied the carriage its load,
And long'd to be sitting by Cox.

"I once saw her nursing a dog,
The whitest of all little *Shocks*.
I'd consent to be even a hog,
To be fondled and petted by Cox.

"Men who never unmoved can behold
Such a creature must surely be blocks.
The hearts of the old and the cold
Must be warm'd by the beauties of Cox.

"If I go by myself to the pier,
Which the billow insultingly mocks,
And see other females appear,
I cannot help thinking of Cox.

"'Pretty chickens' Macduff call'd his brood,
To which cruel Macbeth gave such shocks;
But I'm sure, were they never so good,
That none of his hens were like Cox.

"I'm wearing and wasting away;
And had I the strength of an ox,
To a shadow I soon should decay,
If frown'd on by charming Miss Cox.

"But she knows not my name nor my means,
If I'm poor, or have cash in the stocks.
She's hunted by lords and by deans,
And I shall be robb'd of my Cox.

"I'm shy, and I'm pale, and I'm thin,
And I wear fleecy hosiery socks,
Fleecy hosiery next to my skin,
Which perhaps might not please sweet Miss Cox.

"My hair is perhaps getting grey;
I'm pitted a bit with small pox;
My limbs, too, are wasting away;
But all may be cured by Miss Cox.

"If she's kind, I shall quickly get sound;
My hair will grow curly in locks;
No flannel about me be found,
If warm'd by the smile of Miss Cox.

"When I walk on the beach, and I see
Little children a playing in frocks,
I think what a thing it would be,
If I should get married to Cox.

"But though she is so coy and shy,
I fancy her sometimes a fox;
Yet, though beautiful girls can be sly,
Sure not such a beauty as Cox.

"There are lovers who say, yet wont do,
(The *nihil prœterea vox*);
But such is not *he* who would sue
For the lily-white hand of Miss Cox.

"When the moon is all bright in the sky,
What delight, under cover of *nox*,
Just to walk, and to talk, and to sigh,
With that charmer, the lovely Miss Cox!

"The young Roman virgin, when press'd,
Used to blush, and to whisper out, '*Mox*.'
How truly would *that* man be bless'd
Who could get such an answer from Cox!

"To church let me lead her, and there,
With a service the most orthodox,
Put an end to this teasing affair
By changing the name of Miss Cox."

Another instance of Hook's readiness with verse and puns was furnished immediately after. The Dean of Patcham, as Cannon was familiarly called from the village of that name, which was close to the Pavilion at Brighton, and which Hook had always said should be made into a deanery for

Cannon, asked—"Hookems, have you seen the Eccaleobion, or the place where breeding is made easy to the meanest capacity?"

"*Eg*static thought!" responded Theodore.

"But where is it?" we all inquired.

"Next to some book-shop," replied Cannon.

"Ah!" said Hook, "I understand—

> "The *Egg*-aleobion, where by heat, Dean of Patcham,
> By *chicken*-rie *foul*, birds by dozen they hatch 'em,
> Is next to a book shop, the address, never mind it,
> For, failing a-*t Egg's*, you at *Hatch-hard's** will find it."

Price followed suit with an Irish story. It appears that some English gentleman was visiting Dublin, when an Irish porter volunteered his services as guide. After pointing out the "illigant" Castle, the venerable Christ Church Cathedral, that of the patron saint, St. Patrick, the colossal statue of Nelson, the Blue Coat Hospital, the Four Courts, the Wellington Obelisk, the custom-house, and the Liffey, Paddy saw the letters G. P. O. over a building, which he looked at as if greatly puzzled. After a circuit of a mile or so, the same mysterious letters appeared. "I have it, yer honor," said the Emeralder—"it's 'God prosper O'Connell' twice over."

Barham related a *bon-mot* attributed to Sydney

* Tegg and Hatchard being two celebrated booksellers of the period.

Smith, which I believe has never appeared in print. In writing to a friend he said, "Unfortunately the house is full of cousins—would they were once removed." He also told us of a remark made by the late Lord Lyttelton after visiting, in company with the head-master, Dr. Wool, the room at Rugby in which corporal punishments were inflicted. "What motto would be appropriate?" asked the Dominie. "Great cry and little *wool*," responded the other, looking at the diminutive form of the doctor.*

So many head-masters have been made bishops, that there was singular appropriateness in Cannon's next story. Blomfield, the Bishop of London—the "farmer's boy," as Cannon nicknamed him from his patronymic—was an especial butt of the "Dean's;" but this time he came rather well out of the joke. It seems he had been preaching himself morning and afternoon, and was rather drowsy during a lengthy evening discourse from another divine. A companion seeing the bishop nodding, and fearing it was about to be succeeded by unepiscopal snoring, gave him an occasional nudge; and when the discourse was finished, the Bishop shook

* This story has appeared in a work called "The Book of Rugby School," part of which is from the pen of a son of Dr. Arnold, the successor of Dr. Wool; but I dare say my readers will be glad to have it here.

his neighbour warmly by the hand, and said, "One of the most awakening sermons I ever heard."

The story was followed by Luttrell's epigram:—

"On Erskine being made a Knight of St. Andrew.

"What heavy penalties men pay
When prudence they outrun,
Let Adam and Lord Erskine say,
Each by his taste undone.

"In equal scales if justice had 'em,
Small difference would be seen:
For a green apple fell poor Adam,
Tom for an Apple Green."

Barnard told us a good story of a former Sir Matthew Lopes, who resided at Mariston House, near Plymouth, and who, having been troubled with two kinds of visitors, warned both of them off by a board with the following notice:—"No dogs or sailors admitted." A wag belonging to the fleet, after reading this very offensive remark—albeit, as far as bull-dog courage goes, the comparison is no bad compliment—wrote in chalk these racy lines:—

"A fine park without deer,
A fine cellar without beer:
Sir Matthew Lopes lives here."

Shortly afterwards the "notice was withdrawn."

Cannon's good things were so much indebted for their point to his humorous way of saying them that I fear they rather suffer in the telling. But this is not the case with Hook's, which were equally

neat, whether uttered in extempore rhyme, or committed calmly to paper. As an instance of the latter kind, I will quote an epigram written in my album in Hook's well-known hand:—

"When Anacreon would fight, as the poets have said,
A reverse he displayed in his vapour;
For while all his poems are loaded with lead,
His pistols were loaded with paper.

"For excuses Anacreon old custom may thank—
The indulgence don't let him abuse—
For the cartridge, 'tis known, is always made blank,
That is fired away at Reviews.

"These lines were written by me when a duel between Thomas Moore, and Mr. Jeffrey, the Edinburgh reviewer, was stopped by the police. Upon that occasion some silly jokes were made about the mode of loading the pistols, which, however untrue, are good, since they gave rise to the above quibble.

"T. E. Hook,

his mark."

Still there was a strong vein of comic humour in everything Cannon said, and I must dwell on it the more as his sayings scarcely do him justice.

One that may rank as an exception to this rule, and which led Cannon and Hook to a keen encounter of wits, shall be told here. Some forty years ago an ancestor of the present Earl of Stair was assaulted by some half-crazed individual who tried to cane him. But the canny Scot defended himself gallantly, and the assailant was baulked. The affair was much discussed at the time, and particularly at an evening party at Hook's.

"What a fuss they make about it!" said Cannon; "after all, it is only Dibdin's song, 'Wapping Old Stairs' illustrated."

"Or," chimed in the host, "'Cain, a Mystery,' by Byron."

"Hookems," said the Dean, "you take the jokes out of my mouth."

"In return for the good things of mine you are putting in it," responded Theodore.

"I was going to say," continued Cannon, "that the assailant, when forcibly ejected from his lordship's presence, might have quoted the lines,—

> "Perhaps you were right to dissemble your love;
> But why did you kick me down—Stair?"

Cannon and I were most mercifully saved by Providence from being crushed by the fall of the iron roof of the New Brunswick Theatre, on the 28th of February, 1828. This theatre, which was erected on the site of the Old Royalty, had formed the topic of conversation between Cannon, Duruset, a young cornet of the Blues, and two others—one a celebrity of the day—and we made up a party to attend the opening. We were to drive to Wellclose Square in the middle of the day, inspect the new building, dine at the City of London Tavern, and be present before the drawing up of the curtain. In the meantime, I had written to secure a private box, and Cannon had arranged with the architect to show us over the

new building. The morning arrived; and, as my brother officer and myself were detained during the early part of it at the barracks, the scheme of looking over the theatre was abandoned, but we were still to dine and attend the performance. Just as we were about to leave the West End on our pilgrimage to the East, we heard of the dreadful catastrophe that had occurred. Fortunately it had taken place early in the day, when comparatively speaking few were in the building. As it was, eleven dead bodies were dug out of the ruins, and twenty-two were severely hurt, so that some of them afterwards died in the hospital from the injuries they had received. There was more than common interest excited at the anticipated opening of the new theatre, and as many places were secured, and a full house expected, it is awful to think of the calamities that might have ensued if the roof had fallen later. So shocked were we that we postponed the dinner to a future occasion, when we wound up the evening by a visit to the Surrey Theatre.

Cannon spent a good deal of time at my house when I was living at Gee's Farm. He was remarkably fond of dogs, and would pass hours with an Irish setter I had, trying to teach him as many tricks as the celebrated canine wonder Jocko. His great object was to get him to sit upright, with a short pipe in his mouth; and when Count Siton-

stern, as he called his favourite, accomplished that, he was well rewarded with liver and other luxuries. Some miscreants tried to rob the stables upon one occasion; and I should have probably been *minus* a valuable gig-horse and harness but for the fidelity of Glendalough, as I named him, whose barking awoke me. Arming myself with a brace of pistols, I took two flying shots at the scoundrels, as they, disturbed in their plans, ran across the fields. Fortunately for them, they were more than five-and-twenty paces off, or they might have received a bullet in a part of the body where it would have been equally uncomfortable and disgraceful.

To revenge this, they threw a piece of poisoned meat to the faithful guardian, and in the course of a few days he showed evident signs of madness. No sooner was this reported to me than, fearing another case of hydrophobia—for my father had died of that dreadful malady—I ordered the dog to be caught and destroyed. In vain did the gardener and a man employed about the farm attempt to drive him into an empty barn—for I had warned them against coming in contact with him—when I came to their aid armed with the same pistols I had used on the occasion alluded to. Glendalough ran away the moment he saw me, as if conscious I was about to do him harm. I called him by his name, in the same

friendly tone he had been accustomed to hear and obey, when all of a sudden he stopped and laid down, playfully waiting my approach. I knew full well that if I did not coax him he would probably escape down the road, and do fatal mischief to any children or grown-up people that might be on the public common at the end of it; so, acting a treacherous part, and one which I own I felt ashamed of, I still continued to call him by his familiar title, "Glenny," until I got within a few yards of him, then levelling the fatal tubes, there was a howl, and all was over. Upon a *post-mortem* examination, it was found that he had swallowed arsenic enough to have killed nearly all the dogs in the parish. When Cannon heard of the catastrophe, at breakfast, he cried as if he had lost a near and dear relation. Glendalough was buried in the garden.

Time circled on, when one morning my landlord came to me, and protested against the damage that had been done to the only umbrageous tree on the premises, by my friend the "Dean." I promised to put an end to such proceedings, and was not a little "ryled" with Cannon for his breach of contract. He had promised not to interfere again with the property, as he had often done, in lopping off branches that impeded his view, or breaking down palings that prevented a free egress from the garden.

into the fields. "Where is Mr. Cannon?" I asked, in no very good humour. "He's still at the beech tree," responded my landlord. I ran towards the spot, and as I approached it I heard unmistakable signs that he was not attending to the polite request contained in the popular ballad, "Woodman, spare that tree;" for, saw in hand, he was at work on one of the branches. "What are you about?" said I, in an angry tone. "More mischief. You've broken your word; and I shall have no end of money to pay for damages." Cannon looked at me in the most placid manner, gave me one of his most winning smiles, and, accompanied by the rasping saw, sang forth, in a voice full of pathos and harmony, a parody on Moore's exquisite Irish melody:—

"I *saw* from the *beech*, now the morning is shining,
This *bark* on its branches cling gloriously on;
If you come when the sun o'er this *beech* is declining,
The *bark* won't be there, and the branch will be gone."

There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in his manner, so pathetic in his appeal, that I burst out laughing, and then quietly asked him his object in thus docking my trees of their fair proportions. "I'm not a bad *feller*, after all," said he. "I wish to put up a rude memento over the spot where Glendalough is buried. I was nearly stranded on the *beach*." Then bursting forth, with genuine feeling,

into the same air he had been singing, he added:—

"Ne'er tell me of glories of the huntsman's deep halloo,
Of Boatswain the faithful, of Gelert's renown;
Give me back, give me back the wild tones of Glendalough;
How lone is this *beach*, now that *bark* has gone down!"

"There's a pretty *bark*arole for you," continued Cannon; "regular *dog*grel lines. But I know you will forgive me, if I have not 'spared that tree.' I know, before I sawed off a limb, I ought to have *axed* your *leaf*." Who could resist such a clever appeal?—I could not; and, for the thousandth time, I forgave the Dean for the liberty he had taken with my property.

So far from tempting others to emulate the brilliancy that proceeded so spontaneously from them, the presence of such veteran punsters as Hook and Cannon was calculated to reduce the rest to shyness and silence. I must, however, in spite of Colman's line, "On their own merits modest men are dumb," give myself credit for one joke I made at a dinner given by Hook. I had been a silent listener during the early part of the dinner, and great was the surprise of the company on my hazarding a pun, and then subsiding into silence. But, perhaps, it is better to quote another person's account. I take it from the "Life and Reminiscences of T. E. Hook," by the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, B.A.,

son of the author of "Ingoldsby:"—"May 5, 1829, dined at Hook's. Lord William Lennox, Mathews, Yates, Cannon, Allan Cunningham, Professor Millington, Horace Twiss present; Sir Andrew Barnard being engaged with the King, and Charles Kemble ill. Hook had hung black crape over Peel's picture, which was on one side of the room, and Horace Twiss, being Under Secretary of State, thought it incumbent on him to remove it. He found the piece of mourning more strongly fastened than he had anticipated, which induced Lord William Lennox, on seeing him bungling at it, to say, 'Ah, it's of no use; you will never be able to get him out of his s-*crape!*'"

Professor Millington, who was one of the company on this occasion, told me a good story of George the Fourth. The chimney of a favourite room which the Regent occupied at Carlton House was constantly smoking, so much so that its royal denizen was nearly smothered. Millington was consulted on the subject, and recommended a very simple remedy, namely, to affix a half-blown bladder, by a wire, in the upper part of the chimney, so as to be moved about by the current of air, and thus enable the smoke to escape. For some weeks it answered perfectly, and the Regent was loud in praise of the scientific acquirements of the Professor. One unfor-

tunate morning the Prince was "chewing the cud of sweet or bitter fancy," his well-formed legs resting on the highly-polished grate, when all of a sudden something like a black imp came darting down the chimney, enveloped in soot, and filling the room with that black and unsavoury compound. The grimy Ariel bounded up and down the room, covering the illustrious individual from top to toe. The bell was hastily rung, a faithful valet answered it, and the evil spirit, which had suddenly lost its energies, was found crouching under a gilded table. On being carefully extracted from its retreat it proved to be the Professor's bladder.

Hook's villa, where he retired in the summer, stood just below Putney Bridge, and many a pleasant excursion up the river began from the bottom of his garden. London does not form bad head-quarters for the followers of Isaac Walton. Henley, Oxford, Newbury, Esher, Basingstoke, Cobham, Weybridge, Shepperton Pool, and a variety of other places equally renowned for piscatorial pursuits, are now easily attainable by rail; not to forget the suburban spots—Brentford, Isleworth, Twickenham, Teddington, Richmond, Lea Bridge, Eel Pie Island, or Battersea Reach. Since the introduction of rail and steam the lover of the "gentle crafte" can have a day's recreation by the side of the winding Isis,

lunch at that seat of learning, Oxford, and be back for a late dinner in London. Basingstoke, too, furnishes a capital morning's sport, and a guide may be found at the railway station, who, for a small consideration, will conduct the fisherman to the most approved streams. Shepperton Pool and Walton Deeps are, perhaps, the best places in the "fruitful Thames" for the angler, who, if expert, may have his labour rewarded by a good basket of perch or trout. To those who merely wish to idle away a few hours, or enjoy the fresh breeze from the Thames in a punt, and are satisfied with the not very exhilarating sport of line fishing for dace, roach, and gudgeons, we strongly recommend Richmond; it was a favourite spot of Cannon's, and I enjoyed many a delightful day there with him, Theodore Hook, Barham, Edmund Kean, Beazley, and other chosen spirits. One day among many is especially memorable to me, and I cannot refrain from laying it before my readers. The above party, with the exception of the great tragedian, had agreed to dine at Twickenham, Cannon being, as he irreverently termed it, *eel-pious*-ly inclined. Dinner was ordered in an arbour at the celebrated Eel Pie Island, and at six o'clock on a bright summer's evening, we were ferried across the water.

"What fish have you, waiter?" was the Dean's first question.

"*Soles* and *Heels*," responded the attendant.

"Can't dine off shoe leather," he responded. "Is the sherry cobbler well iced?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Are the straw tubes clean?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Hookems," continued Cannon, "Dryden must have had a prescient idea of this American drink, for he remarks—'Straws may be made the instruments of happiness.'"

After dinner, when the mist from the river had risen, which caused Cannon to quote the conceit of Lord Chesterfield's,—

> "The dews of the evening most carefully shun;
> They're the tears of the sky for the loss of the sun,"

we returned into the hotel to finish our punch.

Hook was in wonderful high spirits, and indeed such was the case with the whole party. "We must have the 'Bishop of Hereford,' Deanums," said Theodore, after delighting us with an extemporaneous song. "It's my call, and you sang it better than Incledon ever did." Cannon responded to the call, and chirrupped forth the Robin Hood ballad. "What say you to an extempore play?" said Beazley. "Excellent idea," responded Barham. "What shall be the subject?" "Robin Hood," responded Hook. "I'll cast it;" and taking out a pencil, he wrote as follows:—

"*Friar Tuck*, the Dean of Patcham; *Little John*, Sam Beazley, Esq., architect: the modern *Wren*—not an inappropriate friend to *Robin*—though it is to be hoped in his buildings he won't be *robbing* this Wren; *Robin Hood*, the Rev. R. Barham; *Will Scarlet*, Lord William Lennox, who, being a "Blue" (a Royal Horse-Guard one), is, strange to say, deeper *read* than the original; outlaws, foresters, &c., by T. E. Hook."

"Hook must have a more prominent character," exclaimed all, and as Beazley modestly declined acting, his part was transferred to the great improvisatore. "First music on," said Hook, humming the usual symphony that in country theatres precedes the drawing of the curtain. "All for the first scene," he continued. "We must invent the plot and words as we proceed." The actors stood in their places, when Theodore, imitating the sound of a bell with a key against his tumbler of punch, commenced the performance to what the players would term a shocking bad house, as it consisted only of two waiters, the man cook, a house and scullery maid, who had placed themselves behind a door which they purposely left partially open. I do not vouch for an exact reproduction of the words as they were spoken, for I have but few notes to refer to; where my memory failed, I have filled

them up to the best of my ability, leaving the spirit, if not the letter, of a style of drama that has lately become so popular.

Curtain rises, and discovers ROBIN HOOD.

Scene—Sherwood Forest.

Robin Hood. (*Parody on Bertram's speech in Rokeby.*)

An idle outcast for some time I stray'd,
More fit for pillage than for lawful trade,
Deem'd, like the steel of lance quite rusted,
Useless and dangerous, never to be trusted.
The women fear'd to meet my hardy look;
At my approach the peaceful peasant shook;
The merchant saw my glance of fire and flame,
And lock'd his hoards when outlaw'd Robin came.

SONG.

I.

The antler'd monarch is my theme,
  Whate'er the wise may say,
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
  My *deer*-est hope through day.
Youth's *buck*-some spirits, manhood's fire,
  Strong arm, and eagle eye,
Must he possess who *doe's* aspire
  To see the wild stag die.

Chorus.

Then sound the *horn*, the merry *horn*,
  And fill your *horns* with ale.
Here's to the jovial hunting morn,
  Whether in wood or vale.

II.

We *fawn* not to the king or peer;
  We covet not their wealth.
With bow and arrow, and the spear,
  We seek aloné for health.

Chorus.

Then sound the horn.

[*A horn is heard at the distance.*

Robin Hood. Hear you yon sound? it tells us of some traffic.
Will Scarlet. I'll be a *Scarlet runner.* Your song's a *lie-tho'-graphic.*

[*Will Scarlet runs off.*

Robin Hood. Still in our sylvan bower, we may enjoy
That best *bower anchor* hope, without alloy.

Enter FRIAR TUCK.

To judge of looks, which generally are right,
Our jovial friar is no *anchor*-ite;
And, what with draughts of ale and good Oporto,
He makes a *pint* (point), I mean "imperial *quarto*."*
If we've no palaces, mansions, squares, what then?
We've many rural dwellings snugly built by *Wren.*
Here, in our *green* retreat, we find no *dun*-ners,
With *short* accounts, *long* faces, bailiff runners.
Unlike yon town, where folks go *county court*-ing,
We *court* the *long bills* when we're out a sporting.
No clamorous cry we have for ready payment
For lodging, liquor, victuals, hats, and raiment.
There tailors take strong *measures*, legal *suits*,
And bailiffs hunt poor debtors down like brutes;
And to the market should you daily ramble,
You'll find the butcher's small account no *sham bill* (shamble).
Friar Tuck. The baker, too, quite under-*bread*, is *crusty;*
The *iron*-monger *iron*-ically is rusty;
Cobblers *wax* warm, and hatters quite un-*nappy;*
Tobacconists are up to snuff—pray taste this *rappee.*

[*Offers snuff-box.*

Robin Hood. We roam at large; our motto is "*Pro rege;*"
And on this *mossy* green we've *moss pro lege.*
We boast of freedom for this ample reason,
That here the birds do always *hatch high trees on.*
But to my love, Edith of Lincoln, fair—
Friar Tuck. The greatest *bell* of Lincoln is Great Tom the rare.
Robin Hood. Who can describe her features, form, and grace,
The peerless beauty of that lovely face?
How *mild* her looks!

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* It may be worth noting, by the way, that this joke anticipated one in Mr. Frank Talfourd's "Atalanta."

Friar Tuck. Pray draw it very *mild*, for it ain't good
That you should yield so much to woman-*Hood*.
Robin Hood. Her eye of melting *blue*—
Friar Tuck. Have done, good lack!
[*Aside*] A *black*-guard husband soon may turn it *black*.
Robin Hood. Her golden auburn ringlets—
Friar Tuck. What? again?
Deep red, not *auburn*, "loveliest of the plain."
Robin Hood. Such cherry *lips*—
Friar Tuck. Nay, hold. There's many a slip,
The proverb says, betwixt the cup and *lip*.
Robin Hood. Her eyes so bright, worthy the brush of Etty.
Friar Tuck. Another proverb says, "My eye and Betty."
Robin Hood. A smile so guileless, every heart she wins.
Friar Tuck. I much prefer horse-laughs, and such "broad grins."
[*Grins as if through a collar.*
Robin Hood. Her neck like *marble*, polish'd clear as Parian—
Friar Tuck. Oh! that's a *bounce;* she ain fair as Marian.
Robin Hood. Her *cheek* as bright as brighte orient dawn—
Friar Tuck. Yes, lots of *cheek*.
Robin Hood. Her motions like a *faun*.
Friar Tuck. *Fawn* not, *deer* stalker, for I think such braggers
Are quite enough to give us folks the *stag*-gers.

Enter LITTLE JOHN, WILL SCARLET, *and other* FORESTERS.

Air—"Foresters, sound the cheerful horn;
Hark! from the woods we come."

Robin Hood. Man wants but little here below, but—
Little John. Wants that Little John.
We shot these widgeons in the *osier* bed,
These pintails near the foaming river head.
For full two hours in the snow lay we,
A shivering case of fleecy *hosiery*.
I was benumbed, my hands and feet quite dull.
Will Scarlet. Dull as ditch-water. Silence, you *num*-skull.
2nd Forester. I miss'd a *stag*.
Robin Hood. You surely must be blind.
It will not *cervus* (serve us) if it's left be-*hind*.
Will Scarlet. I shot a pheasant soaring high on wing,
And that 'ere hare was caught in wiry springe;
And now, again, on forest laws encroaching,
We took these *eggs*.

Friar Tuck. A regular case of *poaching.*
3rd Forester. Look at this sheep; it is a charming *wether.*
Whether 'tis *tup* or not, *ewe*'re gone beyond your *tether.*
Robin Hood. Sheep stealing is a crime; and much, good friends, I fear
You'll find *cheap* stealing most uncommon *dear.*
[*Shouts heard outside.*].
Will Scarlet. They shout for *Robin* Hood through every town and village;
Robbing, I fear, reminds them much of *pillage.*
Friar Tuck. The publicans are loud.
Robin Hood. List not to their oration;
For that would surely be an *inn*-ovation.
What *ales* the wretches? I'm too *stout* to fear.
Would they were *Clarenced* in their watery *bier* (beer)!
Now to our sports, morris and country dances,
Poussette, cast off, and down-the-middle prances;
Change sides—
Little John. Oh, cease; with such a case don't grapple.
For changing sides, go to St. Stephen's chapel.
But I must drop the subject, lest, in fact, I
Become that bore, *laudator temporis acti.*
Let's call on Cannon, midst the cannon's roar,
To chant another lay.
Friar Tuck. Oh, what a bore!
I have a cold; I'm hoarse; excuse me, pray.
Robin Hood. Lose not your *time;* 'twill be a *round delay.*
[*Advances.*
Kind, generous friends, be but your smile conferr'd on
Our labours here, we ask no richer guerdon.
And by your plaudits, Robin Hood reviving,
To "keep the game alive" alone we're striving.
That *Scarlet* runner has *bean*—I'm not mistaken—
Has *bean*, I say, anxious to save his *bacon;*
And Patcham's dean, anxious your smiles to "winnum,"
Will drink your health in a strong glass of "ginnum."
Let but a *herd* of pretty *deers* each night
Shout for brave Robin the motto "Might not right."

The Friar then came forward and sung the *finale*, to the air of "Auld Robin Grey," substituting *Hood* for *Grey.* The *dramatis personæ* joined in the

chorus, and the performance ended amidst the shouts of the unpaying audience out of doors, for, in addition to those already named, many had gathered together under the open window to listen to the extempore play.

Another time our excursion did not terminate so peacefully. I had agreed with Hook, the late Stephen Price, and another friend, to spend the Derby week at Epsom; and we started thither on a lovely morning in the spring of 183—, no cloud on our spirits, and no cloud on the day.

The worthy American, wrapped in a huge fur coat, was comfortably ensconced in the corner of a small britska, grumbling, however, not a little at the English climate.

"One day, *sir*, hot enough to roast an ox; following morning at freezing point, *sir*."

"Come along," said the other man, "come along, King Stephen, or we shall be late—hate to be late."

Suiting the action to the word, he took the remaining place in the ex-manager's britska.

"Hook and I, then, will go together," I observed, as my buggy drove to the door.

"Of course, *Hook* and *eye* always go together," was the response of my companion, and he got into the vehicle.

Thus commenced the sport, and off we went. To

repeat all that was said during our drive would form a large edition of *facetiæ;* the celebrated abridgment of the statutes in fifty volumes folio would be nothing to it. Hook kept up a regular running fire. Pun, anecdote, song, improviso; jests, a century old, disinterred, as good as new; venerable Joe Millers, revived and decked out in modern fashionable attire; jokes manufactured on the spot, of every conceivable variety and pattern, some bad enough to take rank with the very best. So far from recounting them, I despair of conveying an idea of their profusion. The plainest of pedestrians, or the commonest name over a shop door, was sufficient to start him off.

"Ah!" said my companion, "'Hawes, surgeon;' that reminds me of two lines I made on a sawbone of that name during the severe winter of 1814:—

'Perpetual freezings and perpetual thaws,
Though bad for *hips*, are good for *Hawes*.'"

As we reached Vauxhall Bridge, "I wonder if this bridge pays?" I remarked.

"Go over it, and you'll be *tolled*," replied the ever-ready punster.

"So," said he, addressing the gatekeeper, who was hoarse, "You haven't recovered your voice yet?"

"No, sir," was the answer, "I've caught a fresh cold."

"But why did you catch a *fresh* one?" asked Hook; "why didn't you have it *cured?*"

On we went from subject to subject, and pun to pun. The sign of the "Three Ravens," at Sutton, as we passed it, suggested the reflection, "That fellow must be *raven* mad."

Immediately after, we discerned a party of labourers employed in sinking a well.

"What are you about?" inquired Hook.

"Boring for water," replied a gaping clod.

"Water's a bore at any time," rejoined Hook; "besides, you're quite wrong; remember the old proverb, 'Let *well* alone.'"

These must serve to convey a passing notion of the spirit of my companion's commentary on every object we encountered; and this spirit carried us gaily into the town of Epsom, which we found crowded to excess. Streams of many-coloured life were everywhere mingling and separating. High life and low life; the thorough-bred team, the barouche and four, the light dennet, the heavy 'bus, the gaudy van, the hack cab, and the tilted cart. But to describe this scene would be to go over old ground, as it has been pictured a thousand times; and the reader, perhaps, will prefer returning with our party to the house we had engaged for the week.

On arriving at the gate, we found seated on a

rustic bench a certain individual, having a cigar in his mouth, and by his side a glass of water, with (for this should not be altogether omitted) just a sufficient quantity of Glenlivet in it to destroy, as he said, the animalculæ it might contain. His countenance brightened at our approach.

"Ha! Dean!" said Theodore.

"Ha! Hookems!" responded the other; "have you brought the ginnums and the mackarelums?"

"I have, most reverend. But where were you last Sunday? I missed you at your accustomed haunt—lunch after chapel."

"Lame, lame, could not get there."

"As usual," said Hook. "Why's the Dean like England? D'ye give it up?—eh? Because *he* expects every man to do *his* duty."

Dinner was shortly after announced. The cloth was removed amidst a rapid shower of smart, caustic, and witty sayings, droll stories, retort and repartee; the wine circulated freely, the tide of good-humour "knew no retiring ebb." Plays and politics, wine and women, debts and duels, were discussed with an absence of all restraint; and then commenced a call for a song. This was pretty soon responded to by the accomplished Theodore, whose talent in this respect is no secret to the world, although the world, unfortunately, possesses so

little evidence of it beyond the assertions of the more fortunate few who enjoyed his intimacy, and witnessed the astonishing ease with which he composed while he sang. In this instance he took for the subject of his song the worthy manager of New York and Drury Lane celebrity; and, after preparing us by ringing the changes on his name, he broke into a measure, and gave us the following, which, however, I cannot pretend to say is strictly *verbatim et literatim*:—

"Come, fill your glasses up, while I sing a song of prices,
And show men's market value at the date of last advices;
For, since 'tis pretty clear, you know, that every man has *his* price,
'Tis well to make inquiries before the terms are *riz*, Price.

"Some shabby rogues there are, that are knock'd down at a low price;
Some blockheads so superlative they can't be sold at no price;
Some, free of soul in youth, sell in middle life at half-price;
And some go when they're old—why the devil don't you laugh, Price?

"The world is but an auction; if to-day we fetch a shy price,
To-morrow turns the lot about, and shows us worth a high price.
You want to know what learning's worth, you ask me what is wit's price;
I answer, 'Push the claret round, whatever may be its price.'

"The shortest actors now contrive to get a rather long price;
And singers, too, although sometimes they're hardly worth a song, Price;
With fiddles, dancers, fresh from France, well liking a John Bull price,
Though some, when they get nothing, may be said to fetch their full price.

"Where'er you sell, whate'er you sell, in selling seek a higher price;
But times are changed, I need not say, when you become the buyer, Price;
For then this truth should in your mind be uppermost and clear, Price—
There are some things and lessons that at nothing would be dear, Price.

"Don't buy a politician, don't have him at a loan, Price;
Nor lawyer, when they tell you you may take them at your own price;
Nor doctors, who, if fashionable, always fetch an even price;
And, clear of these, the 'deil himsel'' can never fetch a Stephen Price.

"Your sneaking, sour, insidious knaves, I hope you won't find many, Price.
Your Cantwells on the stage of life, don't buy 'em in at any price.
Go sell your brains, if brains you have, and sell 'em at a fair price.
But give away your hearts, my boys—don't sell 'em at whate'er price.

"And, be men's prices what they may, I now shall just make bold, Price,
To sing it in your presence—there is nothing like the old Price.
As each man has his own, since the days of Madame Eve, Price,
Why, we have *ours*, and here he is! Your health, my jolly Steph Price!"

"Bravo, *sir!*" exclaimed the delighted hero of the song, at its conclusion. "*Sir*, will you take forty pounds a-night, *sir*, to appear at Drury Lane, in your own very particular and devilishly-admired piece of 'Killing no Murder?'"

"Forty pounds a-night?" cried Hook. "No, I wouldn't take *half* the money to commit such a barbarity; nay, ten pounds a-night should not tempt me. Killing may *be* no murder, when the

regular actors combine to destroy an author's production; but for the dramatist to appear himself in his own farce—to assist at the assassination of his own child—to slaughter his tender offspring in public with malice aforethought—this is the worst of killing:—

> 'Murder most foul as in the best it is,
> But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.'"

"What d'ye say, *sir?*"

"Nothing; but I make up for it by singing"—and here, with barely the pause of a minute, followed another song on the forthcoming Derby, ending with a line which not even the best sporting prophet of our day could have improved upon, either in neatness of point or truth of prediction. In allusion to the winner in the approaching race (Mr. Forth being the owner of the horse), the singer felicitously prophesied—

> "The *Fourth* shall be *first!*"

About ten o'clock at night, a ramble through the town was proposed, and Hook, Price, and myself strolled towards the "Spread Eagle," to hear the state of the odds on the approaching Derby. Just as we reached the door of that most excellent *hostellerie*, I was accosted by a man dressed in a gaudy livery, light green coat, red belcher handkerchief, a huge gold hatband, white corduroy "shorts," and

glazed top-boots, who, placing in my hands a card, hoped he should have the honour of conducting me to his master's house. By the aid of a large red lamp at a surgeon's door, looking like a bull's eye bloodshot, I read the card, which ran as follows:—"Corinthian Club, Foster's Cottage, Woodcot Green. French hazard. Bank £5,000!!!"

"Let's have some fun!" exclaimed Hook, on reading this. "Price and I will be *drunk* on the premises. Come along, Stephen!" and, in a regular gin-broken voice, he hiccupped out the words of Iago's song:—

> "King *Stephen* was a worthy peer,
> His breeches cost him but a crown.
> He held them sixpence all too dear.
> With that he called the tailor loun."

The "touter" of the rural Pandemonium now approached, and again importuned us. Seeing the reeling state of my companions, he suggested a glass of iced soda, which he declared was always ready with the supper at the cottage.

"Hurrah for the cottage!" said Hook: "but what shall I do with my hundred-pound note?—I must deposit that at home."

"Never mind that, *sir*," responded the manager; "I'll ensure you against losing *that* hundred."

And well he might, seeing that the hundred-pound note was a "forgery of the brain"—a draft on the bank of fiction, merely circulated to raise us

in the estimation of the members of the Corinthian Club.

Reeling, shouting, singing, we approached Woodcot Green; and, passing a small publichouse, our guide pointed out the hall of Eblis. "Excuse me, gentlemen, one moment," he said, and, rushing into the bar of the "Running Horse," returned almost instantaneously, with a quart-bottle peeping out of his coat-pocket.

"Brandy, *sir*," said Price—(*aside*) "I smell it, *sir*."

"All right!" whispered Hook.

The room we entered was dirty and ill-lighted; the dingy walls and barred windows formed a *locale* not ill-associated with the crime and wretchedness it harboured. The party assembled consisted of four individuals,—two croupiers and two "bonnets" —which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, I beg to mention are confederates, dressed as players, to assist in pigeoning the public. In the centre of the room hung a gaudy lamp, which threw its oily rays on a large oblong table covered with green baize, on which were painted various figures and directions for those who "stood the hazard of the die;" small bowls of maple-wood, two wooden rakes, and sundry ivory counters, formed its furniture. On a side-table, graced by a cloth whose particular hue it might be difficult to define, the supper was spread.

It consisted of a coarse-looking ham of Brobdignag size, a few slices of raw, gristly beef, and a bowl of gritty-looking salad. Then there were two bottles of home-made gooseberry, called champagne, a few ditto of soda in a stable-pail, and the identical brandy that we had seen purchased at the "Running Horse."

"Now, gentlemen, make your game!" exclaimed the croupier, taking his station on a high-backed chair at the side of the table. "We bet the odds against nicks and doublets. The dice, Mr. Dunlop."

Upon which Mr. Dunlop, who was vice-croupier, opened a packet of dice, containing three pair, and shook them together in one of the bowls. Hook took the box, and, putting a few half-crowns upon the table, cried, "Seven's the main!"

"Seven's a nick," said the croupier, at the same time paying the stake.

"Eight's the main!"

"Eight the caster has to five—eight with the quatres. No gentleman on the doublets." Again the stake was paid.

During this proceeding, I rather fancied Mr. Dunlop, who had raked the dice towards him, fingered them in a peculiar manner. In my zeal to prevent Price putting down his money, I trod so heavily upon his gouty foot as to wring from him

an exclamation; but he took the hint, and putting his money "contre," waited the result of the throw.

"Seven's the main," cried the caster.

"Deuce ace," shouted the croupier, raking up the winnings; "the caster's out."

"Give me the dice," drawled out one of the "bonnets." "Five's the main!"

"Seven the caster has to five—die down, Mr. Dunlop!" for in the throwing, one of the dice (as I thought purposely) went off the table.

"I've got it," he continued, as he went on throwing. "Six to four in favour of the caster—we take it in halves."

"I'll bet it," exclaimed Hook.

Up came a deuce ace, twos, three aces. I tried in vain to see a four, five, or a six, and determined at the end of the throw to inspect the dice; but the "bonnet" was too wary, for, as he threw tray-deuce, he, in a pretended passion, anathematised the dice, and threw them into the corner of the room, where they were immediately pounced upon by Mr. Tomkins, the livery servant.

"Will you take any refreshment, gentlemen?" asked the croupier: "we've a beautiful ham. Tomkins, offer the gentlemen some soda and brandy."

After this oblation the other "bonnet," who was called Captain Denscol, took the box, and appeared, as far as I could judge, to hold one die between his third finger and the box, making a prodigious rattling with the other—"Seven's the main!"

The two *bona fide* players, Hook and Price, went against him, despite my looks and nudges—though the result would have been equally the same, as the caster could evidently land the dice as he pleased. "Seven's a nick."

"A cup of weak tea," said the croupier.

"A glass of sherry and water," exclaimed Mr. Dunlop. "Tomkins, open the champagne."

In a minute a pop and a whiz were heard, and, as the ballad says—

"The juice of ripe (gooseberries) flow'd in our glasses."

The senses of my companions being rather more under control than they had intended them to appear, the little we imbibed did not disorder our wits to the anticipated extent. We were more than a match for our antagonists, kept our eyes quite open, watched all their movements, and avoided defeat. After some perseverance, it was pretty clear to the knaves that we were further off than ever from being victims to their devices, however knowingly laid, or dexterously executed. Nay, Price had even realised a small capital, and

was proposing our departure, when the rural Crockford, addressing himself to me, said, in a tone of impertinence, "Do you, or do you not, *gentlemen*, intend giving us our revenge?"

"Certainly not," I replied "at a public gaming table; such a thing is unheard of."

"Nor you?" addressing himself to the American, whose reply was more forcible than polite..

"Nor you?" turning to the illustrious and fearless Theodore, who at once burst forth—

"'Revenge!' he cries; and the traitor dies,"

stamping his foot, and giving an imitation of Braham.

"Good night, gentlemen," said King Stephen. "Waiter, what's to pay for the brandy?"

"Damn the brandy, sir!" said the man with the diamond brooch, adjusting his substitute for a three-and-fourpenny gossamer fiercely upon his head; "we neither want your money nor your company," and up he rose, rake in hand, from his seat. His companions also rose, muttering to each other, and evidently working themselves into an intensity of passion.

"I told you what it would come to," said the landlady; "you had better leave the house without making any disturbance—a set of horse jockeys coming here, to disturb quiet honest people!"

Under other circumstances the Latin adage—

"*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas,*"

would have occurred to me, but I had no time for quotation; for a fray was obviously about to ensue. However in those days my blood was hot, and I cared little for the approaching contest. The only pang I felt was on poor Price's account, whose thews and sinews gout had somewhat weakened. I started up, however, on a signal from Hook, and silently turned my cuffs down, an indication that I was ready if necessary. "You shan't leave the house," said the croupier, advancing towards me. "That remains to be proved," I replied, suiting the action to the word, *i.e.* putting myself in a posture of defence.

Stephen Price, meanwhile, as he saw the tallest "leg" confront him, behaved with the stoutest mettle, or, as Hook would have said, "metal;" for to my infinite amusement, he seized the *poker*, and brandishing it in the air, exclaimed after the manner of the celebrated M'Kay, the only representative of Scotch characters I ever saw—"Ma conscience! what would my father the deacon say?"

Upon this Hook, seizing the top of a small saucepan, which he employed as a target, and the tongs, which he flourished sword-fashion in the most grotesque way, assumed the form of the Dougal crea-

ture, rushed forward, and throwing himself on one knee, raised his eyes to the ceiling; then putting himself into a regular transpontine-theatre cut-and-thrust attitude, spluttered forth some mock Gaelic, ending with "Hur nainsell has eaten the town pread at the Cross o'Glasgow, and py her troth she'll fight for Bailie Sharvie at the Clachan of Aberfoil—tat will she e'en." This said, he made his weapon clatter awfully about the ears of the tall "leg."

The fray now became general, Greek met Greek, and the tug of war was terrible; the tables were overthrown, the dice boxes rattled against the windows, counters flew, and tongs clattered. Hook's voice was heard, shouting passages from half a dozen plays at a time:—

"Lay on, Macduff!"

"Approach thou like the rugged ruffian Bill,
The arm'd Mendoza, or the late Dutch Sam."

"Oh, this is sweet,
When in one line two crafts together meet!
Come, Signor Roderigo, I'm for you!"

"Nay, I'll so maul you and your toasting irons,
That you shall think the devil has come from hell.'

"Hands off! murder! police!" exclaimed the landlady, rushing in, followed by a slip-shod kitchen wench. With the presence of the fury, strange to say, came peace, spreading her wings over the scene of strife and desolation. It was not, of course, our

wish to protract the fray, and our adversaries seemed equally disposed to capitulate. We stood still; a truce was by common consent established. One of the party, acting on the principle of a commissioner in a recent national affray, proposed the suspension of hostilities, provided we would refund the numerous dollars we had won; thus, as in China, making it as Hook declared a most *dolorous* affair. This mercantile proposition, however, we declined, and commenced a retreat which, like that of the great warrior of the age, was in our estimation so well conducted as to "eclipse the very glory of our advance."

So signal a victory was not, of course, to be gained without incurring a few casualties in the Anglo-American force. Our return of wounded was Field Marshal Hook, slightly; manager Price severely in his gouty foot; myself, not at all dangerously. The loss sustained by the enemy cannot be so accurately reported; but it is certain, that the heads of several legs were broken, and various glasses were numbered with the incurable. We had succeeded in capturing sundry rakes, dice-boxes, maple bowls, and other implements of the war against society; but these prizes were subsequently abandoned, and left scattered over the battle field.

CHAPTER VII.

FREEMASONRY—TOM COOKE—CARL MARIA VON WEBER—A POPULAR SYREN—THE DRAMA—JOE GRIMALDI—YOUNG GRIMALDI—COLONEL (COMMONLY CALLED DAN) MACKINNON, OF THE GUARDS—FEATS OF ACTIVITY—MADAME VESTRIS—EDMUND AND CHARLES KEAN—COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON—SIR HENRY ELLIS.

CHAPTER VII.

In the year 1829 I was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry. At that period I had the honour of being personally acquainted with the late Duke of Sussex; and calling one day upon his Royal Highness at Kensington Palace, where I found him in his extensively stocked library, velvet cap on head, and cigar in mouth, the conversation turned upon the "craft." "You ought to belong to us," said the Duke, good-naturedly. "There is an excellent lodge named, after me, the 'Royal Inverness,' which would suit you admirably. Welch and Hawes take great pains with the singing, which is second only to the 'Catch Club;' and many of your friends belong to it." "I shall be most happy," I responded. "Then," said the noble Duke, "I'll take an early opportunity of attending it, make you a free and accepted Mason, and dine with you afterwards." This was accordingly agreed

to, and in less than a fortnight I became a brother Mason. The mysteries of the craft must be respected; but I may mention that the Duke dined with us, that we had a most delightful evening, and that in proposing my health his Royal Highness proved himself as kind as he was eloquent.

It is impossible to find a better commentary on Freemasonry than that conveyed in the remarks of Benjamin Franklin:—

"Freemasonry, I admit, has its secrets. It has secrets peculiar to itself; but of what do these principally consist? They consist of signs and tokens, which serve as testimonials of character and qualification, which are only conferred after a due course of instruction and examination. These are of no small value. They speak a universal language, and act as a passport to the attention and support of the initiated in all parts of the world. They cannot be lost so long as memory retains its power. Let the possessor of them be expatriated, shipwrecked, or imprisoned; let him be stripped of everything he has got in the world, still these credentials remain, and are available for use as circumstances require. The good effects which they have produced are established by the most incontestable facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer; they have softened the asperities of the tyrant; they

have mitigated the horrors of captivity; they have subdued the rancour of malevolence; and broken down the barrier of political animosity and sectarian alienation. On the field of battle, in the solitudes of the uncultivated forest, or in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made men of the most hostile feelings, most distant regions, and most diversified conditions, rush to the aid of each other, and feel special joy and satisfaction that they have been able to afford relief to a brother Mason."

In confirmation of this, I must recount a circumstance that occurred while I was Master of "The Royal Inverness Lodge." During dinner I was reminded by Brother Sir Andrew Barnard that a gentleman to whom I had been introduced before entering our lodge was a distinguished French officer, who had served during the war that ended in 1814, and a most zealous Mason. No sooner was the cloth removed, and the usual toasts given, than I rose to propose Colonel ——'s health, who, in reply, informed us that among other advantages possessed by Freemasons, he would mention one of a personal nature.

"In a skirmish with the enemy, now, happily, our allies and friends, I had a horse shot under me, and was taken prisoner by a detachment of Hussars. I was at that time a subaltern, and in due course of

time found myself in England, at Dartmoor Prison, anxious for my liberty. I applied to the authorities to be let out on parole; but, owing to some unprincipled men having broken theirs, I was informed that unless some one would become security for me such a privilege could not be granted. Alone, friendless, and without money, I despaired of my freedom, when an idea occurred to me which I lost no time in carrying out. I sought an interview with the governor of the prison, who happened fortunately to be a brother Mason. I urged him to give me a few hours' leave, that I might apply to the nearest lodge for aid. He agreed, and accompanied me to the town, where I worked my way into the presence of the Master and officers of the lodge. My tale was soon told, and, to the honour of Englishmen and English Freemasons, be it recorded that they became security for me, and I was permitted to roam at large. Grateful to this country, it was with a pang of regret that in 1815 I was again called upon to draw a sword against my former friends. I served at Waterloo, and happily, after escaping the dangers of that day, had the good fortune to be of some service to two wounded artillerymen of the British army, who, in asking me for some water to quench their slaking lips, showed the well-known sign of our craft. The surgeon of my regiment attended to

their wants, and a most grateful letter written to me a year after from Woolwich proved that gratitude was not wanting in an English soldier."

Another distinguished foreigner whom I had the pleasure of meeting, and who was indebted to another species of freemasonry—that of genius—for his reception in England, was Carl Maria von Weber.

I was present at Tom Cooke's when this distinguished composer played the music of his new opera, "Oberon," for the first time. The principal singers were assembled there; and the grand *maestro*, usually pale and wan, looked doubly so from nervousness and anxiety. He knew full well that he had a double task to perform—that of pleasing the performers as well as the taste of the English public; and he soon discovered that the latter part was much easier than the former. Weber had been informed by Cooke that Braham, the unrivalled tenor, had declined to play *Rudolph*, in "Der Freischütz," unless an extra song was introduced for him, and the difficulty lay in finding one worthy of the composer and applicable to the situation. There seemed every chance of the opera being abandoned, when Braham came to his own rescue, by suggesting that a song, to the air of a popular chorus in "Der Freischütz" should be appropriated to him.

This was finally agreed to; and the "Hebrew melodist" gained his object, that of having a certain *encore*. The music of "Oberon" was highly approved of by the soprano, the contralto, tenor, and bass, and all were warm in their praises of it. Weber looked pleased, and a slight hectic colour rose on his care-worn cheek. Tom Cooke was hilarious with joy, and all "went merry as a marriage bell," until Braham proposed an alteration, in which he was shortly afterwards followed by the popular Madame Vestris, then at the height of her dramatic and operatic fame. "I think," said the tenor, taking Weber aside, "that good as is my part of *Sir Huon*, it requires a grand scena, a recitative, and some popular melody; something in the style of the portrait song in the "Siege of Belgrade." The German looked horrified, replying in a tremulous tone, "I scarcely know any situation open for such a piece of music." "Oh, leave that to me, I can arrange a situation," responded Braham. "It will ensure the success of your opera. Without an *encore* all would go flat." The song was introduced, "Joy to the high-born dames of France," and fully justified Braham's interference, as it was beautifully composed, and nightly drew down "thunders of applause."

Carl Maria von Weber was born in December,

1786, at Eutin, in Holstein. His father had acquired a reputation as a violinist, and probably influenced his son in the choice of music as a profession, although in early life he had evinced no little talent as a painter. When eleven years of age, the youth was taken by his father to Salzburg, and placed under the tuition of Michael Haydn, brother of the illustrious composer of "The Creation," "The Seasons," and some of the finest symphonies, sonatas, concertos, and canzonets ever produced. Here, however, the pupil did not make much progress. In 1798, Carl Maria produced six Fughetti, which were printed at Salzburg, and favourably received. Hence he proceeded to Munich, where he received lessons in singing from Valesi, and in composition from the organist of the Chapel Royal, Kalcher, to whom he ever expressed his gratitude. Under the eye of his master, he composed an opera, "Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins" ("The Power of Love and Wine"). He also wrote a grand mass, and other works, which, according to the composer's testimony, were committed to the flames.

From music he turned to lithography, then recently discovered, but soon became tired of that pursuit. Between the years 1800 and 1822, Weber set to music Steinberg's opera "Das Waldmädchen"

("The Wood Maiden"), composed "Peter Schmoll," "Rübezahl," "Sylvana," remodelled on his former work, "Das Waldmädchen," "Abou Hassan," several symphonies and concertos. During the above period, he visited Leipzig, Hamburgh, Holstein, Vienna (where he spent nearly two years in the study of the great masters), Breslau, Carlsruhe, Stuttgard, Darmstadt, Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, where he produced his grandest work, "Der Freischütz." This wonderful effort of genius excited an extraordinary sensation, not alone in the north of Germany, but in London, where it was first performed July 23rd, 1824, and soon became one of the most popular operas ever produced in this country. In November, 1823, the great master produced "Euryanthe," at Vienna; and, in 1825, agreed, for the sum of £500, to compose an original opera for Covent Garden Theatre, the subject being founded on Wieland's celebrated poem, and admirably dramatised by Mr. Planché, under the title of "Oberon; or, the Elf King's Oath." This opera was brought out April 12th, 1826, with Weber himself as conductor. Never was a greater ovation paid to any individual; there was a perfect *furore* throughout the house, which was crammed to the ceiling.

His visit to London unhappily aggravated a disorder, which proved to be of a pulmonary nature,

and the patient sank rapidly. At his benefit concert at the Argyll Rooms, Regent Street, now no longer in existence, poor Weber had scarcely strength enough to go through his duties as conductor, and within two months of his triumph at Covent Garden Theatre, he was found lifeless in his bed. Permission to inter him in St. Paul's Cathedral was refused on account of his religion, and his honoured remains were buried in the Roman Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, whence, however, they were removed, in 1844, to Dresden.

While upon the subject of singers, let me allude to a very talented young lady, well known in the Norfolk theatrical circuit. Miss M—— was the representative of all the best *prima-donna* characters in English opera; and having met with just and unbounded applause in a popular ballad of the day, introduced it into every performance. It mattered little what the situation was, for, with the preface, "I cannot do better than sing my popular melody of 'Cherry ripe,'" Miss M—— always lugged in her favourite. Whether she personated *Rosetta*, in "Love in a Village;" *Lilla*, in "The Siege of Belgrade;" *Polly Peachum*, in "The Beggar's Opera;" *Susannah*, in "The Marriage of Figaro;" or *Rosina*, in "The Barber of Seville;" the same ballad recurred. And the audience was equally enthusiastic

whether the rural *Rosetta*, the Turkish *Lilla*, the highwayman's wife, the lively Spanish waiting-maid, or the ward of *Bartholo* and wife of *Count Almaviva*, warbled the ripe cherries. It never struck the play-goers of that time as at all inconsistent that these strains should resound amidst the roars of Christian and Turkish cannon, in the closely-watched house in Seville, from which *Count Almaviva* carries off *Bartholo's* ward, or the château of *Aguas Frescas*, three leagues from Seville, where *Almaviva* is tired of the *Countess* he won with such difficulty, and is courting her maid.

Some might excuse this peculiar taste by partiality for the old English ballad school; but though I cannot agree with them there, I must own that I feel a pang of native regret at the changes through which the drama has passed during my career.

In the metropolis Shakespeare has been driven from Covent Garden Theatre, and

> "Throats from Italy, and feet from France,"

usurp those boards where once the Kemble family majestically trod. I would not be misunderstood; nothing can have been more satisfactory or more delightful than the operatic performances under the management of Mr. Gye; still, I for one regret that so splendid a temple should have ceased to be dedicated to Melpomene and Thalia. Let me recall the

extraordinary dramatic talent that appeared at Covent Garden between the years 1809 and 1822. The principal performers were, in tragedy, Messrs. Kemble, Cooke, Young, Macready, C. Kemble, Conway, Betty, Terry, Abbott, Egerton, and Barrymore. Mesdames Siddons, O'Neill, Bunn, Powel, Smith, afterwards Mrs. Bartley, and Faucit. In comedy, Messrs. Munden, J. Johnstone, Liston, Jones, Lewis, C. Kemble, W. Farren, Fawcett, Mathews, Blanchard, Terry, Emery, Yates, Farley, Tokely, and Simmons. Mesdames Jordan, Davison, O'Neill, Brunton, Gibbs, Clara Fisher, C. Kemble, H. Johnstone, Foote, and Davenport. In opera, Messrs. Braham, Incledon, Sinclair, Bellamy, Phillips, Pyne, Broadhurst, Taylor, Hunt, and Duruset. Mesdames Catalani, Dickons, Stephens, M. Tree, Bolton, Feron, Mathews, Carew, Liston, Hallande, and Love. In pantomime and ballet, Messrs. Noble, Byrne, Farley, Grimaldi, sen., Grimaldi, jun., Bologna, Norman, and Ellar. Mesdames Lupino, Parker, Searle, Adams, and Dennetts. At Drury Lane the companies, including the Kean's name, "that tower of strength, which they of the adverse faction knew," were nearly equally good, especially in comedy, when Dowton, Knight, Elliston, Decamp, and Mrs. Orger, aided the cause of Thalia.

In those "palmy days" of the drama, the actors and actresses of both the patent theatres transferred their services to the "little Haymarket," or devoted their summer to the provinces; hence, in almost every country theatre, the London stock pieces were acted, and well acted. What a melancholy contrast does the present time afford! Cheap concerts, sensation plays in perambulating theatres, cheerless circuses, aided by pugilistic art, negro melodists, and dancing rooms, furnish the amusement of the million. Of course, even then everything was not perfect. I remember seeing Grimaldi act *Bob Acres* in Sheridan's inimitable comedy of the "Rivals" on the occasion of his benefit, June 25th, 1811, and a more wretched performance I never witnessed. Perhaps it was that I had identified this first-rate pantomimist with his clownish propensities of purloining sausages, opening his mouth to the utmost possible extent, turning his toes in, and warbling forth his Tippity-witchit. I own I could not divest myself of the idea that the unrivalled representative of *Squire Bugle*, afterwards *Clown*, in "Mother Goose," was before me, at least in the more comic part of the play, while in other parts of less humour, I traced, or fancied I traced, the walk or movements of the inimitable Joe, in melodramatic characters associated with him, namely, *Kanko*, in "La Perouse," *Orson*,

in "Valentine and Orson," *Robert*, in "Raymond and Agnes," *Hock*, a drunken prisoner, in the romance of "Sixes, or the Fiend," *Kasrac*, in "Aladdin," the *Shipwrecked Mariner*, in "Robinson Crusoe," and *Topac*, in "Cherry and Fair Star." I am fully aware that many excuses might be made for Grimaldi thus going out of his acknowledged line; in that he never had, and never will have, an equal, though Tom Matthews came nearer to him than any one else. It is on record that Fawcett, who ought to have known better, urged Grimaldi to act *Bowkit*, in the "Son-in-Law," for his benefit, and his refusal gave dire offence to honest John. Country managers, too, are great cormorants, and when they engage a "star" look much to the profits; in order to ensure a good first piece, they set their wits to work to introduce the actor or actress into their opening piece. It was this feeling, the quantity not the quality, that induced the incomparable Joe to attempt such a part as *Acres*. His *Moll Flagon* was less objectionable, still it always made one feel that he had donned the petticoat pantomimic fashion.

I went one night with the late Colonel Mackinnon, commonly called Dan Mackinnon, of the Guards, and a few others, to Ball Hughes's private box at Covent Garden Theatre, to witness the *début* of Grimaldi's son as *Clown* in the pantomime of

"Harlequin and Poor Robin; or, the House that Jack Built." His success was great, for although he lacked the humour of his sire, he possessed much physical strength and activity. During the harlequinade, one or two feats were performed by the senior of the great Genoese family, which drew down shouts of applause.

"It's all very well," said Dan, "but a little goes a great way with an English audience. I'll be bound to do all young Grimaldi has done this evening; and, moreover, to take Ellar's leap through the clock."

"I should like to put that to the test," replied the Golden Ball, "I'll bet you five pounds you do not."

"A wager is always an Englishman's argument," responded the Guardsman. "I don't wish to risk my money and my neck, but I'll bet you a guinea I do, the loser to pay the men behind the scenes for their trouble."

At the termination of the pantomime we went upon the stage, where we found the veteran Joe congratulating his son upon his triumph, which he had witnessed from the front. We added our meed of praise, and I quietly hinted to Grimaldi senior the object of our visit.

"Perhaps," said Dan, "you will act as umpire.

I am to leap through the clock, and to perform the same feats your son did, difficult as I own they are, in a manner that would be well received by an English audience."

Grimaldi readily consented, and we left it to him to have the clock scene set, and the men with blankets ready. Young Grimaldi soon went off to his dressing-room, and with the assistance of a few stage carpenters and firemen, the stage was cleared. Dan's coat was soon off, and, finding all prepared, he made his leap in admirable style. He then commenced his other evolutions, which were equally successful, ending with a feat even more difficult than those he had performed. There was no doubt whatever that the wager was fairly won, and old Joe remarked, "that he meant no offence, but if the gentleman ever wanted an engagement, he could put him in the way of getting one."

"You must tell your son," said the Guardsman, "to secure me a private box on the night of his benefit."

"And I should like one," added Ball Hughes, "that is, I will retain my own, and forward your son the amount."

Having paid the servants of the establishment liberally, we took our departure, but not before Dan Mackinnon had again shown his cat-like

activity, by running along the sides of the boxes, proving to our entire satisfaction that the numerous stories told of his agility were not exaggerated. Among others, I will quote one which is said to have occurred during the Peninsular Campaign. Dan Mackinnon, anxious to see the inside of a convent, managed to get into one of those small turnstiles through which provisions are passed. Doubling himself up, he succeeded in making an entrance, much to the horror of the inmates, especially the elder ones. A complaint was made to the Duke of Wellington, who treated it as a frolic, and took no serious notice of it. I do not vouch for the accuracy of this story, but, from the veracity of my informant, I place full credence in it.

Grimaldi's failure in serious parts is not the only instance of talent being limited to one sphere. It is a remarkable fact how few singers, either male or female, have proved good actors and actresses. Just as Grimaldi fell short in *Acres*, though thoroughly at home in such pieces as the "New Comic Melodramatic Burletta of the Duke and the Devil," which, as the song said,—

"With shouts and encores,
And thirty-two roars
Of laughter, and glorious fun,
Has four times been greeted,
And will be repeated,
As long as you'll grant it a run;"

so Braham, though he sang the music of the *Seraskier*, of *Rodolph*, of *Henry Bertram*, of *Captain Macheath*, of *Prince Orlando*, exquisitely, was very indifferent in his representation of the characters. The same remark applies to many others. But there are two glorious exceptions to it, Miss Maria Tree, afterwards Mrs. Bradshaw, and the late Madame Vestris.

I feel not a little proud of the accidental share I took in introducing Madame Vestris to the theatre where she gained such distinction. Leaving Drury Lane one evening I found Madame Vestris, to whom I had been introduced, waiting in the passage of the private box for her carriage. Seeing no one with her except her sister, then Miss Bartolozzi, I offered to send for her carriage, and in the meantime recommended the two ladies to wait my return in the large lower box next to the proscenium. It was a cold wintry night, and having despatched a link-boy to look out for the missing vehicle, I returned to the owner of it.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Elliston?" asked Madame Vestris.

"I am, slightly," I replied; "but why do you wish to know?"

"Because," she responded, "I am most desirous of coming out in this theatre."

"I shall be delighted to write to him upon the subject," I continued, "and will forward you his reply."

Before I had time to inquire into the line of characters she wished to take, the lessee himself, enveloped in his fur coat, crossed the stage, and hearing voices in the boxes, stood attracted by the sound. Ascertaining that the conversation proceeded from the private box I have referred to, he folded his arms together, gave a knowing wink to one of the firemen who was close by him, and in a pompous voice said, "I myself will ascertain who is on the property at this late hour." Walking down the stage very much after the manner he was wont to put on when representing royalty, he approached the orchestra, and while peering over to discover the inmates of the box, very nearly lost his balance. I saved him all further trouble by exclaiming, "Mr. Elliston, I must put your gallantry to the test by asking you to assist a lady who has taken refuge here while her carriage is being looked for. It is only a few moments ago that she expressed a wish to be presented to you." The great Robert William took off his hat most graciously, came round to the box, recognised me, and was introduced to the syren who afterwards was of such vital benefit to his theatre. Madame made her wishes known in

the most winning manner, but was told that there was little prospect of any opening during the remainder of the season. Nothing daunted, she returned to the charge, and obtained the promise of an interview. Others then backed her claims, and finally she entered into an engagement, which at once stamped her reputation, and brought money to the treasury.

Madame Vestris made her first appearance on the 20th of July, 1815, at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, for the benefit of her first husband, Monsieur Armand Vestris, ballet master, as *Proserpine*, in Winter's opera of "Il Ratto di Proserpina." Her success was not great at the Italian Opera, so she abandoned that line of singing and took to French comedy, being a perfect mistress of that language. I recollect once seeing her in a French comedietta at the Argyll Rooms, in Regent Street, at that time a fashionable resort. After a visit to France she returned to England in 1819, and for some time was without an engagement. It was shortly after the adventure I have recounted that she appeared at Drury Lane, where her success in "Don Giovanni," with Harley as *Leporello*, was great. From that period, until the year 1854, she was a leading favourite, as a singer and an actress, at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Olympic,

of which latter theatre she became lessee in 1829. In 1838 she married Charles Mathews, and her death took place on the 8th of August, 1856.

My experience of the theatre has been unusually large. I have seen every actor and actress of the day since the evening I first visited the Chichester Theatre down to the present time. With all I have been personally acquainted; with many on terms of friendship; and never did I witness an ungentlemanlike or unladylike action on their parts. In referring to the performances of those who have "shuffled off their mortal coil," I shall give the characters in which, according to my judgment, they excelled, and draw a comparison between the stage as it was and as it is. Let me head the list with John Kemble, whose *Coriolanus* and *Brutus* were faultless representations. Next Cooke, as *Shylock* and *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant* (the latter may be considered as one of the most perfect representations ever witnessed on the stage); Edmund Kean, as *Othello* and *Sir Giles Overreach;* Macready, as *King Lear* and *Orestes;* Young, *Pierre* and *Cassius;* Charles Kemble, *Romeo* and *Mirabel;* Bannister, *Colonel Feignwell,* and *Walter* in the "Children in the Wood"; Elliston, *Captain Absolute* and the *Three Singles;* Dowton, *Sir Anthony Absolute* and *Dr. Cantwell;* Munden, *Marrall* and

Nipperkin; Fawcett, as *Job Thornbury*, and *Rolamo* in "Clari"; Johnstone, *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* and *Major O'Flaherty;* Power (whose name naturally associates itself with Irish Johnstone, as he was usually called), *Rory O'More* and *Teddy the Tiler;* Harley, as *Leporello* (his first character in London); Emery, *Tyke* and *Dandie Dinmont;* Russell, *Jerry Sneak;* the late Charles Mathews, *Goldfinch*, and *Morbleu* in Moncrieff's farce of "Monsieur Tonson"; W. Farren, *Lord Ogleby* and *Sir Peter Teazle;* John Reeve, *Marmaduke Magog;* T. P. Cooke, *William* in "Black-eyed Susan," and *Long Tom Coffin;* Richard Jones, *Alfred Highflyer*, and *Puff* in "The Critic"; Blanchard, as *Polonius;* F. Yates, in "Cozening"; Liston, as *Mawworm* and *Lubin Log;* Bartley, *Falstaff;* Wright, in "The Spitalfields Weaver"; Wallack, as the *Brigand;* Talma, in *Sylla;* Siddons, as *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Katherine;* O'Neill, *Juliet* and *Belvidera*—in comedy, *Mrs. Oakley;* Mrs. Bartley, *Mrs. Haller*, and *Isabella* in "The Fatal Marriage"; Mrs. Davison, *Juliana*, and *Maria* in "The Citizen"; Mrs. Gibbs, *Kitty*, in "High Life Below Stairs"; Mrs. Liston, *Sally* in "The Shipwreck," and *Queen Dollalolla;* Mrs. Nisbett, *Lady Teazle* and *Widow Cheerly;* Miss Stephens (the present Dowager Countess of Essex), as *Polly* and *Lucy Bertram;* Mrs. Daven-

port, *Mrs. Hardcastle*, and *Nurse* in "Romeo and Juliet"; Mrs. Glover, *Mrs. Malaprop* and *Widow Green;* Fanny Kemble, *Juliet;* Mrs. C. Kemble, *Lady Elizabeth Freelove;* Mrs. Yates, *Letitia Hardy* and *Ernestine;* Miss M. Tree (afterwards Mrs. Bradshaw), *Viola*, *Rosalind*, and *Clari;* Rachel, *Camille* in "Les Horaces," and *Phedre;* Mars in the "Tartuffe," and *Betti* in "La Jeunesse de Henry V."—*Betti* being the *Mary Copp* of our "Charles the Second;" but as exiled monarchs were not tolerated on the French stage, Henry V. when Prince of Wales was substituted for the Merry Monarch.

I am perfectly aware that it is the fashion to draw invidious distinctions between the stage as it is, and as it was, and many of those who remember the Kembles, Siddons, Jordan, O'Neill, Dowton, and others to whom I have already alluded, denounce all modern talent. I do not at all wish to detract from those who have delighted me in my day, and must candidly own that I consider the talent which is now employed or has been employed during the last twenty years, far from inferior to that which delighted our ancestors; and that in regard to classical scenery and dresses, attention to the costume of the time, and the grouping of the characters, we are as superior as Charles Kean's dress in Richard II.

is to Garrick's court suit in Macbeth. "Comparisons are *odorous*," as *Mrs. Malaprop* says, therefore I will not indulge in them; but as one who has witnessed the famous actors of the last generation, I assert fearlessly that there are some living actors, and some recently passed away, whose performances were never excelled. I think, however, that it would be invidious to name them here. Impossible as it would be to take a complete survey of the whole stage talent of the time in the short compass I can here devote to it, it is the less needed as my readers have still the power of enjoying their favourite pieces and their favourite actors.

One of the most interesting performances I ever saw was the meeting of two stars—one belonging to the past, the other to the present. It was the link between old and new, the point where they touched before diverging. I allude to the performance at Covent Garden Theatre on the night of the 25th of March, 1833, when Edmund and Charles Kean acted together for the first and only time in London. The play was "Othello," in which Edmund acted the hero, Charles, *Iago*, and Miss Ellen Tree, *Desdemona*. The melancholy scene has been so graphically described by Barry Cornwall, that I transfer his account to these pages:—

"There was no rehearsal, nor any arrangement

as to the mode of play; but when the son arrived at the theatre in the evening, he was told that his father desired to see him. He went accordingly to his dressing-room, and found him shivering and exceedingly weak. "I am very ill," he said; "I am afraid I shall not be able to act." The actors who were present cheered him up; but to provide against the worst, a servant was desired to air a dress (such as *Othello* wears) in order that Mr. Warde might take up the part in case Kean should actually break down before the conclusion. The play commenced. After the first scene, Kean observed, 'Charles is getting on to-night—he's acting very well; I suppose that's because he is acting with me.' He himself was very feeble. He was, however, persuaded to proceed, and brandy-and-water was administered to him as usual. By this help he went on pretty well, until the commencement of the third act; but before the drop-curtain rose, he said to his son, 'Mind, Charles, that you keep before me; don't get behind me in this act. I don't know that I shall be able to kneel; but if I do, be sure that you lift me up.' Still, he pursued his way without faltering. He went off with *Desdemona*, and no one observed any change. But on entering again, when he says, 'What, false to *me*,' &c., he was scarcely able to walk across the stage. He

held up, however, until the celebrated 'Farewell,' which he uttered with all his former pathos; but on concluding it, after making one or two steps towards his son (who took care to be near him) and attempting the speech, 'Villain, be sure,' &c., his head sank upon his son's shoulder, and the tragedian's acting was at an end. He was able to groan out a few words in Charles's ear, 'I am dying—speak to them for me.' After which (the audience refusing in kindness to hear any apology) he was borne from the stage. His son, assisted by other persons, carried him to his dressing-room, and laid him on the sofa. He was as cold as ice; his pulse was scarcely perceptible, and he was unconscious of all that was going on around him. In this state he remained some time, when the remedies which were applied having restored him to his senses, he was taken to the Wrekin Tavern, near the theatre, and Messrs. Carpue and Duchez (the surgeons) were sent for.

"After a week's stay he was removed to Richmond, when he rallied a little, and was soon enabled to go out in a carriage. But the weather was cold, and he fancied that this airing gave him his death blow. On the 13th of May he died."

Kean's genius as an actor cannot be doubted for a moment by any that ever witnessed his

performance. Of his character in private life I will only say that great allowances ought to be made for him; and his biographer, from whom I have already quoted, has spoken most sensibly upon the subject. "As a man" (he says) "Kean, with all his faults, possessed redeeming points. He had an independent spirit; he was proud in his own way; he gave away large sums of money to his fellow actors in distress; he exerted himself for charities; he stood up for the cause of his profession. If his delinquencies be retorted upon us, we may reply that his unchecked childhood was of itself sufficient to extenuate many errors; that years of penury and suffering should also be taken into the account in his favour; and that the sudden and almost unparalleled fortune that met and lifted him, in a moment, from obscurity and want to the very summit of prosperity and fame, was such as scarcely any man, with the common weakness of humanity, could have encountered without rendering himself liable to some little reproach." Through the filial affection of the son, a reconciliation was brought about between his father and mother, and a tablet erected to his memory bears the following inscription:—"Edmund Kean, died May 15th, 1833, aged forty-six. A memorial erected by his son, Charles John Kean, 1839."

I once dined with Edmund Kean at his own house; his friendship with Cannon had often made him my guest. Many were the stories he told us of his early career, and of his triumph on the London boards.

Few persons have been more admired upon the stage, not alone for beauty, and ladylike deportment, but for artless natural manner, than Miss Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington. From the evening of the 24th of June, 1814, when she made her appearance as *Amanthis*, in the "Child of Nature," to her farewell performance, she was the reigning toast, and many a bumper has been quaffed to the health of Maria Foote. I remember upon one occasion, when dining at the Catch Club, where the old fashion of calling upon each person present for a toast existed, that no less than five noblemen gave her name, varying it when reminded by the chairman that it had already been drunk, by giving the name of one of her favourite characters, *Amanthis*, *Rosalind*, *Maria Darlington*, and *Undine*. As a matter of course, in my eighteenth year I became a victim to her charms, and never omitted an opportunity of attending Covent Garden Theatre whenever she acted. As I was then quartered at Windsor, my gallantry was often put to the test, and on many a cold raw winter's afternoon, with the east

wind nearly cutting me to pieces, have I travelled up outside the coach just in time to dine at the Piazza, and be in my place in the stage-box of the dress circle before the curtain rose, having previously purchased at Covent Garden Market a choice bouquet, with orders to have it sent anonymously to the charmer, at the stage-door.

What histories could the Cerberus of this place recount of the impassioned notes, of the choice exotics, of the cases of jewels, entrusted to his care for some leading actress, talented *prima donna*, graceful *danseuse*, or sprightly columbine! What tales could he tell of noble lords, military and naval heroes, fashionable dandies, men about town, and amateurs of distinction, hovering about his den, presenting him with gratuities, in the hopes of his saying a good word as to the appearance and manner of the donors, or waiting in the fond hope of catching a glimpse of the admired fair one! He might add how, in many instances, the gifts were returned with a feeling prompted by proper pride and due self-respect, when accompanied by expressions of lawless love—how others were received and shown publicly in the first or second green-rooms, causing laughter and derision at the infatuated individual who declared that he nightly sat decked with a rose or camelia in his button-hole, to mark his identity.

The guardian of the stage-door, whom not even gold could bribe to "open" his "sesame," could describe the haughty contempt of some high-minded, yet perhaps poor player, as she indignantly told him never again to receive a letter for her; or the anger of a husband, father, lover, or brother, as, tearing up a highly-scented pink note, he declared that a sound horse-whipping would be the result if he discovered the writer; or the calm remark of some innate virtuous mind, as she desired the impassioned Lothario might be informed that anonymous communications would be treated with silent scorn, and that her relations would alone grant the interview so urgently sought. To assert that the stage has been and is free from immorality, would be going too far; but, taking into consideration the temptations to which actresses are exposed, reflecting upon the poverty that many have to struggle against, it appears wonderful that the great majority should have kept themselves free from stain, conducting themselves throughout life in conformity to the Divine law, and shining forth in moral excellence. I am aware that there are a class of individuals who, at one fell swoop, denounce all stage-players and "singing women" (as they reproachfully term them) for their impurities, but they ought to bear in mind—for it is a fact which cannot be denied—

that calumny has often assailed an innocent victim; that the fair fame of many a virtuous creature has been ruined through the boasting falsehoods of some unprincipled rejected admirer, and that many a frail one, by hanging about the stage-doors, has passed herself off to some unsuspecting youth as an *artiste*, though humble, belonging to the establishment. I could myself name many an instance where a direct untruth—to speak mildly, an indirect insinuation, or artful inuendo, has ruined the reputation of the purest-minded ornaments of the stage.

To return to my own adventure. After attending the theatre nightly—after wandering about for weeks in the neighbourhood of Keppel Street and Covent Garden, in the hopes of getting a glimpse of the lovely Maria Foote—I give her the name by which she is known to fame—I gained one day, by pure accident, the object I had so long desired. My account with Messrs. Cox and Greenwood, the army agents, not being quite as flourishing as it might have been, induced me to walk down to Craig's Court to look into it; and I left the British Hotel, in Jermyn Street, where I had been staying for a few days, about eleven o'clock on a bright early spring morning, lamenting that this business would keep me from my usual haunts. While calculating in my own mind whether the balance would

be for or against me, and what the amount of my bill would be at the hotel, I found myself opposite the "Golden Ball" (the sign of a silk mercer's in Pall Mall, not the dandy of that name), when all of a sudden I caught a glimpse of a fair creature who I fancied was the object of my love chase, and who hurried into the shop. My first impulse was to follow her in, under the pretext of purchasing some trifle; but, upon calmer reflection, I determined to wait outside. Whilst carrying out this plan at a respectful distance, I observed a gentleman walking up and down in front of the shop, evidently absorbed in thought. A jealous pang came across me, and I hated the very look of my supposed rival. After a time the lady came forth, and although her head was bent down to avoid the gaze of the "gentleman-in-waiting," I at once satisfied myself that it was the beauteous *Maria Darlington*. She proceeded westward along Pall Mall—for the "Golden Ball" stood on the present opening between the United Service and Athenæum Clubs—with her admirer following at what is termed in the army "close-column distance," and myself keeping upon the opposite side of the street. Without wishing to act as a Paul Pry, or to appear to be so doing, I only took an occasional look at the two; but in that brief look I fancied that the gentleman was trying to

obtrude his company upon one evidently annoyed at his attentions. Determined to satisfy myself as to whether my suppositions were correct before I took an active part by offering my services, I kept my eyes upon the couple, and followed them up St. James's and Bond Streets. Upon reaching Brook Street the lady turned to the right, towards Hanover Square, and exclaiming loud enough for me to hear, "I insist upon your not persecuting me," rushed up the stone steps of a house then tenanted by a fashionable milliner, and pretended to ring the bell, thus hoping to escape the importunities of her admirer.

My time for action had arrived, so, quickly following her steps, I took off my hat, and, amidst great trepidation, delivered myself of a speech to the following effect:—

"Although, Miss Foote, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, I often hear of you from my friends the Marquis of Worcester and Mr. Rowland Stephenson, and, seeing how much you have been annoyed, I beg to offer you any assistance in my power."

I then mentioned my name, and offered my arm until I could procure a hackney coach for her. The look of contempt with which she had treated the audacity of the man who had harassed her with,

solicitations changed to a kind one, as she accepted my proffered arm.

"Are you acquainted with the gentleman?" I asked, as we crossed the square in front of the statue of my respected godfather, William Pitt.

"Not in the least," she responded; "he has made himself very conspicuous at the stage-door, and has waylaid me every morning."

"Really!" said I, not a little surprised at never having noticed him when similarly employed.

"His plan of operations," she continued, "has been to ensconce himself in a hackney coach near my house, or the theatre, so as not to attract the attention of my father or mother, and when he finds me alone, which is seldom the case, to descend and address me."

I then remembered that I had often seen one of these lumbering public vehicles drawn up when similarly waiting, and the thought for the first time flashed across my mind, that my rival could not have failed to know me by sight, and that, being thwarted, he would vent his ire upon me. With this idea I looked round and saw him still following, his eyebrows contracted, his lip curled, and his "dial plate," as Sam Slick calls it, the reverse of "set fair."

"It would give me great pleasure, Miss Foote,"

I said, "to escort you home to Keppel Street, but as the world is so censorious, it may be more agreeable to your feelings if I placed you in a hackney coach." This I said as we gained Oxford Street.

"I thank you much," replied my fair charge, "for your kind consideration; it will, perhaps, be better for me not to be seen walking through the streets with you, for I cannot, in my profession, be too circumspect. You may have been surprised," she proceeded, "at seeing me alone in the West End this morning; the fact is, I had an appointment with a female friend to meet me in Pall Mall, and as she was to come from Cavendish Square, we agreed to the line we were to take through the streets, so as not to miss one another. Some unforeseen engagement must have prevented her coming; hence the annoyance I have suffered, which, but for your timely interference, would have been much greater than it has been."

I soon called a coach, opened the door, handed the young lady in, and, respectfully bowing, ordered the man to drive to Keppel Street. I then stood my ground patiently, expecting to be accosted by my rival, for, in the days I write of, much less a cause of complaint led to a meeting at Chalk Farm; but my anticipations, I rejoiced to find, were groundless, for, instead of noticing me Mr. (afterwards

Sir Henry) Ellis, for such was the name of this hero of the adventure, rushed to the stand, jumped into a coach, and was evidently in pursuit of the fair lady. I afterwards heard that he gained upon the object of his chase, and reached Keppel Street in time to pour in an abject apology through the window of one door, while the coachman was going through the tedious process of pulling up his horses, descending from his box, limping up to the house door, fumbling at the knocker and bell handle, and opening the creaking door of his rickety conveyance. No answer was given to the above appeal, and from that time Sir Henry ceased his importunities. For the next twelve hours, if the truth is to be spoken, I felt a trepidation whenever a letter was brought me, fearful that it might contain a call to arms. But this never came, and I was rewarded for the danger I had run by receiving a message from the lady, through a friend, expressing her thanks for my conduct. On the following evening I dined with Rowland Stephenson, and accompanied him to his private box at Covent Garden Theatre. After the play was over he went, as was his custom, into the green-room, and upon his return expressed his surprise that I had never alluded to the interview with Miss Foote, adding that if I liked to go with him behind the scenes he would introduce me to

her. To this I cheerfully agreed, and had the pleasure of being introduced to her and her father. Shortly afterwards I proceeded to Canada, and although I have only had the pleasure of meeting the Countess of Harrington occasionally since, I have always entertained, and ever shall entertain, the highest respect for one who was as attractive and captivating on the stage as off it. I did not meet Sir Henry for at least five-and-twenty years after the above incident occurred, and when I was introduced to him, his remark, "I believe we have met before," was said in a tone that made me doubt whether he did not still retain some angry feelings. That idea, however, soon passed away, for he was affable and friendly, we drank a glass of wine together, and when the ladies had retired, and I found myself next to my former rival, he, with very good taste, alluded to the adventure,—

"I was awfully angry," he said, "at your interfering, and, as *Major Sturgeon* says in the farce, I thought of 'blades, bullets, and Bagshot,' but, on reflection, I felt that I had no just *casus belli*, for you had an unquestionable right to address any lady of your acquaintance whom you accidentally met."

I was silent, for I did not wish it to be known that I had never been introduced to Miss Foote,

and that, moreover, I had followed her and her tormentor for more than a quarter of an hour.

"I fear," continued Sir Henry, "that had I been aware you were a young officer, I might have appealed to arms, but, not being acquainted with your person, I took into my head you were a relative."

"All's well that ends well," I replied, and the subject changed.

Sir Henry, who died at Brighton, September, 1855, had held many diplomatic appointments. He accompanied the Earl of Amherst in his embassy to China, and published an account of the embassy. He was wrecked with that nobleman in the *Alceste* on their return, and had to make for Java in an open boat, reaching Batavia after a perilous voyage of several hundred miles. In 1814 he was Minister Plenipotentiary, *ad interim*, in Persia, from whence he returned, bringing a treaty of peace. He held the office of Clerk of the Pells from 1825 until its abolition in 1834; and was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Board of Control by the late Earl Grey, in 1830. In July, 1835, he was appointed Ambassador to Persia, and resigned that appointment in the following November. He was sent on an extraordinary and special mission to the Brazils in August, 1842, and in 1849 was appointed by the

British Government to attend the Conference at Brussels on the affairs of Italy. He was made a Privy Councillor in 1832, and in 1848 was nominated a K.C.B. He lived in the good old days of pensions, being in the receipt of a pension of £1,400 for his diplomatic services, and another for the abolished office of Clerk of the Pells.

CHAPTER VIII.

PANIC OF 1801—MEASURES AGAINST INVASION—T' INVADE OR NOT T' INVADE—PANIC OF 1859—PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON—LA GUICCIOLI—DUEL PREVENTED—KIND TRAITS OF NAPOLEON—GORE HOUSE, KENSINGTON—THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON—COUNT D'ORSAY—DINNER AT GORE HOUSE—THE HOST UNDER DIFFICULTIES—BALMORAL BROSE—THE LATE LORD ROBERTSON—"THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF BUMPER TOASTS"—A SCOTCH MINISTER AND A HIGHLAND LAIRD.

CHAPTER VIII.

Few of us are old enough—I candidly confess that I am not—to remember the panic that pervaded England in 1801 at the time of Napoleon I. and his threatened invasion. The French had formed camps between Bruges and Ostend, between Gravelines and Dunkirk, at Brest and St. Malo, and had concentrated a principal force at Boulogne, where their flotilla was moored. Such an open menace to England produced corresponding results. From Caithness to the Land's End all glowed with ardour to resist invasion. "All the French exploits," says a contemporary writer, "were found insufficient to overcome the inveterate and salutary prejudice that one Englishman is fully a match for two Frenchmen." The king declared that in event of the enemy landing he would put himself at the head of his troops, and the Prince of Wales wrote to his father for permission to take the command of part of the

forces. Orders were given by the ministry to construct gunboats with all possible speed. Application was made to the East India Company for the purchase of such ships as were not actually needed. As it was said that men who were liable to serve in the navy evaded their duty by taking refuge in the city of London, the Lord Mayor permitted the exercise of press warrants within his jurisdiction. The town of Liverpool asked permission to provide means for its own defence, and its example was followed in other parts of the kingdom. The mouths of navigable rivers were to be protected by placing batteries on shore, mooring hulks in the river, and removing buoys. A system of night signals was adopted along the sea-coast from the Nore to Falmouth. A stop was put to all intercourse between England and the opposite coasts, and no one was allowed to land from France, Flanders, or Holland.

While such was the state of the coast, further precautions were taken in the inland places. Measures were adopted for calling out the military force of every description. The supplementary militias were embodied. Horses were mustered for mounting cavalry, waggons provided for the conveyance of baggage and necessaries, and all cattle were to be driven from the neighbourhood of the coast to the

interior. Four parks of artillery were arranged at Woolwich so as to start at a moment's warning. They formed a large hollow square, in the centre of which the horses stood ready harnessed, and the drivers and engineers slept on the spot.

But in addition to these public measures, the Government enlisted all kinds of private and local aid. A circular was sent to the lords-lieutenant of counties requesting them to keep the volunteer companies ready for immediate service, and to exercise them as frequently as possible. The whole country answered to the call, and assumed an attitude of defiance. There were field days and reviews at every town and in almost every parish. Handbills were printed, and ordered to be distributed among the people in case of necessity, calling upon them to take up arms, and do all in their power to obstruct the enemy. As Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Sussex, the Duke of Richmond issued the subjoined circular:—

"GOODWOOD, *29th of August*, 1801.

"The meeting of the Lieutenancy, held at Lewes on the 13th instant, having found it would be impracticable in case of invasion to remove the dead stock and inhabitants from any considerable part of this county, and, being of opinion that it

would be more advisable to direct the attention of the county in the first instance to the removal, on such event, of live stock, particularly draft cattle and carriages, which might be most useful to the enemy, and which, if undertaken by such gentlemen as are not engaged in the military, yeomanry, or volunteer corps, and who have influence in their neighbourhood, might by proper arrangements be, to a considerable degree, carried into execution; several gentlemen there present offered themselves for this service. And the proceedings of the Lieutenancy having now received the approbation of Government, I am to request the favour of you to inform me whether you would lend your assistance on this public occasion, and the parishes you would undertake for.

"It is intended by the Lieutenancy, first to require (as by the Act of the 38th of George III., chap. 27, they are authorised to do) returns from each parish of the number of horses, draft oxen, waggons and carts, that there are at the time within the parish, and also of the carters and drivers who will engage to attend each team or cart, specifying their names. And likewise the names of such gentlemen, clergy, or principal farmers, who are willing to undertake the management of the removal of such live stock from such parish,

under the direction of some gentleman who would superintend the removals from the hundred or such other larger district in which it might be found advisable to class a number of parishes for this purpose.

"The orders for removal would be signified to the superintending gentlemen for the whole, or such parts, of their districts as occasion might require, by such deputy-lieutenant as would be appointed for the rape or division in which such districts would be situated. And the places to which each removal is to be made, and the roads they are to take, would be previously fixed upon. Under agents would also be appointed in each parish to assist the gentleman, clergyman, or principal farmer, who will undertake the removals. Those who would undertake for a parish, would be denominated, *Parish Directors of Removals.* Those for larger districts, *Superintendents of Removals.*

"I have thought it right to trouble you so far with the detail of the proposed plan, that you might form some idea how the business was to be conducted. The favour of your answer, transmitted to me, so that I may receive it before the 13th of next month, is requested, as another general meeting of the Lieutenancy will be held at Lewes on the 14th of September, when it will be necessary to know

what gentlemen will lend their aid on this occasion, and for what number of parishes.

"I have the honour to be," &c.

I have stated these facts in order to heighten the contrast between the threatened invasion of Napoleon the First, and the suspected threats of the invasion of Napoleon the Third. The panic of 1859 is perhaps the most recent, and has not yet departed from the memory of the youngest inhabitant. When the war broke out between France and Austria, the whole of England felt insecure, and dreaded that the next blow would be aimed against it. The Poet Laureate called on the riflemen to form, and warned us that the storm in the south might roll our way. His call was obeyed, and the volunteers flocked to arms. Since then the volunteer movement has become a "great fact." There are yearly reviews of the whole body, constant practice on Wimbledon Common, and prizes to the best shots. On certain days the dusky purlieus of the law are given up to drill and exercise. The muskets that hang in bank parlours are exchanged for the rifle. Nor is it unusual to meet grey tunics, knickerbockers, and caps, in streets generally devoted to business or pleasure, streets where formerly the bravest of men would not have appeared

without the orthodox black coat and hat for fear of hooting from street boys, and the dead cut from his dearest friends.

We may welcome the invasion-panic if it was needed to give us this satisfactory result; yet I hope I may safely say, that it was unfounded, and that our brave allies of the Crimea had long forgotten any old-standing grudge against us. They look on us, and we look on them, with other eyes than during the conquests of the First Empire. What were the feelings on our side at that time may be judged from the following parody, which I found in a very old work, and which, I believe, will be a novelty to my readers. I need not say, that I am far from endorsing many of the expressions contained in it. No Englishman of the present day would apply the word "coward" to the brave French, by whose side we have so recently fought, and whose valour on the Lombard Plains relieved Italy of the burden of centuries. But many parts of the "skit" are so clever and harmless, that I do not like to lop off any of the excrescences that deface it.

"T' invade or not t' invade, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings of envy, and of foil'd ambition;
Or to take arms against a host of Britons,
And, by opposing, end them. T' invade,—to fight,—
No more;—and, by a fight, to say we end
Our warfare, and a thousand British taunts

That France submits to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. T' invade;—to fight;—
To fight! perchance to fall;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that fight what hearts of oak may strike,
When we have shuffled off our ships from port,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes our armaments of so short life:
For who would bear the jests and laugh of the isle,
The people's scorn, the press's contumely,
The pangs of prolong'd war, the cannon's roar,
The insolence of conqu'rors, and the spurns
That vanquish'd France so oft of England takes,
When we ourselves might our quietus make
By an invasion? Who would capture bear,
And strike his colours to a British arm,
But that the dread of something on those shores—
That yet unconquer'd country, from whose bourne
No enemy returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather keep those powers we have
Than strive for others that we know not of?.
Thus Britons do make cowards of us all;
And thus th' ambitious views of an invasion
Are set at nought by one resisting isle;
And enterprises of great invading armies,
With this regard, their gun-boats turn aside,
And lose the name of action."

Even if some of the French nation have still a longing to wipe out the memory of ancient defeats, I can never believe that their great ruler would be forgetful of our kindness to him, and of the days he spent among us. On the throne of France, he may well look back with wonder to the time when he was only known to few of the society of London, and contrast that time with the present, when the first thought that enters the mind of every man in Europe is, what will the Emperor of the French say

or do at any particular crisis? Let a war break out in America, and England waits to see what judgment will proceed from the Tuileries. Let Prussia and Austria menace Denmark, and again the first word uttered is the Emperor Napoleon. And this man was the exile of Switzerland and America, the conspirator of Strasbourg and Boulogne, the prisoner of Ham.

My first acquaintance with him was at an evening party at the Countess of Blessington's, in Seymour Place. On arriving there, my attention was attracted to two individuals, whom I had never previously seen. The one was a lady, who appeared to have numbered nearly forty years, with the most luxuriant gold-coloured hair, blue eyes, and fresh complexion, that I ever saw. The other a gentleman, who, from the deference paid him, was evidently a distinguished foreigner. Before I had time to ascertain the name of the latter, a friend remarked, "How handsome the Guiccioli is looking this evening!"

"Splendidly," I replied, as the idea flashed across my mind that the *incognita* must be Byron's "fair-haired daughter of Italia," Teresa Gamba, Countess Guiccioli. "Do you know Madame Guiccioli?" I asked.

"Yes," responded my companion; "I met her at

Venice, and shall be delighted to present you to her."

This was accordingly done, and I was shortly in conversation with one in whom I had taken the deepest interest, Byron's only real love, with one signal exception, the Romagnese fair one of whom he wrote, "In that word, *Amor mio*, is comprised my existence here and hereafter. Think of me sometimes when the Alps and the ocean divide us,—but they never will, unless you *wish* it.". Of him, too, she wrote on her first introduction,—"*La nobile e bellissima sua fisionomia, il suono della sua voce, le sue maniere, e mille incanti che lo circondavano lo rendevano un essere così differente, così superiore a tutti quelli che io aveva sino allora veduti che non potei a mano di non provarne la piu profonda impressione.*"

While conversing with the Guiccioli, Count d'Orsay approached us, and, apologising for his intrusion, said that Prince Louis Napoleon was anxious to be introduced to me, with a view of thanking me for my kind advice. Accordingly I took leave of madame, but not before I had received her permission to call upon her at Sabloniere's Hotel, in what the ordinary frequenters of Leicester Square call "*le plus beau quartier de Londres.*" The Prince, who I need scarcely add was the distinguished foreigner I had observed on entering, received me

most graciously, and thanked me for the interest I had taken in his welfare. The service, to which I shall presently allude, was so trifling that it had nearly escaped my memory, until brought back to it by D'Orsay and the future ruler of France. Trifling as it was, I clearly saw that it had created a favourable impression on the mind of the Prince, who requested that I would call upon him in Carlton Gardens. Soon after the Prince arrived in London, he was followed by a pugnacious Frenchman, who, for some public grievance or private pique, was anxious to fix a quarrel upon him. A challenge ensued, and the Prince's foe was looked upon as an expert shot with pistols. Although brave as a lion, Napoleon felt that he ought not to throw away a chance, and named the broadsword as his weapon. This led to some discussion. Lieutenant-Colonel Radcliffe, the French challenger's second, held a commission in the Inniskilling Dragoons, a regiment which had recently been commanded by my brother George; and anxious, upon so important an occasion, to consult a friend as to the line he ought to take, he requested Louis Napoleon to allow him half an hour to consider the matter. With this view he called upon my brother, who was then lodging in the same house as myself in St. James's Street, but not finding him

at home, he asked for me. He narrated the circumstance, and I at once took upon myself to say, that unquestionably the Prince, being the challenged party, had the right to name the weapons.

Radcliffe adopted my suggestion, and the duel was arranged to take place with swords on Wimbledon Common. The combatants met there at seven o'clock on the 3rd of March, 1840, but the police interfered, and all parties concerned were taken to Bow Street. The principals were released on entering into their own recognisances of £500 each, and one security each of the same amount.

Hearing that I had advised the use of the sword, Louis Napoleon expressed much gratitude to me, and to this slight cause I was indebted for an acquaintance of a most friendly nature, which brought about many social meetings.* One of these is especially memorable, as it occurred a few days before the expedition to Boulogne. I am aware that many people denounce that enterprise as an act of folly; but I believe that, had it not been for an unforeseen event, the plan would have succeeded. It is generally acknowledged that a sudden change in the garrison of Boulogne, of which Napoleon was not aware, was the cause of

* And, since this was written, I have to acknowledge a further result of our acquaintance, in the shape of a presentation copy of the *Histoire de Jules César.*

his failure. The French Government suspected something, and knowing that the troops at Boulogne favoured the cause of Prince Louis, replaced them by a garrison which was hostile to him.

Among the traits of kind feeling and politeness that characterised the Emperor of the French, when residing in England as Prince Louis Napoleon, let me mention the following. He was residing at an hotel at Bath, and occupied a suite of apartments upon the ground-floor, which opened into the garden, and had always been selected by the late Marchioness of Anglesey, who was in an infirm state, whenever she visited the city of Bladud. Being on one occasion recommended by her London medical adviser to proceed to Bath without loss of time, Lady Anglesey sent to the proprietor of the hotel to engage her usual apartments, and there being no telegraph in that day, she took her chance of their being empty, and arrived the following morning. Upon driving up to the hotel, the owner informed her Ladyship that the rooms were, unfortunately, occupied by Prince Louis Napoleon, and that the house was so crowded that he had only a small bedroom on the upper floor, and the use of the coffee-room, which accommodation he felt he could not offer the Prince in exchange for his commodious suite. While this conversation was going on, the Prince heard

from his valet the state of consternation Lady Anglesey had been placed in, and lost not a minute in sending for the landlord, and telling him not to disappoint an English lady, especially the wife of so distinguished an officer as the Marquis of Anglesey. Instead of leaving the hotel, the Prince slept *au quatrième*, giving up his rooms *au premier* to the invalid.

Another trait redounds equally to his credit. A horse at Tattersall's was knocked down to him, after a strong competition, and while congratulating himself upon the purchase, he was told that Lord Macdonald had bid against him, and was very anxious to secure the animal, which was a perfect ladies' horse, for Lady Macdonald. "Had I been aware," said the Prince to a friend who was acquainted with Lord Macdonald, "that a lady was in the case, I would not have persevered, and I beg that you will convey to his Lordship my willingness at once to hand over the horse to him."

It is impossible for any one who ever partook of it to forget the hospitality of Gore House, while inhabited by Lady Blessington. One of the most beautiful women of her time, aided by one of the wittiest men of his—I need hardly name Count d'Orsay—collected round her all who were most remarkable in a most remarkable society. In youth,

strange to say, Lady Blessington did not give any promise of the charms for which she was afterwards so conspicuous, and which were shared to such an extent by the rest of her family. She was delicate and weakly, extremely sensitive and precocious, both in talent and feeling. An unhappy marriage at an early age to a man subject to hereditary insanity, was terminated by her husband's sudden death; and, in 1818, she married the Earl of Blessington. So many pens have described the brilliancy of Gore House, and the fascinations of its hostess, that I am afraid of trenching on ground too well occupied already. But among my memories of Count d'Orsay there are some which will be new to my readers. His readiness at verbal repartee may appear from the following story.

D'Orsay, "King" Allen, and myself were engaged to dine at the house of a rich millionaire of the Jewish persuasion, and the Count agreed to call for us in his carriage. "We shall be late," said Allen, who was not in one of his best humours, for he had lost five-and-twenty pounds "punting" at a gaming-house the night before; moreover, his digestive powers had been impaired by a late heavy supper, and a throbbing pain about his feet foretold an attack of his old enemy the gout. "You're never in time, D'Orsay," continued the grumbler.

"You shall see," responded the well-bred Frenchman, as we drove off at a rattling pace. Upon reaching our destination, "his majesty" found fault with the footman, for not putting down the step properly; then with the porter, for not opening the door almost before the bell had been rung; then with the Hebrew groom of the chambers, for nearly treading on his foot; then with the butler, for not saying what time the carriage was to be ordered; in short, like all ill-tempered persons, he vented his anger upon everything and everybody. "I thought we should be in time," said D'Orsay blandly. This was answered by a grunt. At this moment Allen, whose ears were wide open, and who was looking out for a grievance, heard one of the servants say in a low voice to one of his brethren of the shoulder-knot, "The gents are come." "Gents!" echoed the King: what a wretched low fellow! it's only worthy a public-house." "I beg your pardon," responded the Count; "it is quite correct. The man is a Jew. He means to say the Gentiles have arrived. Gent is short for Gentile." Poor Allen forgot his loss, his gout, his indignation, and burst out into a hearty laugh, at what literally may be called a *Jew* d'esprit.

But D'Orsay's wit did not lie in verbal pleasantries alone. I well remember a dinner at Lady Blessington's, when an event occurred that proved how ready

the *Cupidon déchainé*, as Byron called him, was to extricate himself from any difficulty. The party consisted of ten, and out of them there were about six who enjoyed what is called a glass of wine, meaning a bottle. Before dinner the Count had alluded to some splendid Clicquot champagne and claret of celebrated vintage. While we were waiting to sit down, D'Orsay was more than once called out of the room, and a quick-sighted individual hinted to me that he feared some unpleasant visitors of the dun family were importunate for some "small account." Still, there was nothing on the light-hearted Frenchman's face to show that he was at all put out. Dinner was announced, and all promised to go well, as the soup and fish were unexceptionable, when my quick-sighted friend, who was a great *gourmet*, remarked to me that he saw no champagne. "Perhaps," I replied, *sotto voce*, "it is being kept in ice outside." The sherry was handed round, and repeated looks passed between the hostess and the Count, and between the same and the head servant. The *entrées* were handed round, and a thirsty soul, with rather bad tact, for he was too gentleman-like to be deficient in taste, asked in an under-tone for a glass of champagne. The servant looked confused; D'Orsay saw it, and exclaimed aloud, "No champagne to-day; my Lady and I have

a treat for you—a royal treat. You know that the Queen has lately patronised what is called the Balmoral brose, and here is some." At this moment one of the servants entered with a large jug containing this Scotch delicacy, which, of course, following the example of our hostess, we all declared to be excellent. "Far better than wine," said the late Lord Pembroke, a sentiment, I need scarcely say, in which the rest did not agree. Balmoral brose did duty for champagne and claret, and the only wine upon that memorable occasion was sherry. Whether the butler was absent without leave, or the key of the cellar lost or mislaid, or, as was hinted by my neighbour at dinner, the wine-merchant had been seized with a sudden fit of hard-heartedness, I know not. All I do know is, that a mixture of Highland whisky and honey was substituted for the foaming grape of eastern France.

Our loyalty led us to emulate that good lady who considered a glass of rum-shrub better than all your Maraschinos and Curasosos. But there is no saying what we should have done in Scotland, or whether the climate and the mixture in its native place would not have reconciled us to its substitution for champagne. If my friend Patrick Robertson had mixed it—but I must not dismiss the late Lord Robertson so briefly.

It was during the winter of 1832 that I became first acquainted with him at Edinburgh; he was then one of the leading advocates of the Scotch bar, and his social and witty qualities were never excelled. Patrick Maconochie, also an advocate, George Russell, Liston the surgeon, all of whom are now no more, and myself, were in the habit of dining together four or five times during the week, for nearly a month; Robertson entertained us at his house in Drummond Street, Maconochie at his "flat" in Princes Street, Liston, Russell, and myself giving our return dinners at Gibb's Hotel, or at the best taverns of that day. A joint-stock meeting took place every Monday at a house famed for the excellence of its "haggis," the tenderness of its "rump-steaks," the potency of its whisky-punch, and the beauty of the waiteress. It was situated up at least six flights of stairs, near the Flesh market, which, difficult as they were to ascend by some of us, were more difficult still to descend, after, what is termed by winebibbers, a wet evening.

I well remember Patrick Robertson gaining a lawsuit for a family of the name of Roy, who, in return for his forensic exertions invited him to a dinner at an hotel in Princes Street. I was asked, with Russell, Maconochie, and Liston, to meet him, and a most splendid entertainment was given. The guest of

the evening was in the highest spirits, and kept us alive until a very late hour, with his fund of anecdote and powers of imitating his countrymen in the pulpit in a Gaelic sermon, or at the bar. Before parting we were all invited to dine the next day but one at Robertson's house. Fortunately none of us were engaged, and at half-past six on a cold, frosty day in December we assembled in Drummond Street. Having devoted all the morning to skating at Duddeston Loch, both Russell and myself were as "hungry as hunters;" nor were the appetites of the others less keen, as after finishing their avocations, they had one and all taken a constitutional walk of some miles. No sooner was the cloth removed than toasts were proposed, speeches made, and songs sung. Eleven o'clock struck, and I made a movement, having imbibed quite as much wine and punch as was good for me, when to my horror I was informed by my neighbour, who had previously tried to make his escape, that the old Irish fashion of locking the street door, and putting away the great coats and hats, had been adopted. "Excuse me for a moment," said I to my host, "I am anxious to know whether the glass is rising or falling." "All right," he responded, chuckling over his scheme to keep us prisoners.

Before leaving the room, I took a napkin in my hand, and quietly removed a green baize cover from a

small table, which had been temporarily placed near the door, to hold the dishes before they were placed on the board. Armed with these, one of which I twisted into a turban, and the other I threw over my shoulders as a cloak, I made my way down stairs, and bribing a kitchen wench with half-a-crown to show me the back-way out, soon found myself in the cold bitter air, which, biting as it was, proved truly refreshing after the heat of Robertson's dining-room. As I had some little distance to walk before I reached the hotel, I was afraid that my extraordinary costume might attract the attention of the guardians of the night; but such was not the case, and I arrived at Gibb's without any interference. Having explained to the worthy proprietor the reason for my extraordinary costume, I despatched a man with a letter to my host, saying—"Exchange is no robbery; return my hat and cloak, and I will forward your napkin and table cover." This was done, and I was loudly extolled for my successful strategy in making my escape. Robertson's answer ran as follows:—

"My Dear Lord,

"We return your Gibus hat, don't *gibe us* if we, in the editorial plural say, upon Joseph Miller's authority, that the loss was scarcely *felt*. We grieve that you should have been left without 'your

martial cloak around you.' Forward the napkin at your leisure, but keep the table cover, as after your clever exploit you richly merit to be crowned with *green bays* (baize).

"Yours, ever and truly,

"PATRICK ROBERTSON."

I constantly met Robertson afterwards in London at the table of the late Marquis of Anglesey, and although raised to the dignity of a Law Lord he was as amusing and unaffected as ever.

Poor Robertson died of apoplexy at his house in Drummond Street, January, 1855, at the age of sixty. It is gratifying to record his progress through life, and to reflect that the honours he attained were not attributable to patronage, but to his own merits. He was the son of James Robertson, Esq., a writer to the Signet, and in 1842 was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. On the retirement of Lord Meadowbank in November, 1843, he was appointed a Lord of the Court of Session, and five years afterwards was elected Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen.

I heard him tell two good stories, but they lose much in writing, as his manner and accent were inimitable. One was of a "puir minister" who walked to his kirk, attended by his trusty servant

Margaret M'Allister. Being rather late, he had to walk fast, and the weather being "wat" and sultry, the minister broke out into what the fashionable people term a *transpiration*. While preparing in the vestry, he commenced the operation of "mopping" his forehead. "Maggie, Maggie," said he—and we must remark that he was famed for dulness and dryness in his sermons—"I canna gang into that pulpit for twa hours. I'm awfu' wat." "Hech! dinna fash yoursel'," responded Maggie, "when you're once in the pulpit you'll be *dry* eneuch there."

The other was a story of a Highland laird who was addicted to card-playing, and had been engaged in it until a late hour on a Saturday evening. Next morning in church he accidentally pulled out of his pocket with his handkerchief a pack of cards, which flew in every direction. The attention of the minister was called to this untoward circumstance, and looking straight at the offender, he exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, but your psawlm book is unco ill bound."

END OF VOL. I.

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